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CARTOONS

BEST
CARTOONS
of the MONTH

MAGAZINE

REVIEW
CURRENT
EVENTS

How to Speed Up Work on the Farm



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AFTER A CARTOON BY LEMEN, IN THE
ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

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School News

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OHIO

1918



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In a recent contest, for boy cartoonists, conducted by the American Boy Magazine, hundreds of drawings were received from boys all over the United States and Canada, many of whom had studied drawing with various schools. The announcement of the prize winners developed the fact that Landon students won both first and second prizes and also two of the three special prizes offered by the publication.

Special mention was made of the excellent idea and good drawing of the first prize winner, Dow Walling, age fifteen years. Of the cartoon of the second prize winner, Herman Dodd, age 18, the American Boy says: "His cartoon has the virtue of simplicity. It performs one of the primary functions of the cartoon, making a complex thing clear by representing it as something simple and familiar."

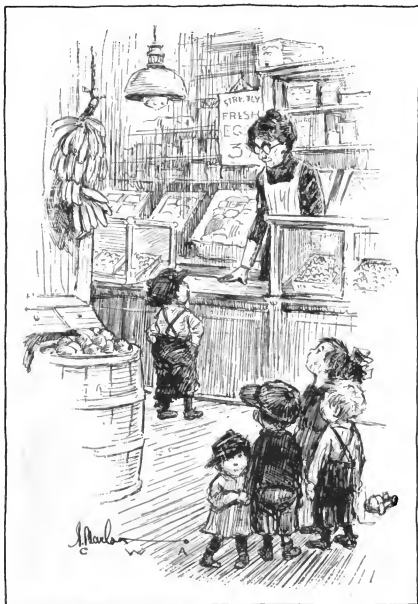


DOW WALLING

This contest offered an opportunity of judging the comparative merits of various methods of teaching.

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Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Perry Barlow

Mrs. Crabb: "How much worth of candy do you want, little boy?"
Jimmy (who has found a quarter): "How much 've youh got?"

CARTOONS MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT 6 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO

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Number 1

Germany's Peace Offensive

As some one put it the other day, the big battle on the Marne, and the battles in Picardy and Flanders, constitute a gigantic peace offensive aimed at securing an offensive peace. Which sums up as precisely as it does epigrammatically the strategy back of the present drive. For Germany has not concealed her determination to see the thing through, once and for all, before America can get into the fight in force; while her leaders have been outspoken in setting forth the kind of a peace Germany is seeking.

After more than a month of comparative quiet on the western front, the Germans struck with full force against the line running from Rheims to Soissons. So skilfully had the Germans moved their men and reserves to this point that the blow came as a complete surprise, and on the fifth day of the drive had reached the Marne, having covered in that time a distance of five miles a day.

The details of the drive during those five days and the subsequent course of the battle will not concern us here, but rather the idea

back of the sudden change in the plans of the German high command. Up to a certain point the blow was an attempt to extend the Picardy drive to the eastward, just as the Flanders drive was an attempt to extend that line to the west, and thus obviate the dangerous flank line running from the region

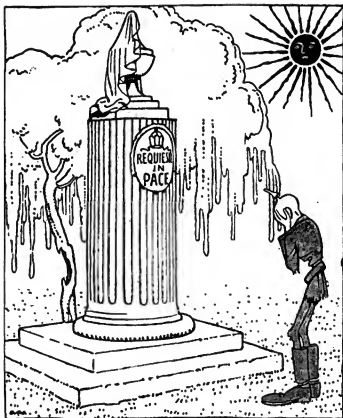
of Laon westward to Montdidier. The failure in Flanders was due to the inability of the Germans to force the allies out of Arras, which in the case of a deep drive toward the English Channel would form the peak of a dangerous salient. Soissons was the Champagne equivalent of Arras, but it was less successful in its resistance, and early

succumbed to the German pressure, though the allied resistance was such that the Germans gained at a rate that disconcerted them, once they had reached the Marne. For there must be a direct relation between the speed with which a drive can be made and the distance which it can be pushed forward on the one hand, and the extent to which a flank is held upon the other hand.



Hannay in St. Joseph News-Press

It's the fourth year, and not even a bud



From Iberia, Barcelona

Requiescat in pace

So much for the salient military features of the Champagne drive. We remarked above that up to a certain point the Champagne drive might be considered an attempt to widen the territory covered by the Amiens drive in March. But there is another and more significant reason for the drive, in the opinion of allied strategists, and that is a change of front on the part of the German command. The aim of the Amiens and Flanders drives was undoubtedly the capture of the channel ports; in other words, it was a huge attack on Great Britain; it was an attempt to cut off the British forces operating in Flanders, to hottle them up, and thus put England out of the fight for once and for all.

Both the Picardy and the Flanders drives failing, the German command, influenced perhaps by an extraordinary discussion of field strategy that was permitted to take place in the German press, went over to the opposite view, that the French army must first be crippled, and then the British, hence the attempted drive down the Marne to Paris.

All three phases of the offensive constitute in every sense of the word a peace offensive. If victory is ever to be got, it is now, before American troops enter the field in deciding numbers. The Germans know as well as Lloyd George knows that, in the latter's phrase, it is a race between President Wilson and von Hindenburg, and that

time is overwhelmingly on the side of President Wilson. That the Germans have confidence that this stroke will bring victory, and that this summer, is shown by the fact that it is the Crown Prince's battle; that to him will be given the credit for the blow that ended the war.

The allied line, however, will hold and wait for our full strength. This is the confidence of France and Great Britain, a confidence expressed by Premier Clemenceau's organ, *L'Homme Libre*:

"Germany is in a hurry to finish the war. It is imperatively necessary that she win



"How I would like a ledie schmoke!"

Nelson Harding
Harding in Brooklyn Eagle



Sykes in Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger
Faith!

this year, and she awaits like a criminal the sentence of death or life from the mouth of the supreme judge.

"The allies are this supreme judge, for they represent the whole universe except German imperialism and militarism, and they will hold out until the arrival of the American army, which will very shortly

throw its sword into the scales of justice."

Or as Marcel Hutin, in the *Echo de Paris*, says:

"We must face these hard blows now, but next October the Americans will have more than a million and a half men on the western front. Let us till then be sparing of our troops."

The past few weeks have revealed, as we suggested above, the sinister nature of German peace plans. One of the Krupp magnates, Herr Haux—no less a personage than a director of the Krupp company—has recently delivered a lecture on "What Does the War Teach Us?" which had for its obvious purpose the preparing of the German mind for aggressive terms at the peace board—among them the German retention of Belgium. His claim is based upon economic necessity. Herr Haux is especially concerned for the Westphalian coal fields, which would be threatened by a return to the status

quo ante, so far as Belgium is concerned.

"The industrial district of the Westphalian Rhine," he says, "with its furnaces and rich treasures in coal, which stretch over the Rhine, takes its expansion more and more to the west, so that a hostile Belgium, in which Anglo-French armies could deploy or from which hostile airplanes could rise,



From Le Figaro, Paris

The end of the war

would present the greatest danger to this district and with it to the security of the Fatherland."

Connected with this, in the mind of Herr Haux and the junkers whom he represents, are the vast iron beds of Alsace and Lorraine, which, as Sydney Brooks, the distinguished English writer, observes, emphasizes anew the good fortune that led von Moltke to insist upon the retention by Germany of these provinces. "They secured," as Mr. Brooks observes, "though they did not know it at the time, something far more valuable than that, something that has proved the base on which Germany has built up her towering fabric of prosperity and power, something without which Germany could not have begun this war or could not have waged it for six months. They secured the largest deposit of iron ore in Europe and the second largest in the world, surpassed in value and extent only by the Lake Superior deposit in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. The soil of the lost provinces has made Germany's fortune. She has derived from it her metallurgical ascendancy,



From Esquella, Barcelona
The festival of death

the motive power for her industries, her wealth and, as a consequence, her naval, military and political power.

"There are reckoned to be 2800 million tons of iron ore in all Germany. Of these, Lorraine alone is responsible for some 2000 millions, or five-sevenths of the empire's total supply. For the last three and a half years she has depended almost entirely on the Lorraine mines for the iron and steel which are the basis of all modern warfare. Liberate those regions from her clutch and a long step has been taken toward binding



From La Victoire, Paris

Soldier on leave: Oh, I see! The great offensive is taking place in the rear

her down to peace. Without Lorraine her career of conquest and spoliation comes automatically to a stop. With Lorraine it will always be within her power to resume it."

And Germany, says Herr Haux, must never let this treasure pass out of her hands. "Improvement of our present position" is his euphemistic way of saying that Germany's grip on these ore beds must even be strengthened.

"If we do not succeed," he says, "in obtaining a far-reaching improvement in our present position, our future as a great power will be destroyed. For if our war industries had to face in the future such a dangerous situation as existed in 1914 we could never again risk a great war; and since our enemies would know this and would act accordingly, we should become the absolute dependents of the enemy powers."

"And so," he continues, "every one can form a judgment as to the consequences that would follow for Germany if we come out of this war with merely the old frontiers. What preparations the English and the French would make to throw everything against these weak places in our

armor in order, in the event of a conflict and even before the declaration of war, to break through wherever possible and deal us at once a deathblow! Germany is often compared to a great fortress which is being besieged. Unhappily we now see that it is a fortress which has been invented by nature, for its most important parts lie on the outermost circumvallation, open to the first enemy assault. It would be sheer madness if we did not strain our energies to correct this fateful error in the construction of our imperial house and thus afford better protection to the heart of our war-machine—coal and iron ore."

Another testimony as to the nature of the peace that Germany intends to impose is found in a recent book by Lieutenant General Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven, probably the foremost writer in Germany on Prussian military affairs. The title of the book is "Deductions from the World War"—and these are his deductions:

"War," he writes, "has its basis in human nature, and as long as human nature remains unaltered war will continue to exist, as it has existed already for thousands of years." And again: "We misconstrue



From *La Baionnette*, © *L'Espresso*

"You have imposed your war; we will impose our peace!"

reality if we imagine that it is possible to rid the world of war by means of mutual agreements. . . . The idea of a universal league for the preservation of peace remains a Utopia and would be felt as an intolerable tutelage by any great and proud-spirited nation. . . . In any event, as regards us Germans, the world war should disencumber us once and for all of any vague cosmopolitan sentimentality. If our enemies, both our secret and our avowed enemies, make professions of this nature, that is for us sufficient evidence of the hypocrisy which underlies them. . . . In

the future, as in the past, the German people will have to seek firm cohesion in its glorious army, and its belauded young fleet."

When we add to these statements a recent assertion by Admiral Tirpitz, that Belgium must be retained at all costs and Great Britain's hold of the sea completely broken, we have clearly pictured the obstacles to peace that Germany has created. Intoxicated with power, she demands a peace made at the point of the sword. She demands by victory the same kind of a peace that she obtained from Russia and the Ukraine through trickery.



With a great many of us a conscience is a still, small voice which is still small. The scientific gentlemen who live by their wits are masters of con-science; the slaves of Capital are without principles, and the veriest impenitent rogue will barter his interest in a harp for a note.

The New England conscience scruples at drams; the humowrist-watchman has no time for introspection, and the barber is the only man who does not give you short wait for your money.

Conscience takes to the tall timber when there is an axe to grind, just as the edge of our first youthful enthusiasms is tempered in the fire of life, so that we forge the fetters of habit to bind ourselves with the illusion that death and taxes are the only important realities worth considering.

However, conscience makes cowards of us all to the extent that the errant husband will remove his shoes before entering the Presence Chamber at two A. M., and even the small boy is industrious in obliterating every trace of jam from his guilty visage before confronting the maternal ogre who dominates his destiny.

Thus, however, much we may neglect this still, small Voice within us, we are forced to admit the existence of an internal prompter, even though our acts are often contrary to its inspiration.



"It would save time and supply information of interest if the police could be provided with placards displayed at points of congestion"

The Sigh in Mob Psychology

by George Morehill

Drawings by Robert Erkriddle

Students of people—all kinds of bugs for that matter—are fond of pointing out a similarity between the complex activities of man and the pell-mell life of the ant. This has always seemed to me a little unfair to the ant.

Ants are busy creatures and at an early age become neurasthenic from the incessant task of putting by enough resources each summer to carry them safely through the winter, so that they may spend the next summer hoarding new resources and breaking up pleasant picnic parties by invading the pickled beets at the lunch hour. They are full of odd whims and strange maneuvers, but they have escaped, apparently, the taint of idle curiosity through which man, himself, has been enabled to put the "sigh" in mob psychology.

Who, for instance, ever saw a crowd of ants gathered on the main street of an ant hill watching another ant demonstrating patent suspenders in a show window? Or who has enjoyed the happy opportunity of observing a caravan of ants at a dead standstill watching with unseemly mirth another ant chasing its straw hat up a windy alley?

In industry, perseverance and sobriety, the ant unquestionably has an advantage over man, but in matters involving expression of curiosity, man stands, if not alone, then preeminent.

Arriving thus circuitously at the real beginning, let us now consider the mysterious goo which cements crowds together at most unexpected places and under most unusual circumstances.

As far as my limited observation goes, the most practical method of blocking the sidewalk traffic to a point where the police reserves must be called out is to try to repair an automobile at the curb. The smaller the automobile, the larger the crowd.

No sooner does the inquiring motorist lift the hood of his machine and disappear into its depths than the crowd begins to gather.

The obese banker, hurrying to the directors' meeting, stops. He is joined by the boy from the special delivery department of the post-office. The physician, whose suburban patient is hanging on to the ragged fringe of life also pauses. The messenger with the post-haste telegram attaches himself to the curious group, followed shortly by the engineer of the fast train which must leave the union station in three minutes. With this burried nucleus, the crowd forms. It gathers layers like a wet snowball, until the sidewalk is blocked and the street is rapidly filled. Street car conductors, enjoying a point of vantage, bring their cars to a creaking halt. The brewery wagon, laden with its quenching burden, slows up while the city pants.

If the motor difficulty is serious enough to demand the motorist's presence under the car, the police might as well rope off the street. It cannot be used for other than sight-seeing purposes.

The crowd may well be gauged by the nature of the autoist's predicament. A sick cylinder will attract a thousand admirers; a carburetor that has ceased to function can be depended upon to draw two thousand busy bread-earners. A spark plug that has lost its boyish enthusiasm will elicit more attention than a baseball game, while an ankylosis of the crank shaft will outdraw Billy Sunday.

Very naturally, only the few favored individuals who happened along early in the game can observe the progress of the repair work and note the perspiring discomfort of the motorist. The outside thousands can only inquire and hope for the worst.



"Let a man in white overalls approach a blank wall, and business along that side of the street comes to a dead standstill"

It would save time and supply information of interest if placards could be displayed at points of congestion. With signs frankly announcing, "Man Pumping Up Flat Tire," or "Horse Fell Over Wagon Tongue," or "Epileptic Fit in Progress," the outlying rings of these street-side curiosity shops would gradually disintegrate and the streets could be used again for purposes of traffic.

I make this bold suggestion, not alone from a consideration of the public welfare, but also because I am a short man myself and usually have to take a tall man's word for what is going on inside the mystic circle of my gathered fellows.

Certain occupational exhibits invariably

invite the congregation of crowds. One of these is the sign painter's job. Let a man in white overalls, accompanied by a valet with three buckets of paint and a ladder, approach a blank wall, and business along that side of the street comes to a dead halt. Arranging themselves in soldierly rows just outside the dropping-paint zone, the rushing business men watch the progress of the sign. No sign painter ever lacks for company, except when he is working on a twenty story building.

The man who letters the windows with expensive gold leaf designs is also a popular magnet. No show window ever draws such crowds as when it is being lettered and prepared for business. Formerly these gilt

masterpieces were painted on the outside of the windows, but the painters soon found it necessary to work inside the window in order to get air.

Neither does the steam shovel lack for public attention. It is the shrine around which worships the great Concatenated Order of Excavatory Observers. Excavation activities apparently rouse a sympathetic interest in the heart of every man who ever had any dental work performed. At any rate, no sooner does the steam

shovel plunge its frenzied beak into the vacant lot than the crowd begins to form. Unhappy workmen may call a strike on an excavating contract, but the voluntary overseers of the job will never ask for shorter hours or longer wages.

There is an indescribable something, as the story writers say, about the flipping of a flap-jack and the wobble of a waffle that also attracts crowds. An adept flap-jack flopper is a character greatly beloved by the public. If he happens, in addition, to be an



"No sooner does the inquiring motorist lift the hood of his machine and disappear into its depths than the crowd begins to gather"

accomplished waffleodeon, his place of business in the sidewalk window will be made to accommodate the interested thousands.

I myself have joined these waffle parties from time to time, but I have never been able to put my finger on any single step in the procedure with such assurance as to say, "This at last is the twist of the wrist that catches humanity and makes us all brothers—little brothers of the flap-jack." But the lure is there.

There are countless other circumstances that will stop the onrushing tide of city traffic and give congested proof of man's gregarious nature, but to name them even

briefly would leave no room for the pictures.

How much better, then, to tabulate the more important ones with an estimate as to the crowd-compelling efficiency in each case. Thus:

Weakly flivvers being repaired.....	97%
Pups in show window	91%
Fight (plain)	62%
Fight (with weapons)	23%
Murder	19%
Steeple jack at work.....	76%
Kiltie band	54%
Fountain pen demonstration.....	37%
Socialist orator	11%
Tag day booth	5%



All things come to him who waits—even the waiter.

Conservation is mostly Conversation, although the latter is said to improve digestion.

Save the doughnut-holes, and the dough will take care of itself.

Don't pass the plate except in church.

Make your sinkers an anchor to windward.

Stone broth is best for an iron constitution.

Some people are slow sleepers (if you know what I mean); others are scound eaters.

Save your breakfast for luncheon; the high cost of living is cheaper than undertaker's fees.

Sweet are the uses of adversity, but not without some sugar in one's tea.

Fasting is slow work.





Sykes in Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

Let him feel your nose

Pin Money Will Win the War

The school readers of ever so long ago used to have a rhyme that ran something like this:

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the pleasant land.

All of which was based on the Thrift Idea, upon the value of little things. Then later on we came to know about Benjamin

Franklin and his discovery that a penny saved is a penny earned, and so on.

But the Idea had got rather out of date during recent times. He had gone to seed, and had allowed his heels to run over; he had lost his old-time pep, and was still talking about the revolutionary war. The Thrift Idea was that kind of a thing, and if we ever thought of him at all it was in terms of old relations—we hoped he would never come round to see us.



Page in Nashville Tennessean

"Are you in on this?"

But the old boy was very much alive, once you got him wakened up. He furnished himself up, got a swagger stick, made his appearance dramatically in this year of the war the fourth, and almost the fifth, and said "How do you do," just as though he had never Rip Vanwinkled out

of our consciousness. And oddest or all, we have learned to like the old cuss. He is helping us buy thrift stamps, each one of which is not only twenty-five cents saved and thus earned, but which in the next four years accumulate a few cents by way of earnings.

Why, we have even got so chummy with the Thrift Idea that we write new jingles about him—like this one that some one emitted the other day:

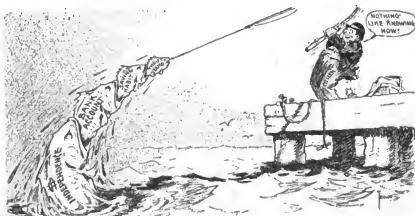
Fiddle-de-dee, fiddle-de-dee,
I bought Thrift Stamps for you
and for me,
It's awfully easy, once you begin;
"Spending," ma says, "is a terrible
sin."

Or as some one else oozed:

There was a wicked man and he
had a wicked look;
He was a wicked Kaiser and what
he wanted he just took.

He fought a wicked war, and he said it
was just right,
Until some little Thrift Stamps just put him
out of sight.

Thus do we wage a literary war on wastefulness and extravagance, and, while we



Brown in Chicago Daily News

The small beginning

take a shot at the kaiser, also do ourselves a two-bit of a turn whenever we buy a stamp. But what we are leading up to is this poem on "Miss Thrift," by Theodosia Harrison, and contributed in that amazingly energetic and original effect issued by the New Jersey National War Savings Committee, War Thrift. The poem is thus:

A Thrift Stamp sometimes seems to me

A small, persistent enemy;
It will not let me take a hack,
But bids me walk from Here to Back;

It shakes its head what time I say
"I'd love to see this matinee!"
And at a new Spring bonnet it
Gives indications of a fit.

In short, 'tis like some prudent spouse

Who will not let her mate carouse,
But tucks the pennies all away
To save against that rainy day
When o'er his head she'll proudly lift

The green umbrella of her thrift.
O, small, persistent, nagging friend,
How I shall love you at the end—
And say, as thankful husbands do,
"All this, my dear, I owe to you."

In the meantime, as we suggested above, every stamp is also a shot at the kaiser. Mr. S. W. Straus, President of the American Society for Thrift, told us just a few weeks ago that "close to ten per cent of the cost of the war is now being met by the sale of these commendable little stamps



Starrett in War Thrift

Buy your \$4 paper early

and certificates. By the latter part of the present year it is believed this will be increased to twenty per cent, or one-fifth of the vast sum of \$1,000,000,000 a month that the war is costing us.

"This will compare with the twenty per cent of Great Britain's war expenses, that are defrayed through the sale of similar stamps in England. Both in the United States and England the sale of War Savings Stamps was slow at first, due, no doubt, to the fact that the people were not familiar with them. In fact, the people of these two



Copyright, John T. McCutcheon.

McCutcheon in Chicago Tribune

Prepare to meet the distinguished foreigner, Monsieur Thrift



Rense in New York World

"Buy some War Savin' Stamps, mister? You know you oughter, 'cause you're wearin' a straw hat."

"What's the hat got to do with it, son?"

"Why, these are to help the fellers what's got to wear tin hats."

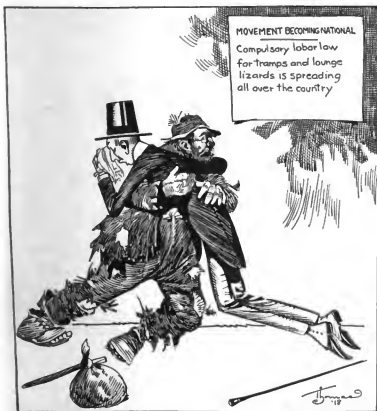
great nations were rather unfamiliar with any form of applied thrift.

"While these little stamps are sold to all classes of people, many of them go to persons who in the past have been accustomed to save little or no money. A great percentage of the Thrift Stamps also are sold to children and young people, while a considerable additional percentage is sold by them to their parents and friends."

It thus will be seen that the ever-increasing sale of Thrift Stamps and War Savings Certificates is a barometer which marks the steady rise of the thrift habit among Ameri-

eans, says Mr. Straus. And, he says, "in this connection one must remember that thrift does not consist entirely in saving money. Wise economy has a solidifying effect on the character. The exercise of will-power needed in the practice of saving has a tremendous moral and mental value. The millions of Americans who are learning the habits of thrift through these stamps will keep on being thrifty all their lives. And in this way the war will prove of incalculable benefit to them."

Moral: Encourage old man Thrift Idea to stick around.



Thomas in Detroit News

BIRDS OF A FEATHER

This is a case where extremes meet. It doesn't make any difference these days whether you don't have to work, or whether you can't because of the tie-biting habit—you've got to work anyway.

Join the Alfalfa Vacation Squadron



2 2 2

The government wants us city men to spend vacation this year on farms. Now don't say you don't know how to farm. There are a lot of jobs you will fall right into, Perry Barlow says. Here are a few of 'em.

2 2 2

"Light or dark?"



"Steve the barfender on the job."



The old sleuth on a yegg hunt.

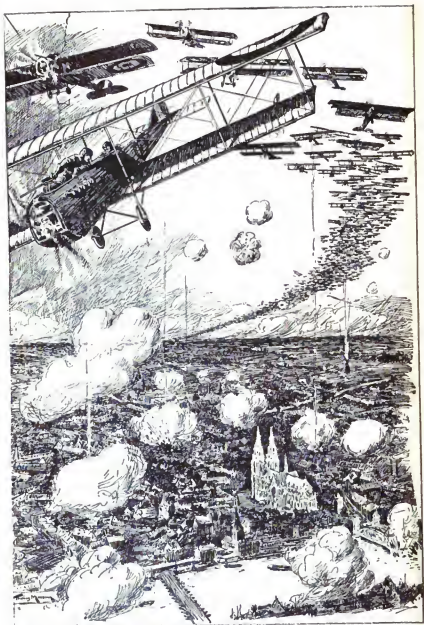


Same old stuff.

"How well you have a little some?
Your scalp really
needs something."



The barber helps with the sheep shearing.



from The Passing Show, London

Reaping the whirlwind!



Page in Nashville Tennessean

Robbed!

Hunting for Graft in Aircraft

M. Painleve was the French prime minister preceding M. Clemenceau. Since the very earliest days of the Wright experiments he has been an aviation enthusiast, and was one of the earliest champions of an extensive development of the aeroplane as an effective military arm.

M. Painleve recently contributed an article to *Le Petit Parisien*, in which he urged an enormously increased production of aircraft and their utilization in huge fleets. "We may not be able to crush Germany

by mere artillery power," said M. Painleve, "although our artillery has nothing to blush for in a comparison with the enemy's, but we have developed aviation, to that stage where we can at least count on blinding the enemy's guns. The superiority of our aviation is undoubted, as the last few weeks have shown, but we must have legions of airplanes to multiply the victories we have already achieved.

"Why then do we not have these legions? The reason is not that we lack an abundance



Thomas in Detroit News

"Aircraft production is sixty days behind schedule"

of clever and heroic airmen or suitable material for construction or that there are insoluble technical difficulties, for all these have been victoriously overcome. The real problem now is to decide whether to go on aiming at an incessant improvement of our existing machines or whether to select three or four well-known types and produce them in enormous numbers."

What M. Painlevé says about the French situation is of the utmost interest to America, because it pictures so accurately our own troubles, as brought out in the crisis which brought about the recent reorganization of our production. It will be remembered that production of 22,500 liberty motors was promised for this July, with vast squadrons of planes of all kinds on the fighting lines. This is the kind of

program that the people wanted; it is the kind of program that M. Painlevé pleads for. But the engineers were confronted with technical difficulties that the people could not appreciate—and, for that matter, that the people were not let in on, having kept before them constantly the promises made last autumn, and being led to believe that those promises would be made good. Those technical difficulties forced upon the Aircraft Board the problem as to "whether to go on aiming at an incessant improvement of our existing engines," to quote M. Painlevé in regard to the French situation, "or whether we should select three or four well known types and produce them in enormous quantities."

Unfortunately the Aircraft Board chose the former course, with the consequence

that the year has been consumed with changes (two thousand of them, in most cases involving the manufacture of new tools and new dies, and consuming months of precious time), and, as Burt Thomas shows in his cartoon on another page, nothing flying except time.

All of this was in the direction of standardization of parts, which would ultimately mean enormous production. But in the meantime the people were led to believe that all was going well—and the need of machines on the western front was pressing. What was wrong?

There has been a great deal of alibi-ing

and I-told-you-so-ing since the failure of the Board was broken to the public, but the most enlightened opinion now is that two policies should have been followed side by side. First, some proven type (even two or three types, as M. Painleve recommends for France) should have been adopted and production speeded up to the point where vast air fleets could have literally smothered the German lines this summer. Then side by side with quantity production could have proceeded whatever was necessary in the way of perfecting the liberty motor, standardizing parts, designing tools, dies, etc., until production machinery could be turned



Ireland in Columbus Dispatch

The war is doing this for us

upon the new motor with scarcely a halting of production rate. Then would be realized the dream of the public and engineers alike, the dream of M. Painleve for France.

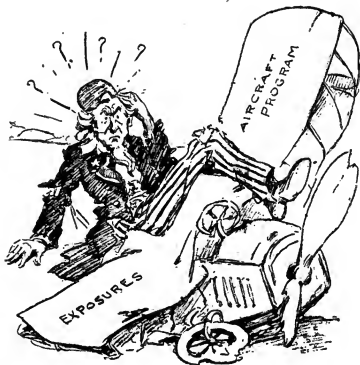
M. Painleve proposes an idea which we wish to pass on, and that is the pooling of allied interests for the sake of intensive production. Anybody, he says, who has given thought to the needs of the French air service, can have but one thought, the turning out of machines in masses. "That," he says, "is the only method that will enable France to develop that power of manufacture in series which is the secret to which American industry owes the prodigious intensity of its manufacturing effort."

To this end he pleads for a pooling by all the allies of ideas, of experience, of secrets, of energy and enthusiasm. The allies, he says, "must put each other in pos-

session of the results of all their experiments, all their secrets. They must create in the most perfect form which our united knowledge allows the aerial army of civilization. The Allies have placed in common their men, their wheat, their gold. They must also place in common their knowledge, their inventive faculties.

"Industrial prosperity, trademarks and patents are things to be respected, but these must not be allowed to delay construction for war purposes for an hour. All these things count for nothing before the sacred cause. As we have created national union, let us create industrial union for aviation."

The proposal is one that we shall yet come to. The liberty motor will not be the last word in motors. Even granted that when completed it may be the latest word in motors, yet if the war continues a scrap-



Halliday in Providence Journal

End of the first chapter

ping process must take place somewhere if the air service is to keep pace with the science of warfare in other lines. New ideas and new methods will be called for, and certainly in working out new ideas and testing out new methods the experience and the engineering genius of four nations will be far and away more valuable than of one.

We shall not touch upon the crisis precipitated by Gutzon Borglum's charges of graft in the air service, of the squandering of the \$640,000,000 that Congress appropriated last July for aeroplane production.

Part of that crisis is already past history; part of it extends into future months. The appointment of ex-Justice Hughes to investigate the charges of graft has given profound satisfaction to the country. There has been a great deal of recrimination. Borglum was charged by Aviation Board officials as himself coming into the matter with unclean hands; of having proposed to use his personal influence with President Wilson as a leverage for procuring extensive government contracts for an aeroplane company in which he had interests.



Darling in New York Tribune

Saturday night in the aeroplane factory



From The Bystander, London

SPOOKS IN THE SALIENT

What the sentry saw



From the Yale Record

Foul heist

Kidding the Crown Prince

The German cartoonist must have just about the toughest job in the world—having a fellow around like the crown prince, and not be able to draw him as he is. For Willie is easily the most caricaturable man in captivity. His nose is the German equivalent of Teddy's teeth; he is to the German artists what Carranza's far-flung whiskers are to the cartoonists of Mexico. To the American and English cartoonist that forward pointing beak has the effect of a fluttering foresail, pointing ahead and upward into the sempiternal something. Or it is a beacon, a billboard, as symbol of victory for the people to follow.

And then to think of the *Simplicissimus* and *Kladderadatsch* artists not being able to draw his royal highness except on penalty of being shoved into the brig for six months, for loose majesty.

The situation is all the harder because the people themselves are given to emitting chuckles from out their cavernous abdominal depths, and to snickering into their hands whenever the crown prince is hoched. We have even known German cartoonists, their lives in their hands, to make drawings that were a whole lot more like a caricature than a portrait—but that was before the war, and even so the cartoonist

always played safe and got his stuff by merely by labeling it a portrait.

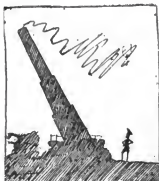
An interesting point in the psychology of caricature is this, that in point of whimsicality the French caricatures of the crown



From *Le Petit Bleu*, Paris

"Listen, my boy: if we do not take the offensive, it's all up!"
 "Yes, p'pa, and if we do take the offensive, it's good-night!"

prince are not equal to the best English and American work. They reserve their shafts for the kaiser, in drawing whom they excel, though even so it is usually to cauterize rather than caricaturize. After all, the kaiser is the author of all the woes of France; it is a very real thing to the French,



From the *Brooklyn Eagle*

THE FAILURE

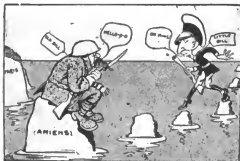
The Crown Prince took a shot at a Paris church with his seventy-mile gun and missed. What a disappointment to his father that boy must be.

is the desolation and suffering which the war has brought, and they are in little enough mood to give much indulgence to that expression of humor which among the Anglo-Saxon artists takes the form of a whimsical rendering of every mood. Witness Bairnsfather's Alf and Bert and Old Bill, who react, even under



From *Esquella*, Barcelona

Crown Prince: We are in a bad fix, whether we go forward or backward.



From the *Manchester Dispatch*

"And there he saw a soldier man A-sitting on a stone."

most desperate conditions, to the fun that is in every situation, if we but know where to find it. And the above cartoon shows that even the Spanish artists have got next to Little Bill.



From Life, New York

"Chust think of how many more medals I would have had if I had really won a battle!"



Rogers in New York World

"Did you win the fight, Highness?"
"Gosh, no, p'p'r: you were cut to pieces!"

From Echo de Paris, Paris
The Prince of Blood!





Chamberlain in Philadelphia Evening Telegraph

Bottled up!



Sykes in Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

"It ain't so, even if it is so!"

Scuttling the Submarine

"We are now sinking German submarines faster than the enemy is building them. And we are building merchant ships faster than the enemy can sink them. In April we created a record in the destruction of submarines."

Thus says Lloyd George in his Edinburgh speech. The record that he alludes to for April consisted of twelve submarines, according to the official report, with two additional vessels sunk to the certain knowledge of the crew, but not included in the official figures.

And to be still more exact, Archibald Hurd, the English naval expert, claims that the enemy is destroying British, allied and neutral tonnage at the rate of about 3,500,000 tons yearly, while Great Britain and her allies and the neutral countries will soon be producing tonnage at a rate of about four million tons yearly. That favorable situation, he declares, should be reached in a few weeks and thenceforward the upward curve in favor of the allies should proceed in a manner to convince the Germans of their failure.



Hungerford in Pittsburgh Sun

Jumped on his fingers again

The naval correspondent of the London News, analyzing the shipping losses for April, points out that the total of allied and neutral sinkings was hardly more than a third of that of a year ago, while there is not any likelihood that there has been any marked decrease in the shipping entering and clearing the ports of the United Kingdom.

Our own Admiral Sims, to whose tireless energy is due much of the success of the allied anti-submarine efforts, tells the same story, in the picturesque language of the seaman: "We have the submarine virtually beaten," he says. "Coördination

between the fleets of the allies is a done job. German diver crews are pretty sick, and they are getting sicker every day."

We have mastered the submarine vaunt that it would starve England and proved it false, says the Admiral. "The boast that it would stop American forces from reaching the battle fields in France has been proved foolish. With the British navy, the French navy and the Italian navy has coöperated, and I can safely say we are well on the road to winning."

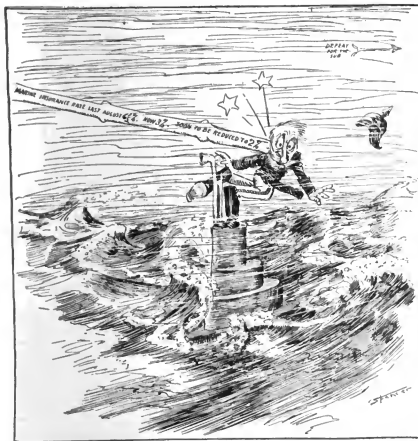
It is the Zeppelin story over again—great boasts and serious (very serious in the case of the submarine) losses inflicted by them,

but with eventual failure. The Germans, of course, are not yet convinced, as might be expected. Speaking of this same month of April Vice-Admiral von Capelle, Minister of the Navy, reported that "the reports for April are favorable. Naturally losses occur, but the main thing is that the increase in submarines exceeds the losses. Our naval offensive is stronger today than at the beginning of unrestricted submarine warfare. That gives us an assured prospect of final success."

The submarine war is developing more and more into a struggle between U-boat action and new construction of ships, says the German minister. "Thus far the monthly figures of destruction have continued to be several times as large as those of new construction."

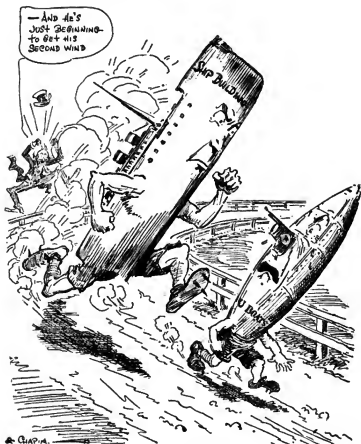
Von Capelle, we might add, gives some figures that are misleading, and that, unexplained, might be used as enemy propaganda.

"According to the latest statements," he



Spencer in Omaha World-Herald

A large healthy straw that shows which way the wind blows



CHAPIN.

Chapin in St. Louis Republic

Catching up

says, "British shipbuilding fell from 192,000 tons in March to 112,000 in April; or reckoned in ships, from thirty-two to twenty-two. That means a decline of 80,000 tons, or about forty per cent."

The Admiral fails to point out that the April record, as reported (111,533 tons), was achieved in the face of a large increase in the repairing of merchantmen, to which attention was called in a British Admiralty statement issued on May 9th. The same statement showed that the shipping completed in allied and neutral countries in the

quarter ending April 30th was 544,327 tons.

The destroyer continues to be the most effective instrument in hunting the submarine, but allied submarines have not been idle, entering enemy harbors and attacking, not only enemy shipping, but enemy submarines themselves.

More spectacular was the blocking of the entrance to the Zeebrugge and Ostend harbors by the British. So effective was the Zeebrugge channel stopped that the Germans first attempted to destroy the cement laden ships, and, failing in that set to work

digging a way through the mole. This was the severest jolt which German pride has yet sustained, and in spite of their claims that attempted bottling was a complete failure, they dismissed in dishonor the officer in charge of the defense of the positions.

American shipbuilders are also contributing to the defeat of the submarine. The Tuckahoe, which left the ways just twenty-

seven days after the laying of the keel, is prophetic of what America will be doing six months hence, and is a sample of what we are doing now, on a growing scale—as seen in the fact that the tonnage of ships launched in the United States in April was 240,000, as against 166,700 in March, while the record for the week ending May 4th was 89,000 tons.



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Casual in New York Evening World

Hitting the nail on the head!



Her Hero Comes Across

Emily Brown Heininger

Decorations by F.R. Morgan

Knitting needles all clicked fast,
As first-aid ladies worked;
Regardless of their chatter,
Their knitting was not shirked.

For each one at the party
Possessed a soldier brave,
Who, in *her* estimation,
Our country *he* would save.

"Jim's major in the infantry,"
Said Mrs. Johnny Jones;
"His place is the most deadly
In all the west-front zones."

"But there you are mistaken,"
Said Mrs. Henry Brown—
"Tom's captain in the navy!
It's fearful! He may drown!"

"They're safe as if at home,"
Dan Smith's young bride replied;
"Bill's colonel of the cavalry—
It's reckless how they ride!"

"Artillery claimed my Freddie,"
Cried Mrs. Bobbie Moore;
"There's nothing quite so awful
As the way the cannons roar."

"Mere child's play," said Miss Johnson,
"My sweetheart's flying high;
He joined the aviators,
And fights up in the sky."

And as they worked and chatted
Of heroes brave and bold,
Old Bridget humbly served them
Refreshments hot and cold.

They bragged of braid and buttons,
And what their soldiers do—
And someone said to Bridget,
"Have you a soldier, too?"

"Faith and begorra, yes;
Me Pat is went to war!
I don't know who he's fightin' with,
Nor what he's fightin' for."

"But, faith an' I am happy
Since Pat has went away!
It's the first time he ever worked—
And I got all his pay."





GERMAN PAPER SCOLDS A NEUTRAL FRIEND

This and the cartoon on the opposite page are taken from *der Wahre Jacob*, the German humor paper published in Stuttgart. On this page is satirized what Germany regards as the excessive price at which Denmark is holding her up for herring, in view of the fact that the herring catch the past season was one of the heaviest in the history of Danish fishing.



GERMANY LURING HER ENEMIES TO A PEACE POW-WOW

The German artist in this drawing shows Lenine trying to persuade the allies to enter the door leading to the peace concert being given by the central powers. The music sheet shows that the players are rendering a peace symphony, and Lenine explains that the allies will like the piece when the discordant notes of the English bagpipe have ceased.



Rogers in New York World

The breath of the Hun



Brown in Chicago Daily News

Breaking through

The Trail of the Hun in America

At last we have a sedition law on our statute books. It took a year to do it, in spite of organized sabotage, not only in industrial plants, but in the agricultural sections of the northwest; in spite of the existence of a German language press whose loyalty was of a negative kind, that, though it did not damn our own country, yet has consistently failed to damn the German government; in spite of the existence, until recently, of an organization that was proved to be the channel through which sedition found an unhampered outlet; in spite of German sympathizers in our communities who had money for motor cars and other luxuries, but none for liberty bonds—and lastly, in spite of the existence of a band of socialists in New York that lost no opportunity to disparage America and to root for the kaiser.

America was long-suffering and patient and the law that it got ultimately could have been more drastic than it was without endangering the rights of free speech. And

that, curiously, is the only point that is criticized with any degree of seriousness—the right to talk. Thus Morris Hillquit, who speaks for the socialist party: "A certain law has passed both houses, and is now awaiting the president's signature. When the president signs that law, we shall have to take a long vacation. You are not to say anything scornful or contemptuous about the government or the army or the navy or the uniform. For instance, if Elizabeth, a well-known worker for equal rights for women, begins to worry about the passage of the federal amendment to the constitution, giving women the right to vote, and she says, 'Damn the old constitution! It should be altered,' she is liable to twenty years in prison and a fine of \$10,000. But if she thinks it over first and begins her complaint by saying, 'May I suggest that the constitution is shopworn?' she will be all right, perhaps.

"Don't think that this new law is a joke. It may sound strange that an effort is made



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"Vare is the nearest munition factory?"



Hungerford in Pittsburgh Sun

Have you a little gas mask in your home?

to regulate one's speech, but that isn't so bad. The law as it reads isn't so bad, but it will be when it enters into the court and opinions are based on it and it is interpreted, and all the endless things that happen when a law is construed in court."

And thus Max Eastman, who, tried recently on a sedition charge before a jury that disagreed, also criticized the new law at a meeting of the Liberty Defense Union in New York (the Union, we might add, is a new organization founded for the defense of the right to talk): "I don't know whether upon conviction we shall be

treated as political prisoners. Apparently only German spies get that sort of treatment. Do you know that there hasn't been a single genuine anti-German agitation in this country since the war—so far as I know of! All those who have suffered for their sentiments have been American citizens who were punished because they were making socialistic speeches to working men."

That just now is a favorite cry of the radicals of this stripe—"Socialist baiting," and Eastman knows that whenever a socialist has been tried it was not because of his socialism, but because of his insane defense



Sykes in Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

Letting it cool



Ashbrook in Dayton Journal

"That's right, Uncle; give him a classification!"

of the kaiser. He knows that the agitation against the National German-American Alliance, just as an example, was not socialist baiting, and yet the Alliance was forced to disband. He knows that our growing antipathy to the Irish Sinn Fein activities in this country is not socialist baiting, and yet it will soon come to pass that Irish extremists over here will have short shrift. Eastman knows that the feeling against Hillquit and himself is not directed against

the socialists so much as against two perverse individuals who are making of the country's willingness to hear them talk a test of the country's devotion to freedom of speech. He should know, in his enthusiasm for popular government, that when a majority decides it does not want to talk or hear anyone else talk, that majority is just a little more likely to be right than a handful of men who have arrogated omniscience to themselves. He should know that thus

far two forms of government have prevailed, majority and minority—German militarism furnishes a good example of minority government; the bowing of the majority of the American people to the socialists' desire to talk would be another.

The sedition law is aimed, as every traitor

of 112 I. W. W.'s charged with sedition and sabotage. A specimen of the testimony taken during the trial is that describing a Milwaukee group, who made ringing declarations in favor of the German kaiser as a ruler in America, compared with the present administration at the meeting place of



Shafer in Cincinnati Post

Moth balls

knows, at German sympathizers. It will get them, if it is enforced with the vigor that information from Washington indicates will be applied. For people who do not sympathize with Germany, but are afflicted with an uncontrollable desire to air their self-styled "opinions," the law offers infinitely better protection than the lynch law that had begun to operate in a great many places.

In Chicago a court is sitting on the cases

the Industrial Workers of the World when the final break came with Germany. One Joseph Burdall, who said he was forced to join the I. W. W. to safeguard his life, testified as a government witness that one C. J. Bourg, a defendant, and other Germans who gathered at the Milwaukee hall, declared that I. W. W.'s "knew their signs" and that if they were drafted into the army they would shoot, but "they would choose their marks carefully."



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Cassel in New York World

Over there—over here

"Our bullets will not strike down the Germans, but will pierce the necks of the American officers!" Bourg shouted in an impassioned anti-war speech in which he urged the overthrow of the American government.

"We can put the American army on 'the bum' as quickly and effectively as we wreck a construction company plant!" one of them

said, "by burning grain fields, destroying food production plants, and wrecking munitions manufactories."

That is the kind of sentiment encouraged in this country by talk of the Hillquit and Eastman kind. If they denounce the sentiment they must also question the wisdom of the irresponsible talk on their part that helps it along.

A Con-
venient
Perch

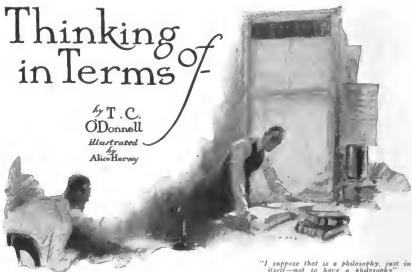
Brown in
Chicago
Daily News..



Thinking in Terms of

by T. C.
O'Donnell

illustrated
by
Alice Harvey



"I suppose that is a philosophy, just in itself—not to have a philosophy"

The serious young man from the accounting department paid my office a visit the other afternoon. He came to consult my dictionary as to the pronunciation of Hegelianism, and took the opportunity to glean information, if possible, concerning my views on the freedom of the human will, vitalism, and a few other trifling things.

I summoned every appearance of seriousness that I had, and gave him to understand that I had no views at all. It staggered him.

"But you must have some belief, some philosophy as a—as a guide—"

"None whatever," I replied.

He mused a bit and then unburdened himself of a profound truth that some day I dare say he will comprehend, but that I myself have not yet got to the bottom of.

"Well," he said, "I suppose that is a philosophy in itself—just not to have a philosophy. You can think in terms of that!"

And then I became really serious.

"My boy, is that your notion of a philosophy?" I asked.

"Just that—something to think in terms of," he replied, quite simply.

And into that bit of a sentence the boy said a thing that many of us, long in the way, have wanted to say, but somehow could not quite crystallize into words. There was always something that refused to crystallize, some point or other that eluded us.

There is my friend Titus, by way of an example. I have tried more than once to get Titus down on paper, but with no success. Yet now I think I could do a Titus biography.

He bought a motor last summer. Which has nothing of the remarkable about it. But the color of the car was orange—not just an ordinary orange, but an orange with a decidedly lyrical note. And near the top of the tonneau ran an unshamed band of blue, two or three inches in width. Titus is that sort of man.

Titus's ties and shirts are of a kind with his car. They are the vividest in town, notwithstanding he is a doctor, a profession with which one associates a degree of sobriety in respect of raiment. So strong is his love of color that some one said of him that his chicken-pox cases were always diagnosed as scarlet fever.



Titus

But with what seemed to me the extreme frivolity of his tastes there existed a serious side that I never could quite explain until I applied this new principle—that he thought in terms of color. He was fond of pictures. His home is filled with pictures, done, most of them, in the manner of those new artists who care very little about conveying an accurate idea of their subject, just so they have it bathed in light and color. One of them, his favorite, is a girl—sitting on a glistening beach beneath a red parasol. Under the parasol, where the shadows strike, are clouds of purple and violet, while under the chin and in other charming nooks are touches of livid green.

It is a riot of color, but Titus reduces it for you to a beautiful order and simplicity. For he understands the art of the thing, as I found one afternoon when we were out fishing. It was a luscious day in late September. The small lake, where we fished was of the color of wine; the air had the taste of it.

Talk came up (little else came up) of the sense of humor, and of Titus's in particular. I asked him how he came by it, and he told me that oddly enough, while some of it came from a grandfather, who in turn came from County Kerry, yet the full development was due to his love of color.

"A violin maker once introduced me to the subject of vibration. He made clear to me what my college books of physics had attempted to tell me, that music was the interpretation that the sense of hearing made of sound waves beating upon the drum of the ear. They must beat at the rate of thirty-two a second before they become audible, at the extreme lower end of the scale. At the other end of the scale they become short and so rapid as to pass beyond the ability of the ear to record at all."

"Then after an interval," said Titus, "they come within range of another sense—the vision—as color. At the lower or base end, where the waves are longest, is violet, and then blue, and, in order green, yellow, orange, and red. Under the violet are violets that the eye does not see while above the red are reds that we do not see.

"But—and here is the story—above there somewhere is light—white light. I'm not strong for the light yet. My feeling belongs way, way down in the scale of color—especially among the violets and purples. At that though"—and this I think was a sly thrust at me, who am passionately devoted to music, and who, if I think in terms of anything at all, think in terms of orchestration—"at that," he said, "I think I am a step beyond people who have no color sense at all, but who must find their pleasure in music, at the other end of the wave scale from light.

"And in this I see a picture of the history



"News will not be colored"

of the race (drop me over the side of the boat if I get soft, you know). For ages the pre-apes and the apes and the post-apes were not sensitive to impressions of any kind, except as warnings chiefly in the form of noises. Some noises they began to become aware of as sound—and sounds, if



"A steady procession of clerks and officials passed in review"

properly combined, as music, such music as they heard in the song of the pleistocene equivalent of birds, and in the wash of the surf on the shingle."

"Or the wash of the rain on the shingles," I observed, out of a full facetiousness of mind that never fails to obtrude itself at moments that demand seriousness.

"Then we progressed, or are progressing, into another stage, in which, while we retain our first love, we have discovered a more intense beauty in color. The Indians spoke an infinitely more beautiful language than ours, but they never felt the same pleasure in color—in color for its own sake—as we feel.

"And then there is an age ahead of us when even our love of color will seem barbaric compared with the new passion for light. People then will not have blue days, just as in moments of emotion they will not 'see red.' News will not be colored, people and races will not develop yellow streaks. White light, engulfing every aspect of life, will obviate the shadows in which colors lurk.

"That is a little philosophy I have worked out for myself, and somehow it has made me a foolishly cheerful man. It gives me, at least, a little more patience with foolish people, and gives me an air castle, with

dreams to live in when I'm not treating sick folks and otherwise trying to blot out shadows that light will dissipate some day."

I understood fully and from that moment I loved every gorgeous inch of Titus's gorgeous and copious cravats, just as I loved another friend and his weird habit of thinking in terms of push buttons. He is a manager, the man I speak of—manager of a printing place that makes beautiful books for the people who sell them to you.

Directly in front of him, as he sits at his desk, is a blotter, with beaten brass corners. Then flanking this on either side are buttons, rows of them. These connect with bells in every corner of every department in the plant and offices. On days when the spell is upon him this man is a demon. With one hand he signs a letter, and with a deft movement of the other calls the head bookkeeper from a distant part of the establishment, and the head artist from the other extremity. Before either has arrived he has had in and dismissed from his presence his shipping clerk and the buyer. At no moment of the day is a man safe from the summons of the push button.

Callers even are received into the intimacy of the presence in terms of push buttons. The entrance of the visitor is the

signal for a frantic manipulation of bells. He is like an organist in the midst of an andante movement. His hands speed from one end of his keyboard to the other, the while a steady procession of clerks and officials pass in review before him, each receiving a message, articulating a polite "yes," and passing on. By this time the bewildered caller has forgotten his errand and passes safely out.

In ordinary conversation the man is usually helpless. I have seen him whole minutes with nothing to say, only to begin punching holes in the air with his index finger, and proceed on his way. To push an elevator "up" button means a new plan for making ten thousand dollars. He took me home to dine with him one evening and we came near getting no further than the threshold, what with his switching on the light and standing hat in hand for a full minute, while evolving a scheme whereby he could use the exhaust steam from his boilers, not alone for heating but also for running a motor-driven ventilating fan besides.

The mere fact that these schemes seldom work, or that the place is really run by the vice-president, a quiet mannered man, does not matter. It is the reputation of the Eclipse Company, Inc., that counts, and that reputation is for "push."

And there are others whom I have been able to explain by means of the serious young man's "thinking-in-terms-of" philosophy. There is the young writer who writes things about science—geology, physics, anatomy, it matters not what the subject—in terms of romance and does articles for the magazines that breathe magic and adventure in every line, just because he thinks in terms of.

Or there is the old man with the thin white hair, with a baby pink skin showing through. He is three-aged; ninety-four as to years; nineteen as to spirits, and half a century as to frame. He thinks constantly in terms of youth. He confided to me one day that he kept young by refusing—oh, absolutely refusing!—to associate with old people, to talk with them about himself, about themselves, or about anybody else.

And there is the fairy-like miss of nine who tyrannizes over me mornings before I leave for the 7.55 car; who tyrannizes over me from the time I return home until her bedding hour, and to whom Sunday is a blessed time vouchsafed her for imposing upon me the most absolute and humiliating bondage. Her thinking-in-terms-of-ness has to do wholly with fairies and gnomes and elves and other wayward creatures, and the horrible ogre whom custom has decreed she shall call "papa."

*"Her thinking 'in terms of' has to do
with fairies, and gnomes"*





Chamberlain in Philadelphia Evening Telegraph

Weathering the gale!



The bucking broncho

Lloyd George Survives Gas Attack

The British premier must have devised the original gas mask. His adversaries' recent attack, with all the political straws indicating the wind to be in a favorable quarter for the drive, turned out to be little more than a highly camouflaged attack of piffle, which, as every one knows, causes nothing more serious than nausea. It left him, indeed, in a stronger position than ever before—almost invulnerable, and holding an enviable position in regard to the rest of the world. His victory over the former premier Asquith and that crowd revealed to Americans, as no other event of the war has revealed, the significance of Lloyd George as a condition to allied success. The New

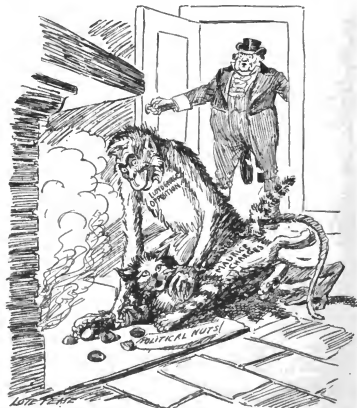
York Tribune put the same idea in an extremely clever way when it said, "There is no mistaking the fact that the victory of Lloyd George in the House of Commons is a popular victory in America." Now notice: "A victory for Mr. Asquith today would, justly or unjustly, create in this country something of the consternation which in England would follow the return to office of Mr. Bryan."

If Americans are half as apprehensive concerning Mr. Asquith as British statesmen are about Mr. Bryan, and if England will back us up in our apprehension, then Mr. Asquith might as well resign himself to the idea of a quiet little bungalow up the British

equivalent of Salt Creek. For the English do not rouse to what you might call white-heat enthusiasm when you talk to them about Mr. Bryan.

But about gas attacks—Lloyd George has been used to them all his life. He is, you might say, fed upon them, till a political attack means no more to him than a dash or two of the pepper shake over his Welch rarebit—or whatever it is that Lloyd George sprinkles his pepper upon: Way back in the early days when, a budding solicitor, he espoused the cause of Welch nationalism and the rights of the people as against the Tories, he drew to himself the

hate and venom of every landed gentleman in that part of the country. One of the earliest incidents in his stirring career had to do with his first political campaign when, a candidate for a parliamentary seat, he was billed for a speech in Bangor. He went, knowing that a noisy and clamorous time was to be had by all. The truculent Bangorian citizenry that night lived up to their name with a zeal that was unmistakable as to the direction and the directness of their sympathy. They put a lot of bang in Bangor. They assailed the young solicitor in the streets, hurling at him a fusillade of rocks and bricks and things that ended only



Peace in Newark News

Is this the explanation?

when a fire-spitter threw a ball of oil soaked cotton, aflame, into his carriage, setting fire to Mrs. Lloyd George's gown. He extinguished the blaze, and then turned a defiant face to the crowd, which, with your true mob spirit, turned and slinked away, cowardly and thoroughly cowed. At the hall the turmoil began again, but Lloyd George faced the ugly gathering, had out his say, and went back to his home.

In Parliament itself he got on with little trouble, since he was very much the free lance, forming no political alliance that would draw upon him the attack of the regular politicians. However, he was not idle, for he lost no opportunity to be the voice of anti-torism, and of the movement for disestablishing the English church, until he came to be known as the foremost champion of democracy and religious freedom. He was much in demand at "free church" gatherings, where his bitter denunciations of the bishops was a thing of joy. To hear

him was an event. He drew upon all the known weapons of a radical offensive—invective, satire, allegory, jest, and a vocabulary that had all the simplicity of a John Bunyan's and imagination and fire besides.

Then came the Boer war, and with it an attack by all the original fifty-seven poison gases known to British jingoism. Lloyd George was easily the most violently hated man in all England. He stood out resolutely against the war; against the spirit that, so far as Britain was concerned, had brought it on; roundly denounced what he believed to be the hypocrisy of the British patriots, and all in all made of himself a public nuisance. His presence was a signal for cat-calls and personal abuse. No epithet was too vile to be hurled at him; no lie too silly to be believed.

From that time on to the present Lloyd George's career has been just one gassing after another. When he became head of the board of trade in the Campbell-Banner-



Kirby in New York World

"An end to this sniping!"

man cabinet in 1905 he stood for progressive trade measures that drew upon him the charge from the radicals that, in his concern for commerce and trade, he was forsaking them and going over to mammon. Then he became chancellor of the exchequer and his radical measures in the way of state insurance and routing of the land-holding class made him the target of the Tories. But he was the one man in England who got things done, and when he insisted upon a ministry of munitions, he got it—and was appointed minister. And then when Lord Kitchener went down there was only one man for war-head—and that was Lloyd George.

All this was in the way of personal popularity until he proposed, because the very existence of the empire was threatened, a small, compact war cabinet, to function in place of the large, unwieldy body. Because of opposition in the cabinet he resigned—the most courageous thing he ever did, for he knew it would bring down upon him the charge of personal aggrandisement. But resign he did, and then when the Asquith ministry was defeated he was called to head a new government.

And since that moment his opponents in parliament have been quick to pounce upon

every opportunity to "snipe," as he himself put it. They found a willing instrument in the army, the chiefs of which were disgruntled because of his insistence backed by American opinion, upon a supreme inter-allied war council to sit at Versailles, and later on because of his recommendations of a one-man control of all the allied armies—a slap in the face of the British army, said the officer class.

General Maurice was the tool in the hands of this group. As early as April he gave to the press a statement in which he accused France of treachery in failing to send men to the aid of the sorely pressed British. Then he resigned and wrote the letter that precipitated the crisis in Parliament, in which he accused the prime minister of misleading the country as to the condition of the British line in general, and in particular as to the manner in which the line had been extended to the point of dangerous attenuation, against the will of General Haig himself. Mr. Asquith made a motion for a parliamentary inquiry—and Lloyd George, making the motion a test of confidence, won, and won handsomely—so handsomely that there is little danger, for the present at least, of the British government being bryanized.



From *La Baunette*, © Paris

The Dream



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by R. B. Fuller

Fuller has drawn for Cartoons Magazine his notion of an engine that will knock 'em flat and squawk "Kamerad"

About Scare- Crows and Things Like That



The scarecrow

Something New in Pictures

But before talking about the new book let us say a word about the new artist. Or better, let us mention that Margaret Buller

Allan is a new illustrator—new to Americans, at least. The individual writing this article is so benighted as not to know of her



*"They had no fear of the
ocean trip,
And their faces did not pale."*

work at all, and his artist friends are equally in the dark.

Let Margaret Buller Allan do many more books as "different" as the one we are going to tell you about, however, and she will have a "queue" of publishers lined up before her studio door, eager for her work.

But to the book—which is called "The Rhyme Garden," made up of verses and drawings by the aforementioned Miss (or is it "Mrs." Allan). It carries a London imprint, being published over here by John Lane.

As you may or may not have gathered from our narrative thus far, it is a children's book. The entire get-up of the book is for the kiddies—the end sheets, with their huge, circusy elephants, the quaint title page, which we cannot reproduce because we cannot reproduce everything, the editor tells us, the colored plates, the poems, and—and everything. Take those colored plates for example. The CARTOONS engravers and printers rendered them beautifully in a single color, to which they were restricted—but even so they are enchanting, the one with its quaint garden of three thistles—or whatever those thistly things are, and the other with the fredstonesque scarecrow.

And maybe you would like to know more about this lanky gentleman. It's not a long story. Listen:



The garden of weeds



*"I'm sorry," said the little boy,
"There's only one of me."*

The scarecrow watched the moon come up
And laughed both long and loud,
The timid disconcerted moon
Sank back behind a cloud.

And when the morning sun shone out,
The scarecrow mocked the sun,
He laughed so much the ears of
wheat
Joined gaily in his fun.

"O splendid sun and stately moon,
Why do you jeer at these,
Whose beauty every poet sings?"
I asked him. "Tell me, please."

The scarecrow in a softened mood,
Wept very bitterly,
He said, "I have to laugh at them,
Or they would laugh at me."

We would like to tell you about the weed garden, and about the little fellow who wanted to dance, oh so badly!—only there was only one of him, but we felt you must know about this "Voyage in a Bowl," and, as the editor keeps reminding us, we can't have the whole book:



*"She dreams
Of a freck that was scarlet and blue."*

They had no fear of the ocean trip
And their faces did not pale,
They silently stood on the steamer's deck
In a row beside the rail;

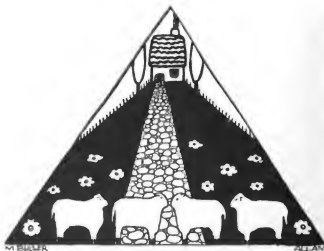
They were only wooden dolls, you see,
Of course they could not quail!

The ship wasn't made of iron or
steel,
But the captain said with a wink,
"I'll sleep all day, and you never
need fear,
You are perfectly safe, I think."

Of a piece of wood the ship
was made,
Of course it could not sink!

They left the coast all gleaming
white,
And sailed to the other side,
A beautiful trip, most easily made,
On a perfectly even tide;
It was only across the bowl
they went,
Of course it was not wide.

Then we like this "finis" piece,
which is marked by rare quaint-
ness of design, which a lot of ar-
tists we know of would have dis-
dained because it leaves so much
space that is not used for useless
reading matter. But Miss Allan (or
Mrs., whichever it is) knew better,
and makes a very good point at
the end of her delightful collection
of drawings and poems, we think.
Don't you?



The end



Field Marshal Hinden-bug

Holding the Hinden-bug Line

Sketched on the Spot and Described by Walter Wellman

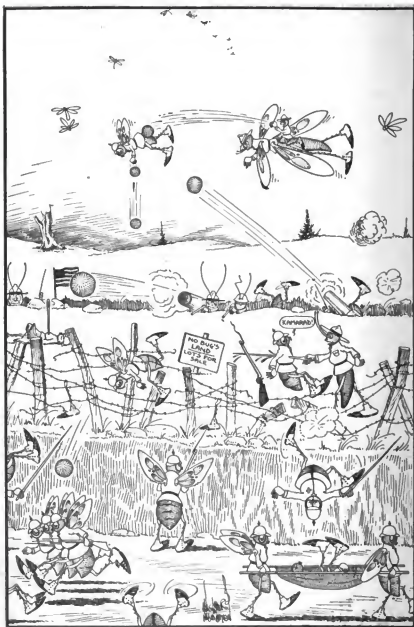
A fierce chirping and buzzing warned me that I was fast nearing the now famous Hinden-bug Line. With utmost caution, constantly dodging between the green peas that were flying in all directions, I crept nearer and nearer until the entire battle line was visible.

The sight was one I shall long remember. Long lines of stretcher bearers were bringing their dead and wounded back from the first line trenches. I do not intend to dwell, in this article, on the sights of horror that met my eyes on all sides, for I realize that my readers are all soft hearted folks like myself, but I feel that I must, in passing, mention one incident that impressed me with the horror of it all. Two potato bugs were silently bearing a stretcher, on which

was a poor centipede that had just lost ninety-seven legs. I am accustomed to writing this kind of thing, but you can't imagine how this sight affected me. The poor fellow said he intended to go back and get into the game again as soon as they patched him up. I can hardly hold my typewriter in my lap as I write about the tragedy of it.

But I'm getting ahead of my story.

Probably few know how and why this great bug war started, but I do. I got it from a Junebug who was wounded in May. According to him, a campaign was started sometime ago in which "swat the fly" became the watchword. It seems that millions and millions and millions of flies were exterminated, and that the flies held a grand



"Sherman thought war was rough in his day, but say—I"

council of war, and, after prolonged and solemn discussions of the subject, decided to hold someone responsible for it. So, claiming that the war was forced upon them, the ruler of all the flies started out to overrun all the weaker and less prepared tribes of bugs and insects. Most versions differ from the one just related, but at any rate, the flies started the ruthless war that has now been in progress for days and days and days.

The ruler of all the flies chose one "von Hinden-bug" to lead his hosts, and y'gotter give him credit. Look at all the medals he's got, and there's dozens more pinned to his undershirt and vest which we can't show.

The flies, being natural born germ carriers, soon came to be nicknamed Germans for short, and gradually, one after another, practically every tribe and variety of bugs and insects were drawn into the great war, and General Bee was chosen to lead the bunch to victory. Days dragged into weeks and the situation now is at a practical deadlock, for both General Bee and Field Marshal von Hinden-bug are brave and resourceful generals. Both are bugs of middle age, the former being four weeks of age, and the latter three and a half.

My observations showed me that fierce fighting was taking place all along the twenty-five foot battle front, and the flying green peas made it extremely difficult for the writer (who also draws pictures at so much per), to make the accompanying sketch of one of the busiest sectors of the line. The scene is a typical one, showing the allied

bugs, now considerably strengthened, putting the bee on the flies. Notice the sewing needles which are used by both sides for bayonets. Sherman thought war was rough in his day, but say—1

The following incident (if the censor allows it to go through), throws an interesting sidelight on the present situation, and shows the ingenuity of the allied bugs. Only last week several of the khaki clad bugs found some large strips of fly paper and, under cover of darkness, spread them over no-bug's land. Next morning before daybreak, the flies went "over the top," and, just as you would expect, forty thousand were captured, and no lives lost. Our boys simply took a day off and celebrated, for there could be no more fighting until reserves came up. It is reported that the same stunt will be tried out next week, or as soon as the opportunity presents itself.

Before closing this article, we must not forget to mention the dear ladybugs, bless 'em! They are not only conserving face powder to be used by our bugs in the trenches, but they are knitting their little

fingers nearly to the bone to make comfy things for them to wear in the trenches.

It was with difficulty that I secured the accompanying sketch of Miss Lucile Ladybug. Though young and attractive, she wished to avoid all notoriety. After much persuasion, however (I always was strong with 'em), she allowed me to make the sketch, and I must admit it

doesn't half do her justice. The young ladybug modestly asserts that she has already



General Bee



Miss Ladybug

knitted two hundred and fifty socks, enough to entirely sock two and a half centipedes, and that she doesn't intend to stop until she has knitted enough to fit out five centipedes. Inquiry developed the fact that she is engaged to Willie Centipede, whom she has promised to marry if he loses 'em all.

Although rumors of peace are in the air, it looks like a long fight ahead, for the bugs are determined to carry it through to the bitter end. Let us help here at home by swatting every stray fly we see, and let us hope to see the entire fly tribe wiped off the map.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Perry Barlow

A Counter Attraction

Getting It Straight

By LA TOUCHE HANCOCK

Paper being so dear, purchases are now being wrapped in newspapers instead of the conventional sacks.

There's a bunch of promise cases upon the motion,
And a murder right across the pickled pork;
You can read about the navy,
On the surface of the gravy;
While the spinach gives the news of old New York!

The motto on the fish is "Votes For Women!"
And a scandal on the real attention begs;
On the bacon we are getting
All the latest baseball betting,
And the names of all the winners on the eggs!





From London Opinion

Kaiser (to Prince Lichnowsky): "You clumsy fool! You now the cat out of the bag let have!"

Getting the Goods on Germany

Kaiser Forced the War, Says Inside Dope

The big idea in German diplomacy is not to get caught. The supreme disgrace is to be found out. No method is too vile, too underhanded, too unprincipled, to be used in effecting her purposes—but you must get away with it. Germany has be-

come a by-word in duplicity—but, like all double-dealers, she tries to set herself right in one mistake, only to find herself in wrong somewhere else.

For example, the kaiser, in a burst of ecstasy, set going by the beautiful love which German military domination inspired in the hearts of the new nations along his eastern border, proclaimed his undying devotion to the principle of the rights of peoples to self-determination. Then followed hard on this a burst of grief occasioned by the horrors of battle on the western front. "What," he exclaimed, "have I not done to preserve the world from these horrors!"



Peace in New York News

Sardonic humor



Bernard Partridge in *Punch*, ©, London

Kaiser (to limelight man): "On the sword, you idiot! on the sword!"

All of which was nice of the kaiser, but inopportune, for there followed hard upon this the publication of certain memoranda written by Prince Charles Max Lichnowsky, who at the outbreak of the war, was German ambassador in London.

These memoranda constitute one of the most remarkable documents of the war, and are a damning indictment of German methods of statecraft. They were prepared merely as a reply to charges by the Berlin foreign office that the prince, during the days just preceding Germany's entry into the war, had misled it into believing that England would not enter the war.

The count had been but a figure-head; his judgments, his opinions, even his acts in his official capacity of ambassadorship, were subordinated to secret service operatives



Rogers in New York Herald

Enough to make a dead man laugh!



Morris in New York Evening Mail

Kaiser: "What have I not done to preserve the world from such horrors?"

who while they had the pulse of England, also had the ear of Berlin. Lichnowsky strove constantly to prevent war; he tried to impress upon Berlin the sincerity of British attempts at a settlement. He understood probably as no modern German diplomat has understood, the spirit of Great Britain; its passionate devotion to the freedom of small peoples. But his country was bent upon war, and when he was charged with dereliction in the discharge of his duties as ambassador, he was goaded to desperation and published the facts in his case, a few typewritten copies being made for circulation among his friends.

One of these fell into the hands of the Stockholm newspaper Politiken, which began to publish them, but was abruptly stopped.



McCutcheon in Chicago Tribune

Copyright, John T. McCutcheon

Prince Lichnowsky discloses some court secrets

Prince Lichnowsky then wrote a letter to Count Hertling. After saying that he had shown his memoranda, under pledge of absolute secrecy, to "quite a few political friends," he writes:

"Unfortunately one of these gentlemen, without my knowledge, gave my memoranda to an officer to read—an officer employed in the political department of the general staff, whom I did not know, but who took a lively interest in these questions.

"Completely failing to understand the importance of what he was doing, this of-

ficer manifolded the memoranda and sent it to a number of personages, most of whom are unknown to me.

"When I heard of the mischief it was unfortunately too late to call in all the copies that had been given out. I placed myself at the disposal of the then imperial chancellor, Herr Michaelis, and expressed to him my regret at the whole affair.

"Since then, keeping in constant touch with the foreign office, I have striven to prevent as far as possible the further circulation of my observations, but unfortunately without the desired success."

The Berliner Tageblatt says that, "it was an officer, a member of an old family, decorated with the Iron Cross of the first class, who had become a pacifist in the course of his war experiences, who first circulated Prince Lichnowsky's memoranda without the prince's knowledge, laboring under the delusion that he was doing something useful and necessary." The Volksstimme, a socialist organ, says of it: "While it cannot be regarded as a final judgment, it is an important testimony accusing German and acquitting English policy. The prince's testimony with regard to the former is based on the merest hearsay, while that in favor of English policy is the result of the prince's own knowledge. Of two theories only one is pos-

sible: either Prince Lichnowsky is the most incurable idiot who ever sat in the ambassador's chair, or else not a shred remains of the fiction that the outbreak of war was due to English intrigues."

Lack of space forbids us reproducing the memoranda here, but the prince's charges may be summed up as follows (we quote from the New York Tribune):

"That Germany had frustrated Sir Edward Grey's attempts to come to a rapprochement with Germany before the war.

"That Germany's policy toward France had been provocative.

"That Germany's Oriental and Triple Alliance policy had forced Russia to join the Entente Alliance.

"That Germany and Austria wanted ar-



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Fred Ellis

The man that came back

bitrarily to change the terms of the Bucharest treaty.

"That Germany encouraged Austria to attack Serbia, although no German interest was involved and the danger of world war fully appreciated.

"That Germany rejected all proposals of mediation in regard to Serbia.

"That Germany had declared war on Russia under a mere pretext.

"That Germany wanted war with England and France."

And the prince himself puts the gist of his accusations in these paragraphs:

"As follows from all the official publications and not refuted even by our White Book, which in its meagerness and omissions, constitutes a grave self-accusation, we have:

"(1) Encouraged Count Berchtold to attack Serbia, though no German interest was involved and the danger of a world war could not but be known to us—whether we knew the text of the ultimatum is absolutely indifferent.

"(2) In the ten days between July 23d and 30th, 1914, when M. Sazonoff decided with emphasis that he could not suffer an attack on Serbia, rejected the British mediation proposals, though Serbia, under Russian and British pressure, had accepted almost the entire ultimatum, and although an agreement as to the two questionable reports was easily to be reached, and Count Berchtold was actually prepared to be satisfied with the Serbian answer.

"(3) On July 30th, when Count Berchtold wished to draw back, and without Austria being attacked, on the mere mobilization of Russia, though the czar had pledged his word that so long as negotiations were still going on he would not let a single man march, consequently deliberately destroyed the possibility of a peaceable settlement.

"It is not to be wondered at if, in view of these incontestable facts, outside Germany the entire civilized world lays on us the sole blame for the world war."

The memoranda called forth a statement from Herr von Jagow, who was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs at the time of the outbreak of the war. Von Jagow only

made matters worse by admitting that Great Britain was not instrumental in causing the war, and also by intimating that Germany would have thrown over her Austrian alliance if in so doing she could have contracted one with England. And this from the Germany that but a few days before had been heaping abuse upon the Austrian emperor for suggesting in a letter to his brother-in-law, Prince Sixtus of Bourbon, that he would be willing to see Alsace and Lorraine given over to France!

Anyhow, the statement caused a furore in the German press. Georg Bernhard, the militant editor of the *Vossische Zeitung*, after quoting von Jagow's remark about the inadvisability of abandoning old alliances until new ones were attainable, saying, "We shall not go into the question here if, during this war, which strains all the forces of the alliance to the utmost, a former German secretary of state should have written such sentences. It is incomprehensible how they came from the pen of a sensible man—and Herr von Jagow is such a one. And it is still more incomprehensible how they were able to escape the attention of the foreign office. Fortunately, they can no longer do any harm now, as through our deeds we have demonstrated our loyalty to the Austrians and Hungarians better than it can be done by any amount of talk."

So violent was the abuse heaped upon him that von Jagow made a second statement defending the first, and denying the interpretation which the German press had put upon his first statement. It was a weak attempt to patch up a bad case, as will be seen when we say that the concluding paragraph very well summarizes, not only its spirit but also the substance:

"As matters stand today, attempts to arrive at clearness about the respective parts played by our enemies at the outbreak of the war, and about the greater or less degrees of guilt belonging to each of them, can have only a historical value. England has made the cause of our enemies her own, and so she also shall be made to feel how Germany defends herself against her enemies."



Drawn for *Cartoons Magazine* by Perry Barlow

STACKERS!

"Hold there stranger! This game ain't on the level; them ain't the kyahds we dealt yel!"



"My boy, always follow in your father's footsteps."

A Great Norwegian Satirist

Theodore Kittlesen was a Norwegian artist—really he was an artist plus. He was master of a remarkable technique, and drew wonderful animals—but when he drew an animal it was usually to satirize some human frailty; almost always there was a sting—seldom venomous, but nevertheless a sting. He was, you might say, an Aesop of line.

Kittlesen was born in 1857, at Kragerö, Norway, and died as recently as 1915. He studied, first in Munich, where he became celebrated for a painting which he did entitled "The Strike." Later on he studied in Paris, where he acquired a mastery of the medium of pen and ink—as shown in



"It hurts to jump; my chops are flapping something awful!"

the accompanying pictures taken from his illustrations for Asbjørnsen and Moe's fairy tales. Another work which those who are interested in his work should read is "From Life in Narrow Circumstances."

The artist portrayed in a splendid way the feeling in the Norwegian nature for the awe-inspiring and fantastic—as exemplified in a long list of paintings, among them "The Echo," "The Water Spirit," "The Witch," "Witchcraft," and "In the Deer Park."

Visitors to the Christiana art gallery will find there a number of his paintings, and a collection of drawings.



Mrs. Newlyrich is taken for a drive

The many sided nature of the man is shown by the fact that he was a frequent contributor to *Simplicissimus* and other humorous and satirical papers.

Kittlesen's last work was called "Trolls and Men," a series of pen and ink drawings, in a fine satirical mood, the text for which he himself wrote.

The accompanying pictures lost much in reproduction in a single color. In their original form they are in lithograph, in delicate colors, which serve to emphasize the beauty of line, of which Kittlesen was preeminently a master.



THE END OF A NIGHT OWL

The placards over the heads of the two robbers read: (to the left) "Intestines for violin string, for sale cheap." "Leeches for sale." (To the right) "Blood sausages and chopped meat for sale."

You will search in vain for much information concerning Kittlesen. He is practically unknown in this country. The portfolio from which we have selected the accompanying pictures was found, beneath a pile of old magazines and papers, in an old Chicago book shop, and priced at a mere pittance. A search for biographical material beyond the simple facts stated was fruitless.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by John C. Higgins

AND THEN HE REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS

The Bore: "And when I climbed to the edge I found an abyss yawning at my feet."

The Maid: "Was it yawning when you got there, or did it start after you arrived?"

Brass Tacks

The "flivver tank" is next. That man Ford is certainly losing all chance of ever being decorated with an iron cross.—Oil City Blizzard.

A proud lineage may be a social asset, but many a family tree bears nothing but wall flowers.—Philadelphia Record.

Many a man exempted from military service will one day be exempted from political service.—Columbia (S. C.) State.

It is really expecting too much of a thrift stamp, Harold, to try to make it serve as letter postage and draw interest, too.—Chicago News.

The embargo on sardines is lifted. Coincident, it will be noted, with the cutting down of passenger service.—Milwaukee News.

When the wives go into politics at least it should strengthen home rule for the husbands.—Columbia (S. C.) State.

You never can tell. Many a man's power of diction succumbs to his wife's power of contradiction.—Philadelphia Record.

Germany has been on short rations so

long that she has no doubt of her ability to swallow Russia.—Charleston News and Courier.

And our guess is that the average patriotic Russian is about as haughty as a freshman in a hazing college.—Dallas News.

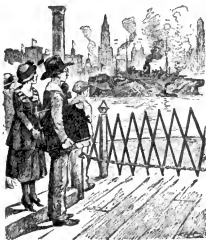
The Russian revolution started a year ago and it is still impossible to see the spokes of the pinwheel.—New York Sun.

The Kansas automobile licenser had better lay in an extra supply of number plates. Indications are that the state will raise 100,000,000 bushels of wheat this year.—Indianapolis News.

President Wilson and Lloyd George seem to be agreed that it will be all right to let the kaiser keep his watch and an extra suit of clothes.—Rochester Post-Express.

Don't set too much store by unremitting industry. The ant has been working steadily for six thousand years and is still an ant.—Topeka Capital.

Soon we may expect to hear a yawp from Berlin about the folly of American soldiers who cannot be frightened.—Albany Evening Journal.



Rebate in New York World

"I suppose they use the cubist idea so the enemy can't tell what they are."

I don't know how the squashes and things are going to turn out this year. It's one thing to get a bean in, a trench and quite another thing to get it to pod. All kinds of enemies are lined up alongside it, ready to take the joy out of its young life, but it never gives up; it always climbs, its great ambition being to get into somebody's soup. This it achieves, unless there is too much or too little sun, too much or too little rain, or too many bugs.

What I am trying to get at is this; that while we can't make predictions about the gardens, yet we can make predictions about garden jokes. There's a bumper crop already. We are not taking our gardens seriously this year. Don't misunderstand me. We are making the gardens, all right, but we are

Keep the Home Soil

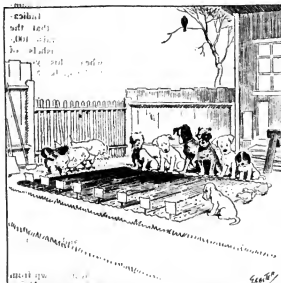
By Raymond McLeod

Raymond McLeod is the cleverest authority on gardening we know. His wife does all the work, Raymond hanging about and making minute studies of how she does it. Then he goes to the club and tells his friends how to take the care out of carrots. We've often wondered what would happen at the club if friend wife double crossed him sometime and told him she was planting noodles when it was only radishes or something.

not sad faced about it, as we are when we play golf or go to see Charley Chaplin. We get a lot of fun out of our gardens, and still more out of the fact that we are making gardens at all. Just why my risibilities

should be aroused when I lay a row of peas to rest I can't conceive, but they are. I will have my little joke about it. Like as not the little envelope that I impale on a stick at the end of the row I will make into a headstone and say something on it like this, "May They Rest-In Peas!"

It is the same way with a man carrying home a load of garden tools and seeds and things, especially if he is a suburbanite and obliged to stand all the way home on the 4:53. The slackers all around him find something extremely funny in making such allusions as "hoebo" and "digging in" and things like that. But the man who laughs best is the boy who next October lays by in the cellar a good



Reprinted from Cincinnati Times-Star

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American sappers waiting for the word to dig in

Turning



supply of potatoes and succotash and ruta-bagas.

En passant, why does the mere mention of ruta-bagas cause a smile? If you want to write a funny story, just say something about ruta-baga, and you will get 'em right up out of their seats. A parsnip seems just as funny to me as a ruta-baga, as does also an artichoke, but the бага will make 'em laugh till they choke, while the artichoke will make the poor beggahs soh.

But it was not my purpose to spring all the good ones myself. I wanted to show that the harvest was a general one; that if garden jokes will win the war, the Kaiser may consider himself canned already.

The one that follows was one of the first good ones sprung, so far as I have been able to discover. It was picked a little green, I think. It is a little raw, but may be eaten, if taken with a grain of salt:

"The backyard granger plowed and sowed

And weeded with a will;
He knew that he must till
his soil
Ere coin would
soil his till."

Old Newton Newkirk,
who conducts
a funny column in the



WAR GARDEN

Jack the giant killer

Boston Post, has some funny things to say about macaroni raising. I say "funny." I surmise it is funny, though it sounds so convincing that I have a mind to follow out his directions. If it didn't work you would soon know it; if it did, you would surprise your friends—and in either case you would be nothing out, except the seeds you put in. Newton received a letter from one of his readers about his attempts to raise the perpendicular variety—which, by the way,

Newton enthusiastically recommends. Miss Ima Hump (the correspondent's name) writes lyrically like this:

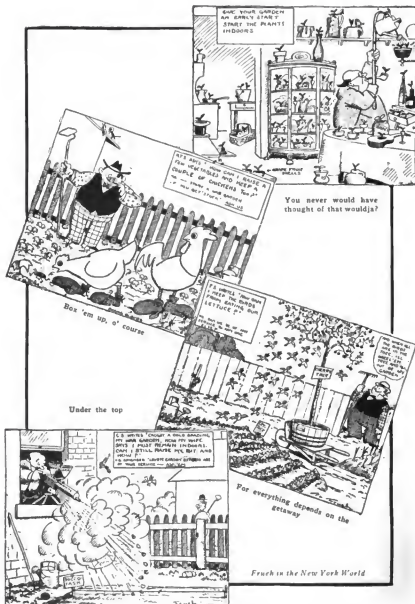
"Macaroni is a delicious and nutritious vegetable, and there is no reason why there should not be a big crop of it harvested this year.

"After reading your article on macaroni cultivation I ordered a

bushel of macaroni seed from a big seed house in Boston, and it has just arrived, but I regret to say that instead of being perpendicular macaroni seed, it is elbow-macaroni seed; and to make matters worse, the seed house writes me that they have no elbow-holes for elbow-macaroni. Therefore you see what a mess I'm in, and I write thinking you may be able to help me out. The seed people write me

that elbow-macaroni is more desirable than the straight kind, because it swallows around the mouth corner more easily and does

Plutche in Louisville Times



You never would have thought of that wouldja?

Box 'em up, o' course

Under the top

For everything depends on the getaway

Frueh in the New York World

LET FRUEH TELL YOU HOW TO DO IT

not skid over the face so much when being devoured; but what am I gonna do about holes for it?

"Of course I can get all the straight macaroni holes I want right here in Windsor, but I hesitate to plant straight holes with crooked (or elbow) macaroni until I hear from you. Please let me hear from you at once, Newt. Frost is all out of the ground hereabouts, and it's high time to plant macaroni if it is to mature before next autumn's frost catches it.

"IMA C. HUMPH."

To which helpful Newt replies like this:

"It's a good thing for you, Ima, that you wrote to me for information about elbow-macaroni before going ahead and planting it. That shows that you are not conceited or think you know it all.

Now, there are a lot of fresh Aleck farmers, no doubt, who will go ahead and plant some new variety of macaroni seeds, and then, when their crops are a fizzle it will be



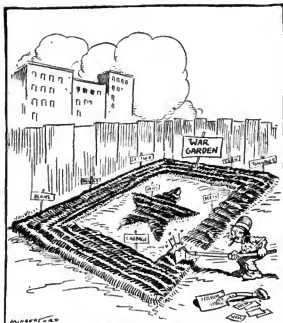
Mobilizing young patriots

just like 'em to blame me; whereas if they had done as you have done by asking my advice before planting they would have had all the macaroni they could eat and a lot



Brown in Chicago Daily News

Starting something



Stangerford in Pittsburgh Sun

His service flag

more to market. In other words, Ima, when in doubt about macaroni culture, ask me.

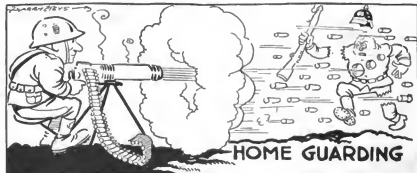
"Elbow-macaroni (or right-angle macaroni, as it is sometimes called) is said to be more delicately flavored than the common or perpendicular kind, but there is very little elbow-macaroni grown in this country any

more simply because of the difficulty of securing crooked, or elbow, holes for it.

"Now with straight macaroni all the macaroni agriculturist has to do is to plant in each hill an equal number of holes and macaroni seeds and when the macaroni sprouts each sprout will readily find one of the holes and grow up around it. But if, for example, 10 holes and only 12 macaroni seeds are planted in the same hill there will be two stalks of macaroni mature which have no holes in them.

"It would have been a terrible mistake, Ima, if you had planted straight holes along with your elbow-macaroni seed. In that case each of the seeds would have followed a hole, growing around it nicely for a few inches, then the macaroni would

have turned off at right angles and left the hole. The result would have been that each stalk of your macaroni would have had a hole in it half its length, or to the elbow, but above that the hole would have continued perpendicularly while the macaroni would have turned off at right angles



Keys in Columbus Citizen

A war essential

and continued growing without a hole. This would necessitate breaking all these projecting holes off your macaroni stalks, which is a botheration and a nuisance.

"My advice is for you to plant your elbow-macaroni seed without holes. Then when it matures, bore holes in each stalk of elbow-macaroni by means of a flexible gimlet."

I never knew anybody to get so much fun out of macaroni before, did you? Spaghetti is different. Anyone can get fun out of spaghetti, because it is more lissome and langorous than macaroni. Merely to eat spaghetti is to be funny.

My friend Newkirk, however, neglected to explain one thing: how to get the cheese into the macaroni, and whether the cheese should be grated, or used in its original state as it comes from the mine.

One of the best garden jokes was one of those run in a newspaper department devoted to hinty suggestions to aspiring gardeners. It was entitled, "Use More Wrens in Your Garden," and the chant ran this way:

"The examination of 88 stomachs of house wrens showed that 98 per cent of their contents was composed of insects or their allies, and only 2 per cent of vegetable matter, made up of bits of grass and other vegetation evidently taken in catching the insects.

"As the wren often raises in a season 12 to 16 young, all of which become ma-

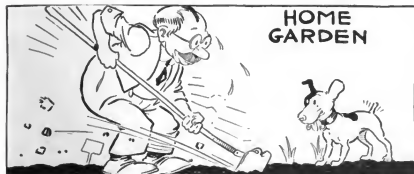


Brewerton in Atlanta Journal

In the home trenches

ture enough to forage for themselves very soon after they are able to leave the nest, it is evident that a pair of these lively little birds are very desirable tenants in garden or orchard."

It does not say where first to get the wren? Have you a wren to rent? Besides, in a corner lot garden like most of us have to use, a wren is hardly of the right proportions. It might get away with some of the bugs and pests like that, but would have



Keys in Columbus Citizen

Another war essential

hard work negotiating the beer bottles and old shoes that infest our efforts. An ostrich would be more adaptable.

An ostrich, too, would have the added advantage of furnishing an egg supply supplementary to the egg-plant bed. Mr. Hoover has sent me a bulletin which says that I should eat ostrich eggs, though I can't imagine how Herbert knew that I eat eggs at all. Anyway Mr. Hoover, in speaking of hors d'oeuvres, says in an aside:

"Ostrich eggs are being packed experimentally in South America in liquid form and shipped to London. One ostrich egg weighs between two and three pounds and is equivalent to about two dozen hen's eggs.

"If this experiment opens a market for ostrich eggs in cooking or table use the ostrich farmers of South America, it is said, will be able to maintain their industry, which has been suffering from the handicap of no demand for ostrich feathers during war times. Fresh ostrich eggs have long been a staple product in South America, it is said, and are used by bakers to mix with hen's eggs in the making of cake and pastry."

Only I am afraid the ostrich would not get on well with my goat. I don't own a goat, but am determined on butting into the business since reading what another garden hinter (which suggests a good joke, to wit: why not speak of the garden grown after newspaper rules the "hinterland"?) says about goats and the ease with which they can be run in connection with a garden, though for the life of me I failed to see the connection between the land of ukeles and my own home town of Zanesville.

"The Hawaiian island of Kahoolawe," says this helpful humorist, "is to be devoted to lowering the cost of living, if production of 10,000 goats for marketing will do it.

"Kahoolawe now produces goats and sand. It is believed that thousands of goats of marketable quality can be exported from the island, and a chance is to be given for some enterprising rancher to become the goat king of the territory."

And then there's pinto beans. You're getting up into the "A" class in gardening when you can raise pinto beans. A man who deals in 'em wrote to me about the idea, thinking probably I'd fall for the joke and ask him what they were or are. Anyway, this is what he tells me:



Donahay in Cleveland Plain Dealer

"Ma says you're right, the kaiser's got to be licked, but she wants you and Uncle Job to start the battle out in the garden."

"My advice would be to try them once (certainly, we'll try any pinto once). It is sweet and so tender that it seems to be all pulpy, while the skin is not apparent to the eater. It is the kind we are using in my home, and we will use no other."

It's a classy bird, let my friend tell it: "The true pinto bean (thus, you see there are two kinds of pinto beans, the true, sincere, upright kind, and by implication, the false, unprincipled pinto) the true pinto bean is slightly larger than the navy"—though if the latest navy statistics are to be relied upon they don't grow so fast,

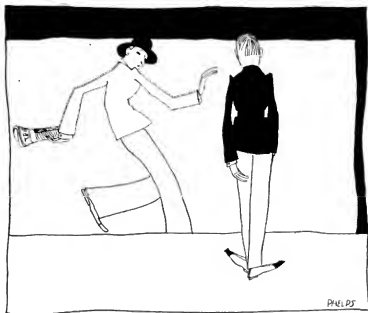
counting the destroyers and cruisers and the merchant marine. And here I am perplexed, for as I remember it the pinto was one of the Spanish ships that Columbus came over in, and really I can't decide whether my friend is telling me about beans or boats, or boat.

Anyway, if they are beans, they are the classiest beans I ever saw. Listen: "It has a buff colored body, splashed with dark brown flakes or spots." I'll say that is getting pretty intimate with beans. I'd hesitate to eat 'em for spoiling the pretty things. Wouldn't you?



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by G. Frank Kaufman

The Liberty Loan



A Chummy Dummy

By Hinton Gilmore

Drawings by Dorothy Phelps

I've been getting chummy with a dummy. Our friendship waxes warmer day by day. Other friends may sometimes fail to greet me, but his friendly smile is always on display.

Thus in the free waltmasonry of unlicensed poesy, may I introduce my friend from the waxworks!

He dummies for a retail clothing establishment that specializes in snappy varsity togs for commercial school graduates, and

is an "elegant dresser" as the clerks in the store are fond of saying. I see him every morning as I hurry to the office fifteen minutes behind the schedule. On these morning visits I am too pressed for time to do more than make a quick inventory of his garb for the day, but after the day's work is over—then it is that I make my afternoon call upon my friend and, standing in front of his window, commune with him as successfully as one may commune with

a waxen image through a plate glass window with a suspicious floor-walker in the immediate offing.

A friendship such as ours may seem strange. But, why not? Here is a friend who is the same unchangeable creature day after day. He has the same austere smile—like a man with a missing front tooth—week after week. Summer or winter, rain

tioning in the denim armor of the man behind the carburetor.

It is his versatility, I have concluded, that attracts me. Beside him, Proteus was a one-suit dresser. All the markets of the world combine to give him a varied outfit of haberdashery. He tires of his clothing rapidly and never wears the same suit the second day. Apparently one day's wear



"He jumped from private to major in less than a week"

or shine, he is *semper idem*, as they say in the Latin quarter.

Nothing seems to vex him; nothing breaks the pleasant monotone of his unruffled disposition. He never grows distant toward his friends, even when he wears clothes hopelessly beyond them. He always has for his admirers the same quiet welcome.

Today he may wear the uneasy garb of a society leader, while tomorrow he may be dressed as a highbinder of the garages. But he is just as genial and democratic when dressed in his opera regalia as when func-

takes all the novelty out of a suit, so far as he is concerned, and he is ready to change to something else. I have noticed repeatedly that in the morning, he appears fresh and buoyant and unquestionably proud of his new togs, but by the time the afternoon has worn on he is tired of the suit and anxious for his valet to show up with a new outfit.

The more abrupt the change of costume, the better he likes it. If, for instance, he is wearing a sable overcoat today, he is apt to be wearing an outfit of palmbeach suitings

tomorrow. After one such severe change, he was absent from the window for a week and I have always believed that he developed pneumonia as a result of his foolhardiness. At any rate, he is careful nowadays, and when dressed in his outing flannels he always has an overcoat nearby to put on in case a storm should suddenly arise.

My friend is a man about town, a prominent clubman, society leader, bridge devotee, man of all work, university student and tourist all rolled into one. Today he may be wearing a swallowtailed coat that I don't even know the name of; tomorrow he will be dressed in a cheap suit like a millionaire and the next day in an expensive garb like a book-keeper or a billing clerk.

He has his own car, because I have seen him disguised in a long robe of sack cloth and carrying a spare tire. He is an aviator—I judge from a leather coat he sometimes wears—and he has had broad military experience. He jumped from private to major in less than a week. This, of course means nothing to a man who appeared garbed as a freshman on Monday and in a graduate's cap and gown on the following Thursday. Rapid promotion does not upset his dignity. Nothing seems to disturb him. Even when he was openly advertising a new kind of underwear with a minnow mesh, he didn't mind. Business with him is business.

Although my friendship for him has covered a period of some two years I have never been able to learn his name. When I see him dressed comfortably in a suit that used to sell for fifteen dollars and fifty cents, with a pair of suspenders thrown in, but that is now hovering around fifty dollars just because the kaiser is still hunting a place in the sun,

I imagine his name to be some ordinary American patronymic, like Howard, or Ferguson, or Blackwell. Perhaps, the next time I see him he will be all dressed up for Galli Curci and I unconsciously think of him as Van Renssalaer or De Koven. Next day he will be wearing a baseball uniform, and I will think of him in terms of Casey or McGinnity.

While my friend has a pleasant smile for his friends on the outside he manifests an attitude of haughty reserve toward his business associates. He is especially reserved in the case of a waxen co-worker who occupies the other end of the same window space. The austerity is doubtless necessary, because the other figure who wears nothing but the very niftiest of formal fittings, including a landscaped Vandyke and plug hat, is inclined to regard himself as being a bit above my hard-working pal. Frankly, I believe they are avowed enemies, because I once imagined I caught a glimpse of daggered hatred that Vandyke cast at my friend.

Because of this apparent enmity, I've often wished that my dummy might get another job, one where he would have the window to himself, but he himself seems to be content and seldom leaves the store. Last Christmas he acted as Santa Claus in a municipal exhibit, but aside from this brief absence he has not been away from his post of duty except during his vacations, which he spends at Waxahachie, Texas.

He hasn't even asked for an increase in salary, though goodness knows that everything he wears has almost doubled in price of late years.

I seriously suspect that he has a reason for his contentment in the present location. Across the street is a ladies' ready-to-wear establishment, with a becoming model occupy-



"Wearing a sable overcoat today"

ing the principal display window. She is a demure little waxen soul, but between the two has grown up a most interesting romance. They talk across the street in a sign language and on her birthday he sends her wax flowers. They are very much engrossed in each other and stand for endless hours casting shy glances at each other across the busy street. During underwear week, by tacit consent they both look the other way.

I fear I may have given the impression that my friend is a man of most equable disposition. In candid justice, I must say that while he maintains an even temper at most times he occasionally becomes vexed at some trifling detail. An ill-fitting suit of clothes, especially if the pants are a trifle short, will put him in bad humor, while a tag that reads, "Take me home for \$14.96," will make him positively furious, as it would you, or me.



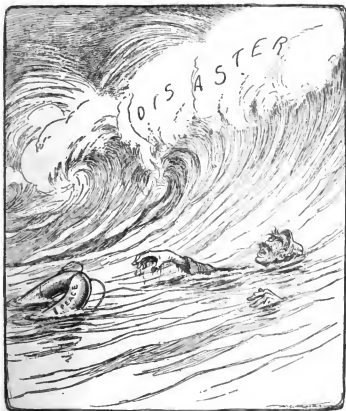
Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by G. Frank Kaufman

Orator: "Now I ask you people, is there anything anyone could like about the kaiser?"
Voice (somewhere in the back): "Yes, a coffin!"



From L'Azio, Rome

Italy defends the rights of nationality



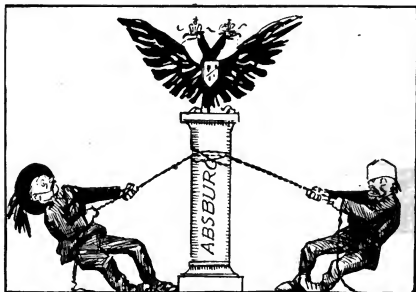
Racey in Montreal Star

Man overboard!

Austria's Hell-Brew in Southern Slav-Land

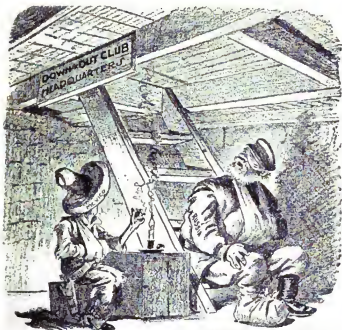
The Slavs got Austria into the war; they will probably be responsible for getting her out of it. In 1914 the problem involved was the encouragement which Russia gave to the pan-slavic movement, with Serbia and

the "Jugo-Slavs" playing a dominant role; today Russia is out of it, and Serbia is crushed. But the Jugo, or "southern," Slavs within Austria itself are clamoring for independence with a vigor and enthusiasm



From L'Asino

COOPERATION BETWEEN THE ITALIANS AND THE
NORTHERN SLAVS WOULD FREE THE SLAVIC PEOPLE
FROM THE TYRANNY OF AUSTRIA



Sykes in Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger
"What's delaying Austria?"

that Austria does not dare to attempt to repress, lest repression further alienate her other Slav races—the Poles and the Bohemians.

The position of the Jugo-slavs in the Austrian Empire will be best seen from a table presented by Vladislav R. Savic in a recent book* in which he reviews the entire problem of the slav in Austria:

Races.	Austria.	Hungary
Germans	9,950,266	2,037,435
Magyars	10,974	10,050,575
Slavs—		
Czecho-Slovaks .	6,435,983	1,967,970
Poles	4,967,984
Ruthenians	3,518,854	472,587
Serbo-Croats	783,344	2,939,633
Slovenes	1,252,940
Latins—		
Italians	768,422
Roumanians	275,115	2,949,032
Others	608,052	469,255

*"South-Eastern Europe." By Vladislav R. Savic, New York, Fleming H. Revell Co.

This table does not include the two million Serbo-Croats in Bosnia and Hercegovina.

Jugo-Slav agitation is an endeavor to weld into a new state the Serbo-Croats and the Slovenes, and thus free them from the oppression which arises wherever the southern Slav is brought into contact with Hungarian administration. For this conflict of races—the Jugo-Slavs and the Hungarians—constitutes the key to the entire situation. Mr. Savic puts the entire situation, so far as the Slav and the Hungarian is concerned, in these words:

"To Bismarck is attributed the cynical saying: 'Austria-Hungary is a cow to be grazed on the Balkan fields; when she has grazed enough she must be killed for the profit of Germany.' And Germany acted accordingly. The present war has proved beyond any doubt the truth of the words above quoted.

"Since 1866 Austria has lost complete freedom of action and has been allowed only such policy as directly or indirectly

serves German plans or increases German power and influence. Austria-Hungary and her dynasty were always highly honored and praised by Berlin and its satellites, but twice or thrice during the last fifty years they were unpleasantly warned and practically coerced by Berlin to abandon the path which might possibly injure German interests or open for them a way of escape from the German control, until at last the German victory over Austria-Hungary was so complete that Germany in a would-be Austrian cause was able to lead Austria-Hungary submissively to bleed to exhaustion for the realization of the German dream of world dominion. The Magyars would always have opposed as strongly as Germans the reconstruction of Austria-Hungary on the basis of democracy and federation, as it would entail the loss of their position and the abandonment of their cherished means of forcible magyarization."

Thus had Hungary acquired a balance of power that depended for its maintenance upon the complete subjugation of other races, and it made the most of its power whenever there was at issue the dominant position of the Magyar people. Germany, for example, has found in Hungarian statesmen their most willing henchmen, and the power thus wielded made Hungary in many ways the tail that wagged the Austrian dog. It explains the succession of the Hungarian Baron Burian to the Austrian foreign secretaryship made vacant by the resignation of Count Czernin; it explains the pathetic submission of Emperor Charles to Germany.

Coincident with the growth of Magyar influence in the councils of the central alliance has been the strengthening of her influence in the Austria-Hungarian army.

But Austria must take into account, not only her German and Magyar peoples, but also the millions of inhabitants having a slavic derivation—upon which she depends for man-power and food and money. So complete is this dependence that it has encouraged the southern Slavs to be very frank with regard to their aspirations. Thus, at the Brest-Litovsk conference late last winter, Slovenic and Serbo-Croatian members of the Austrian parliament were bold enough to present to the peace commissioners a

demand, in the settlement of central Europe, for a free and sovereign southern Slav state. Unionization as a principle most Austrian statesmen approve of, but it must come under the Austrian federation. For the proposed new state includes, not only large slices out of Austro-Hungaria itself, but also Serbia, Montenegro, Bosnia, Hercegovina, the Dalmatian and Istrian coasts on the Adriatic. With this new Jugo-Slavia embodied in the empire Austria would be willing to end the war tomorrow, regardless of the questions growing out of indemnities and colonization. But an entirely free nation she cannot consent to—and yet she is powerless to stem the growing tide of sentiment for a Jugo-Slav nation.

The question has been complicated by the circumstances that the pan-Slav leaders many of them, propose to include within the new territories, not only Dalmatia and Istria, but also Trieste and other cities with a preponderant Italian population. This Italy cannot concede, much as she recognizes the extent to which Italian and Jugo-Slav interests run side by side. The present situation has been compared to a gordian knot, which will require super-human ingenuity to untie.

Happily, elements on both the Italian and the Slav sides have been active in supporting the principles of a settlement on the basis of self-determination, in a desire to subordinate every question to the one problem of defeating Austria. This position is represented by the artist in the *L'Asino* cartoons reproduced herewith. In the one cartoon Austria is represented as the Champion, indeed, of the new nation; while in the other he pleads for a unity of action and policy against the common foe. That the Slavs are responding to the bigger attitude toward cooperation is shown by the fact that the surrender of slav soldiers to the Italian armies has more than once put the Austrian armies in a critical situation that only German assistance has been able to relieve, while the moderate leaders on both sides have reached an agreement that will subordinate militant patriotism on both sides to the question of what do the people themselves want?



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by S. DeLevente

WHEN THE WAR REACHES CLOUDLAND

"What's the matter with Vivienne?"

"The enemy's aircraft shattered her right wing."



Evans in Baltimore American

He may fall back, but he'll never fall down

Un-knotting the Lion's Tail

It's a pretty hard job getting out all the knots we Americans used to tie in the tail of the British lion, but we're doing it. In former times it was our national habit to lie awake nights lest we let slip some opportunity to twist that tail good and plenty, with a hard knot to boot. Whenever the old country made a bad break—which was often enough, goodness knows—we were jubilant. We sang the "Star Spangled Banner," put on our war paint, emitted a whoop, and said, "To dash with the British!"

During the Boer war the habit became a positive mania. Whether we knew any-

thing about the merits of the case, one way or another, mattered nothing to us. It was a chance to say nasty things about the old country, and we were glad.

Even when the Big Noise broke out over there we were not half as hateful toward Germany as we might have been, just because England was against her. But the conduct of the expeditionary force during those first months of the war; the fighting qualities of "Kitchener's Mob" during the months that still wore on; the tremendous genius for organization of industry and armies that the British have displayed—and above all, the fine spirit that the peo-

ple have maintained—the poise, the refusal to descend to the depths of hate and bitterness that have characterized the German state of mind—all of these things have corrected our vision; they have given us something to admire in a people that many of us had been taught were a race of poltroons.

And as we have gone into the matter we have discovered a lot of things of importance that we had ignored. We have found, as a phrase current in the early months of the war put it, that it was a great Englishman (George Washington, of course) that delivered the American colonies from the oppression of a German monarch (King George, of course). It has come home to a lot of us that, the valor of the embattled farmers being understood, of course, that the biggest element in our victory over the British armies was the distaste of the British people themselves for the war; that the struggle was the most unpopular war ever waged by England, as seen in the famous

defense of the colonies' course of men like Pitt and Burke.

We have come to see, too, that the misunderstandings that grew out of the Civil war, the attitude of Britain toward the Union cause, was not representative of the British people as a whole, but that the liberal element in British life was with us, and that during the decades that followed that same element never wearied in their endeavor to bring about a better understanding between the two countries.

Typical of our new attitude of sympathy for Britain, for her magnificent struggle and for the intellectual and political ideals that she stands for, is a sermon preached recently by Dean Rousmaniere in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, Boston, after a heroic defense put up by the Tonimies.

"When an American sees anything worthy of admiration, it is his habit to say so. The heart of America at the close of these weeks of stubborn resistance on the part of the British troops is full of grateful admiration. The lives and liberties of us all have hung upon that living line in



Copyright, Press Publishing Co.

Cartel in New York Evening World

He still stands



Pearse in Newark News
It's up to him



Kirby in New York World
Who said death?



Brewerton in Atlanta Journal
"Ils ne passeront pas"



Donahay in Cleveland Plain Dealer

"The British have advanced their lines"

the greatest of all battles while for us and for the world it has stemmed the tide of terrorism and despotism.

"The second word is Pride but there is mingled with it a sense of shame. If we had done our duty as a nation the Allies would now be immensely superior in the air and there would be sufficient ships to transport a great army and ample supplies and food. At its heart America feels that it has missed a divinely given opportunity when it failed to share in the terrible conflict of the past month. But we are proud that many of our men are brigaded with the British, that we have not waited to organize an army of our own and that we have gained generous praise from British commanders.

"The third word of the message concerns the future. We stand beside Great Britain seeing the vision which she sees. The Archbishop of York said that he had the warmest response from the men at the front when he called upon them not simply to fight for their own country but to fight to

make this a better world. We inherit that same idealism from our Mother. It made us fight her at Lexington and to fight by her side today. Our men go out not only to defend our country but to bring in a better civilization.

"The fourth word is the Unity of the Nations. The Allied nations are today, at last, under the one supreme commander. Each of us is sacrificing personal advantage and distinction for the great Cause which belongs to us all. We are one army, fighting for God's world, the world which He gave to the children of men. General Pershing has pledged our national loyalty to this unity of purpose and action to which Great Britain has made her self-dedication."

Equally typical are the cartoons which have been produced by American cartoonists, a few of which, featuring the lion, we produce in connection with this article. The whole history of the war so far as Great Britain's part in it is concerned, is depicted in those magnificent animals, symbolic of British power.



"Who said death?"

Racey in Montreal Star



"Jawn," said Mrs. McInerney, "go out an' get me a little o' that good-natured alcohol. I do be wantin' t' chloroform th' cat!"

"Sure, it's *de*-natured ye mane, wumman," answered her spouse, "an' anyways, ye cuddin't!"

"Cuddin't I, ye say?" replied Mrs. McInerney, irefully. "It's *good*-natured, I'm tellin' ye—th' same as laughin' gas—they dies easy, wid a smile on their nugs!"

"Well, wid ye it's like this here 'either' now," began Mr. McInerney. He was great at beginnings. "There's this here 'either'—"

"Either me eye," said Mrs. McInerney, delicately. "Phwat's atin' ye, wid yer 'either'—'either'—ye mane 'ayther,' ye clown!"

She frowned ominously, and Mr. McInerney preserved a sullen silence for perhaps a minute. Then he said, with a slight show of spirit:

"It *might* be 'die oxygen,' but 'tis nayther I mane, me jool I mint — I mint — 'twas axefixicatin' gas I mint—'twould be better—"

But Mrs. McInerney interrupted him swiftly, raising her eyes and her hands to heaven in a characteristically Celtic gesture of unutterable scorn.

"Listen at th' man, will ye?" said she, as if invoking the tolerant compassion of the Deity.

"'Tis Anestasy he manes!"

"Sure—'Anastasia'—that's a gurrul's name," said her husband, with subtle sarcasm.

"Well—an' suppose it is," said Mrs. McInerney, belligerently. "There's Anastasia Kane, now. Wasn't her auld man a doctor? Sure—if he'd invinted it, he cud 'a' named it afther his darther wid no thrubble at all, at all!"

"'Tis not like condinsed milk," ventured Mr. McInerney.

But this was over the good lady's head by several fathoms. She was not thinking of those variously delectable brands of synthetic lacteals known humorously and euphoniously as "Essie," "Magnolia," "Clover," etc.

"A-r-r-gh!" she ejaculated, sweetly. "Ye poor omadhaun, ye—I suppose ye'll say that the medicine I give ye whin ye had the Pee - Noom-ony wasn't took from th' name of a lady?"

She made a rhetorical pause.

"Well — phwat wuz ut — I disremember," said Mr. McInerney.



"Now shpell ut out."

by Hamilton Craigie
drawings by
H.M. Duff



"Aunt Flo Justine!" exploded his better half, triumphantly. "Aunt Flo Justine's Pansy fer Pee-Noomony!"

"All right—all right," said Mr. McInerney, hurriedly. "Flowers is good fer sick-ness—don't I know ut?"

"Flowers! Who said 'flowers?'" asked his wife.

"Are ye crazy wid th' heat, McInerney, or is ut th' Cruiskeen Lawn?"

"Didn't ye say 'pansy?'"

"I did so."

"Well—that's a flower, aint ut?"

An internal volcanic disturbances seemed to be agitating Mrs. McInerney. She gasped—then managed to articulate in a smothered voice:

"Hand me that there dictionary."

The volume in question being produced, a few painful minutes of slow groping finally discovered the cunningly-concealed symbol.

"Now, shpell ut out, bad cess t' ye," she commanded.

McInerney read haltingly, in a rich

brogue, quite impossible of reproduction:

"'Pan-a-c-e-a—a rimidy fer ahl diseases,'" he pronounced.

"That's ut—'pansy,'" said Mrs. McInerney.

Then she smiled tolerantly. "Ye always wuz dumb, Jawn McInerney, like yer father afore ye—but ye can't say that fer th' Kellys—now—can ye?" she ended.

As he might have phrased it, to John McInerney a kick was as good as a wink to a blind mule. He preserved a diplomatic silence as his lady continued:

"While I think of ut, here's a list of a few things ye might as well get while y're out. Put 'em down, an' if ye can't read 'em, th' dr-ruggist'll shpell 'em fer ye."

She wrinkled her forehead in an effort at concentration—then began:

"Settle Us Powders—Ryan Eat Us Pills—Aunty Kenny—Quin-Een—Dumb Bell's Solution—an'—an'—lemme see—some dhrops fer me tooth-ache."



"She wrinkled her forehead."



THE WAR ON THE WESTERN FRONT

„Here you have all of 'em—Scotch, Sammies, poilus and the Italians (what, by the way, is the fancy name for the Italian soldier?), with motor cars and flying machines, doctors, Red Cross nurses, and everything. Our friend Zislin has made it difficult to follow the fighting front at all times, but it's there. Across the page you will find Switzer-



Zislin on Le Rire

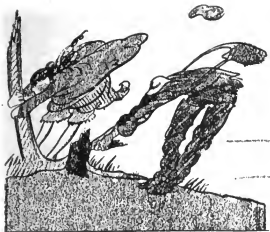
ACCORDING TO ZISLIN

land, sad and nursing her neutrality, high on an alpine peak. To the south-east a pair of poilus and a Bersaglieri are about to make it hot for Austria, which is already on its imperial knees. Meantime an English gunner is going to put a hole clean through three of the Kaiser's henchmen, who have pulled some rough stuff on Trieste.



L. Raven-Hill in Punch, © London

America to the front



From *Simplicissimus*, W. Munich
France (to England): "Do you think the Americans will come in this weather?"

Uncle Sam in War Paint

As Seen by Friends and Foes

We are new enough in our soldiering as yet to enjoy studying the emotions with which Europe greets our Sammies. Most of us probably have got over the notion that we are going across and clean up on the Fritzies in one wallop. In the presence of the splendid fight put up by our French and British allies we have come to feel pretty humble. Our men in actual warfare have found that perfect discipline is one of the biggest factors in modern warfare, and that science is of more value than valor—at least that particular demonstration of valor that enabled men in olden days to pull off grandstand stunts and call down the plaudits of the perfumed ladies present.

Some of us, indeed, have gone to the other extreme, and been impatient with ourselves because we

have been slow in aircraft production and ship building and mobilizing of men, and all that kind of thing. It is just a picturesque way of letting off nervous steam. Impatient to get into the fray ourselves, a lot of us sit at home in our offices and get impatient to have the other fellow in it.

We haven't quite grown into our uniform yet; it bags at the knees and flaps at the waist; the sleeves drape from our hands and our hats rest upon our ears. The war paint is fresh upon our faces, and we haven't hit our stride. It all takes time, but when we are the finished article, when we are going as our allies are going after four years of fighting—then let Fritz look out. We shall be functioning with the same ease and



A colonel—from Iberia, Barcelona.



From The Bystander, London

THE WEB OF WIRE

American Spider (just come over): "Gee whiz! Some fly!"



From La Victoire, Paris

Uncle Sam

efficiency as our allies, and delivering sledge hammer blows commensurate with the size of our resources.

In the meantime it is great fun to follow the fun that the foreign cartoonists and humorists get out of our Sammies. We present in these pages a few of the cartoons, and also a few cartoons from Germany, which indicate the savage hate with which our entry into the war has been regarded by the gentle Teutons. A favorite theme of the German cartoonist, in dealing with America, is to attribute selfish and mercenary motives to us. It is inconceivable to the German mind that a great commercial nation could be moved by ideals.

A recent writer in the Cologne Volkszeitung for example delivered himself of this bit of venom, which, while not of particular moment in itself, yet is vastly important in so far as it reflects a feeling prevalent in Germany, and encouraged by the ruling powers. Says this writer:

"With every month it becomes clearer that the world's greatest

enemy is American mammonism, to which, so long as it secures its monstrous profits, the butchery of entire nations is nothing but a simple and practical means to an end.

"It is high time that, to combat this murderous and unspeakably devilish financial might which would gladly see mankind swimming in its blood-bath until 1921, all belligerents, as well as neutral peoples, were called on with a mighty, irresistible voice to unite in an anti-American campaign.

"It is nothing but absolute insanity for France and England, despite their indisputable military defeat, to continue the war.

Only a speedy peace can save them from the fate with which America would like to overwhelm the whole of Europe, including, of course, England and France themselves. A general European war of defence against America must needs form the final chapter of the world war if Europe does not wish to abandon forever her role in the universal development of the world's civilization.



From London Opinion

"Yes, the longest I ever went without being bitten was a week in the hospital from being kicked."



On the way to the training camp



The first of the wounded—hit is the eye by a champagne cork



The richest colonel in the world



This man speculated so un-
luckily that he had only a few
million dollars left, and was
dishonorably discharged.



A tenor engaged at a million
dollars to sing in the trenches



The deepest dug-out in
the world, with luxuri-
ous elevators



Daily wireless report on the
stock market

From *Simplicissimus*,
© Munich

THE AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE REGIMENT

The artist on the German humorous paper, *Simplicissimus*, running out of material for his jibes, we suppose, takes a fling at American wealth. Those men whom he shows as soft and in the chocolate soldier class—if he could only see them at work!

"Up, then, ye nations of kultur against the common enemy who stands grinning with satanic mien on the other side of the Atlantic."

The Berliner Lokal Anzeiger affects to treat us with disdain, and finds for itself a great deal of comfort in our entry into the war.

"The entrance of the United States into the war has, as we have often predicted, brought us decidedly more advantages than disadvantages. Whether the British or French have so far derived any benefit from the assistance promised to them by President Wilson when the United States entered the war seems to be doubtful to themselves, in that American soldiers have appeared on the western front, they have built railroads here and there, they have done a little fighting, a few of their airmen have been in action now and then, but that is about all.

"The shipment of ammunition and food supplies, etc., to the Allies is considerably less than before the United States entered the war, not only because America needs these things now for the equipment of her own army, but mainly because of the tenacious work of our U-boats, which are now absolutely unhindered in their activity since the



From Kladderadatsch, © Berlin



From Simplicissimus, © Munich



"Democracy, come settle on my democratic twig."



From Kladderadatsch, © Berlin

John Bull: "I believe they're mocking me!"
This cartoon pretends that America and Japan have commandeered ships being built on British order.

"The ape a foolish aspect wears
When he such lying banners bears."
The inscription on the banner is "Universal happiness to mankind."

United States entered the war. "In the same measure as we realize advantages, they receive injury. As we have said so often, the entrance of the United States into this war has brought us decidedly and considerably more advantages than disadvantages. "President Wilson in this case has proved himself to be part of that force that always desires evil for Germany, but inevitably creates everything that is good for us."

The articles and drawings of a supposedly humorous nature and contributed to supposedly humorous papers, are about as funny as the above—we have failed to find a single allusion to America that was not inspired by rancor and venom.

The English humorists get a great deal of quiet enjoyment out of our cis-Atlantic peculiarities. The barber polishing up the face of the Sammy with the chewing gum is an example. Another cartoon that has been going the rounds of the English press shows a Sammy and a Tommy chatting. Sammy says, "Over in America we



From *Der Brummer*, ©, Berlin

THE DER BRUMMER ARTIST REPRESENTS US AS A STRAW

England, the rest of her supporters ainking, grasps at the last straw—America being the straw.

gotta lilac bush fifty feet high." And the Tommy comes back, real nifty, "I wish I could lilac that."

This theme of the supposed American habit of bragging runs constantly through the English jokes. One cartoon shows a Sammy being shaved, and as he meditates beneath the lathering brush he comments upon the cumbersome way they have of doing things in England, and suggesting that they should follow America's idea of every man going in for specialization. The soaping done, the barber goes across the room and sits down. After a few moments the

Sammy asks about the system, and the barber says, "You'll 'ave to go next door to be shaved. We only lathers in 'ere."

There is a touch of satire in both these pictures that comes from the olden days of the American tourist, when the boastful habits of the citizen from Oshkosh, away from home for the first time, saw little in the old country that could compare with the sights of his native Wisconsin heath. The French humorists deal more softly with us, since the bond of understanding and sympathy between the two countries has been stronger than between America and

England. But the war is bringing about a change in the attitude of Londoners toward us, and the khaki uniform is doing it. The Sammies make a hit wherever they go. London not long since celebrated "American Day," and a gala affair it was. The King and Queen were enthusiastic witnesses of the parade that was staged by the American troops, escorted by bands from the famous British guard regiments, playing American selections, from old classics like "My Old Kentucky Home" to the new fangled pieces like "Hello, New York!"

The occasion brought out hearty praise by the London press on our American soldiers and the part they are playing in the winning of the war.

In commenting upon the statement that there are now half a million men in France, for example the Daily Mail said:

"That represents a really great achievement. The Americans have immense, unlooked-for difficulties to contend with. All cannot be overcome, but America is fast getting the better of them."

The London Post published a long article on the American effort to counterbalance Russia's defection. "It takes ten times 500,000 men to get even with the Hun. America will send them," said the London Express.

"Tay Pay" O'Conner, who has only recently returned to London from a ten-months' sojourn among us, described in the London Chronicle some impressions of the American military. Of soldiers and civilians alike he says: "The America of today, as compared with the America I saw in June of last year, is a different America; almost a new America. I have no doubt whatever as to the inflexible determination of Great Britain, nor of France, nor of Italy; but if comparisons were permissible I would say that the country of whose iron determination to see this thing through I have the least doubt is America."

But going back to the attitude of the humorists of the allied countries toward the American soldiers, there is the French humorist. The French one feels, under-



From London Opinion

American soldier: "Say, have you ever shaved before?"

Barber: "Oh, yes sir, but I could get ahead better if you was so keep that there chewing gum on one side or the other of your face."

stands the American way of looking at things. The humorous artist puts a Sammy in much the same humorous situation as he would a poilu—and the joke fits perfectly. He is not stagey. Always there is lacking the satirical accent that is often found in the English papers.

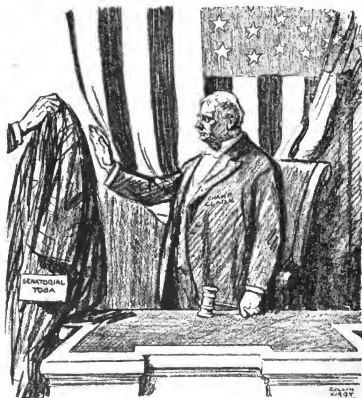
The enthusiasm of the humorous artist for his new subject is reflected in the attitude of the people at large and by French officialdom. Just the other day M. Stephen Pichon,

minister for foreign affairs, said of America:

"Every American may feel proud of what they have done, and when the giant strength of your republic is fully exerted we know that there will be no doubt as to the result."

"We rely on America, and for our part we promise that, however severe the trial, our spirit shall not fail."

There we have what every Frenchman feels, according to our own people who are coming back from across.



"TAKE IT AWAY! I'M BUSY."

The senatorship, of Missouri, made vacant by the death of Senator Stone, was offered to Speaker Champ Clark, of the House of Representatives, who promptly declined the honor. "I gave the matter consideration for two days and two nights. I left out of it, as far as was humanly possible, my own political fortunes. The only question in my mind was where lay my duty to my country."



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by A. C. Hockings

"They've killed my dolly!"

OUR OWN SHOCK TROOPS

Take the Germans, for example. Their big battles are won by the hard-headed "shock-troops" that they send in ahead of the ordinary dubs. Donald Ullah says we could recruit an organization of shock troops over here that would end the war tomorrow—that is, if they got over there today.

"A SQUAD OF
MONIE HEROES
COULD LICK
THE HUNS &
@HOLE HANDED"

GAS ATTACKS HAVE
NEVER BEEN KNOWN
TO BOTHER OUR BAW
BALL UMDREDS



"A TROOP OF ART EDITORS
COULD WITHSTAND ANYTHING"



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Donald Victor Ullah



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Donald Victor Usher



THE GERMAN MOTHER HUBBARD

Old Kaiser Cain
Went to Ukraine
To get his starved people some corn:

But when he got there
The Ukraine was bare—
And the Huns wish they'd never been born.



From Nebelspalter, Zurich

"Is it my charms, or my corn?"

Germany Strafes the Ukraine

The Ukraine is proving to be highly disappointing to German statesmen. The treaty by which peace was brought about between that country and Germany was heralded by the press as a personal victory for its author, Count von Hertling. Indeed, according to the editor of the Cologne Volks Zeitung, the treaty was one of the claims upon which would rest the chancellor's claim to be the great arbiter in drawing up the final peace.

German hopes with regard to the Ukraine were based upon the hopes of food. Here was a fertile land, one of the richest in Europe, with an equable climate, and with possibilities of production far in excess of the demands of the population. But thus far the Ukraine has supplied only disappointment. It is not

sending food into Germany in appreciable amounts, as we know from documents in the possession of the state department at Washington. Just recently, for example, there was held in Berlin a meeting of the Imperial Rationing Committee, at which it was disclosed that the quantity of food

supplies expected from the Ukraine will not be only far below the desired amount, but will barely prevent a material reduction of the food ration in Germany.

The report states, "the significant thing is that the Ukrainian supplies only save the situation and do not improve it." For the present, at least, there may not have to be a reduction in the ration, it says, but if more supplies are not obtained there will yet have to be a reduction.

In Ukraina, it



Rogers in New York Herald

Nothing but dry bones!

Little Ukrainia



Jan Pzienka expresses some uncomplimentary ideas concerning the North Russians



Zinka Mariuk



A laborer



An actor from Kiev and his wife wearing the national costume

Wasilka Wadzienko



A Ukrainian intellectual, who insists that the Russians stole their name, language and everything else from his people

Ukrainian types found in Chicago's foreign section by William Ziff, Cartoons Magazine artist.



In the blanket

From Nebelspalter, Zurich

was disclosed at the meeting in Berlin, the large cities are themselves suffering from hunger. Grain is being kept in secret stores by individual peasants, and it was declared even slight passive might make the German military task of gathering it extremely difficult.

The situation is rendered the more acute by the fact that Austria is getting more of the Ukrainian food than is Germany—Austria, which has gained more by the peace and expended less to procure it than Germany, and which now refuses to use any part of her army in policing the Ukraine in order to release German troops for use on the western front. How bitter is the feeling thus aroused is indicated by an editorial statement which appeared in a recent issue of the *Rhenische Westfälische Zeit-*

ung, a junker paper published in Essen:—

"We have concluded a bread peace. Bread is on the way—to Austria. With Roumania we have concluded a peace, which, besides bread, is to bring us petroleum. It is a long way from Roumania to Berlin. Between them lies Austria, to whose famishing border population in German Bohemia and Tyrol we have had to supply food to save them from death by starvation. The German people know all that. Is it any wonder they have become skeptical?"

It was fear of this very skepticism at home, and a desire to vindicate its purposes in the Ukrainian matter that led the imperial government to effect a farcical change in the Ukrainian government—farcical because there was no reason whatever, except

that of the food situation, to justify so radical a measure.

It will be recalled, in this connection, that the Ukrainian government as originally formed took a republican form, with the "rada" as the legislative body. The new government, though socialist in nature, was hostile to the "red-guard" type of bolshevism, and friendly to Germany—to this extent at least, that it accepted German assistance, both in organizing the government, and in fighting the red-guard troops. And besides, it had implicit confidence in the sincerity of German professions of friendship.

But underneath the silken glove was the mailed gauntlet, and the German military,

man newspaper tell it, lest we be accused of coloring the facts. We quote from the Berlin Vossische Zeitung, which had no illusions concerning the matter, and in a jocular way referred to the affair as a "comedy":

"The entire comedy," says the newspaper, "was staged on April 29th at Kiev, in the congress of Ukrainian peasants, who expressed their desire for a dictatorship. At this moment Skoropanski, a Cossack leader, attired in a Circassian uniform, entered a box in the hall, amid great enthusiasm. The general then walked to the stage where, howling his acknowledgment of the loud applause, he proclaimed himself Hetman of the Ukraine in these words:



From *Le Rer*, ©. Paris

Germania "making friendships" in the east

established in the country ostensibly as a protection to German interests, soon began to display its real mission. It was there to get food; to get what food there was in store, and to see that food in large quantities was planted. Gradually the people of the new republic began to waken to the kind of peace they had concluded, and refused, the discontented ones, either to sell wheat or to provide for adequate planting—which brought about stern planting orders by the German commander.

So a *coup d'état* was staged. Under the guise of a protest against the weakness of the existing government, a meeting of peasants was held at Kiev—but let a Ger-

"Only a strong government can help us. I shall rely upon your oath!"

"General Skoropanski afterwards issued this manifesto:

"The Ukrainian state arose, thanks to the powerful help of the central powers, which, loyal to their promises, will continue to fight for the security of the Ukraine."

"The manifesto also dismissed all the ministers and reestablished the right to private property."

There in that last paragraph is told the entire story of German duplicity in the Ukraine, and in other of the new governments that carved themselves out from

Russia and set up, with German "assistance," popular socialist governments. Communism was allowed to exist just long enough to permit the German military to fasten itself upon the people, and then a farcical scene was enacted that undid everything that the socialists had fought for.

The vice-chancellor's attempt to disassociate the German authorities from any connection with the change in government is most ingenuous:

"This reorganization is purely a Ukrainian affair, with which we are not concerned. The Rada has recently lost ground to an increasing extent. It undoubtedly had the merit of having created the Ukrainian state and given it peace. But stubborn adherence to communistic theories that have gained no sympathy among the peasant population, which is attached to the soil, seems to have been principally responsible for bringing about its end.

"The planting orders were issued because opposition to the proposed land expropriation created the danger that a great part of the soil would remain uncultivated, and that the Ukraine thereby would be unable to fulfil her obligations toward us.

"The interests of our people, therefore, were at stake. The Ukrainian government was powerless to fulfil its obligations. Moreover, the orders were not addressed to the Ukrainian people, but to the German military authorities."

Nothing that Germany could do would have been better calculated to cause distrust of her ambitions than her course in

the Ukraine. So influential a neutral newspaper as the Scandinavian Politiken puts the whole situation in a nutshell thus:

"This conflict will show the value of the policy followed by the central powers as regards their eastern neighbors. The Baltic provinces, Russia and the Ukraine, are crushed and the only thing that Germany has done is to create new volcanic states in the east."

Even Germany's chief ally permits the publishing of adverse comment upon the mailed-fist policy being pursued by Germany. The editor of the Vienna Arbeiter Zeitung, for example, says,

"The Ukrainian people will not regard the occupying troops as liberators from Russian domination, but as armed forces establishing a military regime in order to requisition foodstuffs for the central powers. The Germans and Austrians will be as much beloved by the Ukrainians as they are by the Letts, Poles, Esthonians and Lithuanians.

"The Russophile sentiment in that country will be strengthened and the separation of the Ukraine from Russia will last only as long as the Austro-German troops remain there."

The Russian Bolsheviks thus far are the only people who refuse to be convinced of the insincerity of German professions of love and respect for popular government. They seem to be under a spell, hypnotized by the stern look of German militarism. But even they, when it is too late, will discover their error.



NOT A DRUM WAS HEARD, NOT A FUNERAL NOTE



Thomas in Detroit News

Michigan and Indiana went "dry" this spring, and this cartoon by Thomas shows a part of the obsequies with which John Barleycorn was laid to rest.



Chapin in St. Louis Republic

Breaking into the big league

First Call



Donnell in St. Louis Globe-Democrat

The hero



Clubb in Rochester Herald

None too early for this one



Temple in Cleveland Plain Dealer

The end of a perfect day

for July



"There was the happy days!"



Darling in Des Moines Register

Isn't it strange? Folks differ just as much on what is fun as they do on preparedness and woman's suffrage.



Pining up new recruits



Rehse in New York World

"Say, Jimmy, if a army attacked dis city, would ya go an' fight 'em?"

"Now, cause I'm a pass-a-fist,"

"Well, if they blowed up de factories where they make baseball mittens, would ya?"

"Betcher life I would."



SURE!

There are a great many affirmative phrases (like "Betcha" and "I'll say so!") that are just as common in the American language as "Sure!" but there are none so appropriate. "Sure!" expresses precisely the positive, not to say cocksure, attitude which we take toward any problem about which our opinion is sought.

"Are you a republican?" you are asked. "Sure!" you reply. That is, provided you are a republican and exude courage. To the inquiry, "Do you believe the war will be over in three months?" you give answer, strong and true. "Sure!" Or it may be in the realm of sports: "Will the Giants land the pennant this year?" and again you are sure.

The universalness of the word reflects, of course, the fact that everybody puts a premium on positive knowledge and the positive attitude. But the word can be a means of working great harm, for it encourages a cocksureness in regard to things about which no one can be certain, far less cocksure, and still be honest. It leads to a habit of kidding ourselves and thus making ourselves ridiculous—like those good people who become "sure" enough vegetarians because somebody told them that meat contains too many proteins, only to be feasting on chops a year later because they discovered that proteins are essential. The word has a tendency, too, to over-emphasize the necessity of being sure and positive about things, rather than to emphasize the things themselves. It is the

big fact of democracy, for example, that counts and that I must be sure about, and not whether I believe in a bolshevik kind of democracy, or an American. Insistence upon the importance of our ideas, upon the value of our attitude toward things, gets us narrow; it over-exercises our egoism and makes us disagreeable. An attitude of "I-don't-knowness" toward a lot of things, on the other hand, will make us human, and tolerant, and just.

THE ULTIMATE SLACKER

Our notion of the last word in slacking is the man who at a bond-selling meeting lifted a Liberty loan button from the man in the next seat who fell asleep.

PLEBEIANIZING THE PASSENGER TRAINS

We are not in the railway line, and thus are hardly competent, we suppose, to criticize Director General McAdoo when he forbids the further designation of fast passenger trains by fancy names. Extraordinary conditions dictated the measure, and if identifying our favorite train by number will win the war, why Mac has our consent.

But something is lost to the traveling public. There is a difference between the Keystone Express, for example, and "No. 91," just as there is a difference between

"Iolanthe" and the same sleeping car as "No. 23," or between "Hillcrest Farm" and "R. F. D. 33." We give our babies names, not numbers—names prophetic of the qualities they have inherited. Sometimes the child plays us false, and our John proves a very Percival in temperament. Or it may turn out the other way and our much coddled Clarence becomes a veritable cave man. But even so, a mis-named infant is much more interesting than just "No. 9."

It is all a matter of imagination, of course, a touch of the romance that is left in all of us; the name individualizes the object and sets it out from the crowd, and our association with it serves to distinguish ourselves—in our own opinion.

We recall our own boyhood hegira to New York—to "make our way." We did the journey on the Black Diamond Express, a name that gave color and romance and background to the trip. No. 9 would have set us down in the metropolis as speedily, but there would have been lacking the element of romance that made it the biggest day of our young life. And besides, it would have been unimpressive in our conversation when, returning later to our sleepy town, we described our odyssey to the admiring burghers.

* * *

ANYWAY, THEY'RE ON TIME

The very latest statistics about the rail-ways indicate that the lines have been run at a loss during the past year. Time will undoubtedly bring about a readjustment that will correct this defect. In the meantime, however, there has been a tightening up of schedules; the trains are in a very

good way of being on time; all unnecessary motions are eliminated, as the efficiency sharps say; there has been in most branches of the service an increase in the wage rate; and altogether we think an improved service has been given the traveling public. Many passenger trains have been taken off the schedule, it is true, but everybody seems still able to get somewhere with the accustomed éclat. Just as many of the folks as ever come up from the country to give our high buildings the once over, and just as many of our drug clerks go back to spend vacations among the astonished hicks of Hoosier Falls.

* * *

SUPER-PATRIOTS

We want to stand up in our place and say a word for the newspaper cartoonist—America's super-patriot. His response to the dozen and one calls made upon his pen by this and that patriotic endeavor has been one of the fine things of our participation in the war. A cartoonist's mail is filled with re-

Flight

G. O. WARREN

Come now, lone moon! upon the stage
Of night, I wait for thy pale glow
To glide past promontories cloud:
O take me, mariner, within thy barge—

Slowly to wind through channelled sky,
Where hidden islands drop their bloom
Of stars upon the shadowy flood,
Wrestling our soundless wake as we drift by.

'Then bear me, onward, unafraid, where wide
And darker yet, night-waters roll
Above the deep-drowned world: on, on,
Outbourne upon a nameless, last, tremendous tide.

mittees to draw Red Cross cartoons and thrift stamp cartoons—smokes cartoons and ship-building cartoons—navy enlistment cartoons and war relief cartoons—and on through a long list. To a man they have responded in a most generous fashion, not only contributing cartoons to their own papers, but also giving freely of their time and talent for posters and circulars for a more general circulation.

There has never been a question as to where any American cartoonist stood with regard to the war. Even ahead of many of our editorial writers, his hat was in the ring to help whip the Kaiser. To him may

be attributed to a very great degree the strengthening of the American will to win.

• • •

WHEN DO YOU TAKE 'EM OFF?

By the way, when is the closed season for liberty loan buttons? We rubbed elbows the other day with a man whose lapel was decorated with three—one each of the three loans, and it is quite common to find a man still wearing his third loan button. Will not some government agency fix a definite convention on this matter, so that those of us who appear to be slackers can put 'em back on if propriety demands or if it would take from us any suspicion that we have not given our bit?

BILL WAX

How many Bill Waxes are there left? Bill Wax, you know, is one of Walt Mason's neighbors and Walt has a piece about him in his new collection of poems, "Terse Verse," which our good friends the McCurges are selling for Walt. You will find the poem in the panel on this page, and we are passing it on to encourage those poor drivers who have despaired of ever finding an honest pedestrian.

© 1918, by Bill Wax

Walt Mason

The Anomaly

WALT MASON

While riding in my horn-horn car, I hit Bill Wax and spoiled his fame, and knocked his marrow-bones apart, and he remarked, "I was to blame!" I said, "This dark disaster, Bill, to my sad life now sorrow lends; I do not run my car to kill or mutilate my dearest friends. I'll pay the surgeon if he'll fix the bones I've broken, rest and loveliness, and if you journey o'er the Stra, I'll see you have a palm branch should." "It was my fault," I heard him say, "and wasn't looking where I went. I busted every rule, I think, which ought to govern poets on foot, and now you've put me on the blink, I think a while I should stay put." Bill Wax shines brighter than a star; Bill Wax deserves immortal fame; he says the owner of a car is not in every case to blame! Hereafter, as I tour the town, in my new car that swifly flies, I'll always try to run him down in preference to other guys.

that the rest of us, in our endeavor to get it off our chest, are saying every day.

Now observe what occurred: a member of a committee having the thing in charge deleted all references to Germany, on the ground that they savored of hate and encouraged passions that are not pretty and nice.

It never came to the good woman that she was engendering a rare lot of hate in the rest of us—hated of haters of hate. It never occurs to minds of this type that it is just as bad to hate hate as it is to hate the Kaiser. The pacifist affects to be a spirit of love, far removed from the earthly emotions, but so much as step on the toes of his one consuming aversion, hate, and he is able to give as impressive a display of anger as the rest of us shown when the All

Highest is introduced into the conversation.

We do not object to his being that particular kind of a hater if he wants to be. What we object to is that conceit in him which maintains that his particular passion is a caressing love, and ours a spirit from the devil. We particularly object when he tries to impose that conceit on the rest of us, and attempt to make us hate

hate when we are bent upon hating the Kaiser.

• • •

OUR SINGERS

Illinois is celebrating this year the centenary of its statehood. In consequence of which there was produced in Chicago the other week a masque entitled "Illinois." In the course of the play the author said some rather fancy things about the Kaiser—things

Careful scrutiny by a critic might find just a little rigidity in this poem by G. O. Warren, but it is quite the most beautiful poem we have come upon during the month. We found it in a new volume of things by the same writer, called "Trackless Regions." The author and book are both English,

A WORD FOR HATE

Longman's being the American publishers.

A beautiful poem, especially if done in a spirit of detachment from all war things, gives one a thrill, it always comes as a surprise.

* * *

TEXT BOOKS

Charles Altschul, of New York, has made an investigation that throws interesting light on the question of foreign propaganda through the medium of text books used in American schools. With respect to Germany, text books usually follow one of two courses: either they laud modern Germany and hold up to the admiration of our children the achievements of German leaders, or Germany is not touched upon at all, excepting to give geographical and historical facts, without any attempt at editorial coloration. Never are men like Frederick the Great and Bismark held up to American scorn for the barbarous policies that they stood for.

When we come to histories dealing with Great Britain, however, we usually find a conspiracy of silence with regard to the big things—big intellectually, morally and politically—that Britain has contributed to the development of the American people, or else, on the other hand, conditions associated with the War of the Revolution have been so distorted as to bear no relation whatever to the facts.

Mr. Altschul examined forty books in use twenty years ago, and found that only four of them "deal fully with the grievances of the colonists, give an account of general political conditions in England prior to the American revolution, and give credit to prominent Englishmen for the services they rendered the Americans." Pitt, Burke, Fox

and others who, from the very first, supported the contentions of the colonists and incurred the hatred of George the Third, are absolutely ignored in fourteen of the books.

Among the more recent books but six out of fifty-three are beyond reproach, while fourteen of the others mislead our students by neglecting to picture in any way political conditions in England at the time of the trouble, and by the failure to show how much the colonists really owed to the British people for their liberation.

It is not clear how much of this omission may be attributed to deliberate German propaganda; perhaps very little of it. But

it has been to the advantage of Germany, nevertheless, to have laudatory statements of German achievements set off against disparagement of Great Britain. It is time that in our text books we should not only tell the truth as regards Germany, but also get a little perspective into our accounts of the revolutionary war.

The future of the human race is in the hands of four nations: America, Great Britain, France and Italy. An unbroken peace will depend upon the extent to which these peoples understand one another, to which they are able to get one another's point of view, and to approach one another's national aspirations

and political ideals with something approaching sympathy. Our relations with the French and Italian peoples are ideal; they leave no room for future misunderstanding; our writers have always approached these nations in a state of mind of lively sympathy. But it has been customary for Americans to turn cold at the mere mention of England—and always the bias can be traced back to our text-book teaching. It is time that if we are to play a

A Song

By CHARLES
ALEXANDER RICHMOND

Oh, red is the English rose,
And the lilies of France are pale,
And the poppies grow in the golden wheat,
For the men whose eyes are heavy with
sleep,
Where the ground is red as the English rose,
And the lips as the lilies of France are
pale,
And the ebbing pulses beat fainter and
fainter and fail.

Oh, red is the English rose,
And the lilies of France are pale,
And the poppies lie in the level corn
For the men who sleep and never return.
But wherever they lie an English rose
So red, and a lily of France so pale,
Will grow for a love that never and never
can fail.

big part in keeping the world's peace we correct our point of view, and make the circle of our sympathies complete.

* * *

LYRICS

This note is by way of being a confession: we have come across two poems during the past month whose authorship was indicated in the newspaper columns in which we found them imbedded, but without credit to the periodicals which originally published them. Wherefore, if some irate editor or publisher sees my own reprinting of "A Song" and "England and America," may he be gentle, and applaud my zeal in passing on good craftsmanship in verse.

* * *

SWANK

What is your notion of the supreme exhibition of swank? Ours is the man in Y. M. C. A. uniform whom we saw the other day carrying a swagger stick.

* * *

THINKING IT OVER

And now Senator La Follette says he did not say it; the socialists have given their St. Louis platform a dose of chloroform; and over in Russia the Bolsheviks are submitting to German despotism with an abjectness that makes the humility of the masses under the Czar look like the spirit of '76.

Confronted with the iron fist the types of radicalism represented by facile senators and by socialists of one kind or another are suddenly stricken with a softening of the vertebral structure.

It is decent and right, according to the radical mind, to attack the constitution of society in peace times, when all defenses are down and folks are not in the habit of

taking opinions seriously, but when the people are roused and organized for a rough handling of treason, that is the signal to duck. In other words, when your country is absorbed in the "bourgeoisie" business of being happy and contented, and it pays you the subtle compliment of not locking you up, why then buy a soap box and a copy of Karl Marx and go the limit. That is defending the rights of the people. But when these selfsame people make it a criminal offense for you to defend their rights in that way, and dangle a twenty-year sentence under your nose, then declare a moratorium on convictions and deny that you ever said it.

The radical is essentially an egoist, and the egoist is essentially a coward—physical coward, that is. He is not an intellectual coward, because what most of us would regard as intellectual penalties—ridicule, ostracism of a sort, and that kind of thing, are not penalties at all, but opportunities for one to be seen and heard—or better, to talk and to display oneself. To the radical, every jeer is a source of cheer; despondency sets in when he is deprived of opportunity to gratify his egoism.

But you will search in vain for a radical who will not back down when penalties of a more material character impend. He is for internationalism, not up

to the point where his nation goes to war, but up to the point where his nation's swagger stick becomes a big stick, with a lot of ugly knots left on it. To socialists our country was all wrong on May 6th, 1917, when it declared war on Germany, and it was wrong for a full year thereafter. Then came drastic anti-treason legislation, and over-night the country became something to stand by.

T. C. O'DONNELL.

England and America

By FLORENCE T. HOLT

Mother and child! Though the dividing sea
Shall roll its tide between us, we are one,
Knit by immortal memories, and none
But feels the throeb of ancient fealty.
A century has passed since at thy knee
We learnt the speech of freemen, caught
The fire
That would not brook thy menaces,
When sire
And grandfathers hurled injustice back to thee.

But the full years have wrought equality:
The past outworn, shall not the future bring
A deeper union, from whose life shall spring
Mankind's best hope? In the dark night of
strife
Men perished for their dream of Liberty
Whose lives were given for this larger life.



Reggy von Boof. Reggie bought a thrift stamp, don't you know.



Percy Pink Nails. Percy stretched himself and sent a picture postcard to an anonymous Sammy.



Clarence (whose modesty prohibits our use of his full name) says he will wear only black cravats until peace is declared.



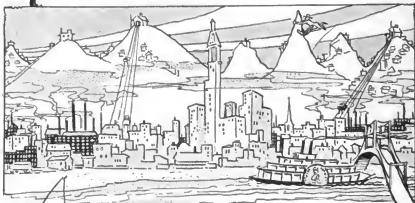
Drawn for *Cartoons Magazine* by T. Machamer

Worthington Dubb has placed a personal ban on khaki colored spats, owing to the government's need for that particular dye.

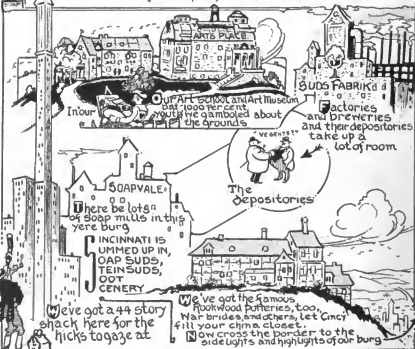
AMONG THOSE WHO ARE DOING THEIR BIT



Saluting Cincy-the "Queen"



Cincinnati is built in a valley and is surrounded by the Ohio River and Seven hills. Why didn't they name these seven hills Sunday, Monday, Tues., etc., ---- don't ask us



Our Art School and Art Museum has 1000 per cent more grounds than the grounds

SUDS FABRIK
Factories and breweries and their depositories take up a lot of room

"VE GENTS"
The depositories

SOAPVALE
There be lots of soap mills in this yere burg

INCINNATI IS UMED UP IN, OAP SUDS, TEINSUDS, OOT CENERY

We've got a 44 story shack here for the hicks to gaze at

We've got the famous Hookwood Potteries, too. War brides, and others, let Cincy fill your china closet.

Now cross the border to the side lights and highlights of our burg

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Manuel Rosenberg

City of the West". By Manuel ROSENBERG

Our cosmopolitan peepulashun-375,000 of us-

new figgers
750,000
Soles

COAT OF ARMS

A con-
side'ble ob
de poplashun am
Africanus-Ethiopoos-
(slang fer Coons)

Once upon a time
most of our peepul sang
Stein songs-now they're
PATRIOTIC

We've got Eytalians
and Yiddlacks here
too, lots of em

Now all
know
OLD MAN
GRUMP
CAND

Claude Shafer

Claude draws a neat salary
from our Cincy POST fer drawin'
the old guy. Claude's a
clever bird.

Hello Zinzinnati
Hello, dis is ME und gott
id's me-Hon about dat
did'nt get id yet?
for me mit dot meal
tree years ago in
DonnerWetter
I dont get dot
soap vot?
DISCON-
NECTED?

onde vire?
-no-I mean
Soap order vot I
VOT! It's waiting
vot I ordered
Paris
Ben Igness

GOTT STRAFE ENGLAND!!!-
We use to do a big soap business
mit de Sadderland-once upon a time.

Our
Cops carry
3 story lids
like they do
in London
dont y'know

BOOM!

RESUMPTION
OF
RIVER
TRAFFIC

This
will BOOM
US

Now and then you
see a lo
shepherd

Queens of
the Queen City: all kinds
and all colors

misleading his flock
thro the village
streets to the
Abattoir

Bos dont hang
round our fountain
square they say our
Vagrancy Law doct
give em a square deal

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Manuel Rosenberg



PUTTING THE TUNE IN INDUSTRIAL CARTOON

What we started to say in that heading was this, that "Phifer Puts Pep in Industrial Cartoon," but it didn't sound so smart, so we rubegoldberged it as above. L. C. Phifer, you know, used to be cartoonist for the Worcester, Massachusetts, Telegram, but a year ago he left the—but let L. C. tell it:

"I left to publish a volume of 281 drawings of industrial leaders and industries of the city of Worcester. I spent seven months on the drawings. The book went big and the entire edition was exhausted.

"I am now engaged in some extensive cartoon work for the National Association of Manufacturers, who are making a nation-wide campaign for industrial co-operation to remove all causes of labor troubles and to induce wage payer and wage earner to pull together in our great industrial army and

thereby help 'Kan the Kaiser and Win the War.'

"The association issues large cartoon posters with educational test matter in series of ten. Over 1,377,684 of these posters have been circulated.

"A series of twelve Phife-bird pay envelopes are being sent to over fourteen hundred large employers in the U. S., who will use them in paying their forces for a

period of twelve weeks with a new envelope each week. Over eighteen million of these envelopes have been sent out in response to orders. All cartoon posters, newspaper cartoons, pay envelopes, lantern slides, etc., are supplied free of charge to people who agree to use them."



This Is "Phil"—L. C. Phifer—the Most Industrious Artist of Industrial Art

HE'S GONE AND GOT MARRIED, HAS DRESSLAR

Since we last chronicled the doings and whereabouts of Albert Dresslar (known variously and aliasly as the "Mil-



Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dresslar

lionaire Tramp," the "Tramp Cartoonist," and the "Bo of the High-brow"), that genial artist has joined the ancient and concatenated order of benedicts. Mrs. Dresslar was Miss Anna May Marquard, a school teacher of Dysart, Iowa—which, by the way, is their home address.

Albert and Mrs. Albert passed through Chicago, recently, where the accompanying photograph was taken. With them was a mysterious package, which, after much quizzing we discovered to be a book of cartoons, which they are on their way to New York to publish. The name of the new book will be "Smiles," announcement of which we hope to make to our readers at an early date. Mr. Dresslar is the author of three other books: "Seeing San Francisco in 1915," "The Merry Way," published in 1916, and "An Account of Monte Rio, California."

PIM BOOSTS TANK RECRUITING

If you see a tank recruiting poster that is particularly impelling and gives you an impulse to go run a tank, the chances are that Pim did it—W. Paul Pim of the

Birmingham, Alabama, News.

The poster shows a large tank, with a soldier on top of it, and a large United States flag in the background, over which is written the legend "We're Berlin Bound," while the caption extends a cordial, Primesque invitation to "get in a tank and treat them rough."

COSTELLO MOVES

Gerald Costello, who has been on the staff of the Philadelphia Press, has taken a position as cartoonist on the Scranton, Pennsylvania, Republican. He succeeds Will Steinke, who goes to the Bridgeport, Connecticut, Standard-American. Steinke, we might add, is doing a lot of chalk-talks in and about Bridgeport.

CHANGES IN CHICAGO

A newspaper merger of first importance has been effected in Chicago, the Chicago Herald being absorbed by the Examiner, the new paper being known as the Herald and Examiner, with Arthur Brisbane in editorial charge. T. E. Powers has come west and is doing most effective work for Chicago cartoon fans. De Beck of the Herald goes to the Herald and Examiner, continuing his "Married Life" pictures and other features.

BENNY BATSFORD IN KHAKI

Private Benny Batsford, cartoonist on the Manitoba Free Press of Winnipeg, has joined the Canadian Army Service Corps. During the recent election in Canada, The Free Press, which was waging a vigorous fight for the Unionist government and conscription, wanted some cartoons. Benny wanted to get his pen into action to have a fling at the anti-conscriptionists, and the army, of which Benny is a member, wanted to see conscription carry. The combination of these three circumstances resulted in the army giving the cartoonist five weeks' leave of absence in order that he might lampoon the opposition forces in Canada. This he did in a series of cartoons in which he rapped the anti-war element in Quebec, showed the folly of party spirit in war time,



Photo by Paul Thompson

FAMOUS CARTOONISTS AT LIBERTY THEATRE, NEW YORK

From left to right: Hy. Myers, Clare Briggs, Rube Goldberg

and made clear the duty of Canadians to their men overseas.

Batsford also did effective work on the

Free Press for the Canadian Victory Loan to which the people of the province of Manitoba subscribed nearly \$35,000,000. He is again back on his job in the motor transport of the Army Service Corps and expects soon to leave for France. He says his ambition is to be friendly with the kaiser and present him with an asbestos cartoon of the Hohenzollerns for future reference by his family.



Triumphant

WHY THE THIRD LOAN WENT BIG IN NEW YORK

No wonder New York City came through with colors flying and bands playing in the third liberty loan campaign. With three men like Myers and Briggs and Goldberg to whoop it up, the wonder is that New York didn't subscribe the whole darned loan. With assistance like that Podunk Falls could finance the whole dinged war. Anyway, in the above photograph you have the thrice of 'em, out to skin the kaiser. Note the savage expression worn by these grim warriors when they are out to kill.



When the Movie King didn't move

SIR DUGGIE FAIRBANKS BEING SK-ETCHED

The Big Smile is Dug. The lad taking his picture is K. K. Knecht, cartoonist on the Evansville, Indiana, Courier; time—some-time in the well known third liberty loan campaign. It sure took Dug to sell 'em—as someone said, in a flippant, not to say frivolous, way, "With his million dollar smile they're bond to buy!" which was pretty good. We'll say it was.

IN THE BEST SELLER CLASS

So far as his records go, our staff statistician reports that the highest price paid for an original, autographed cartoon was paid for one of J. H. Donahey's Cleveland Plain Dealer cartoons during the third liberty loan campaign. The price was \$5,000, and the occasion an auction held at the First National Bank of Cleveland.

BRISSEY BREEZES BACK

Cartoonist Brissey, formerly of Tacoma, Washington, and later of Seattle, has made a re-move to Tacoma. He is now doing

theatrical cartoon work for the profession at the Pantages show shop at Takoma.

BERT LEVY LOSES SON

The death in France is announced of Gordon Levy, of the Royal Flying Corps, son of Bert Levy. The young man was a member of the class of 1916 at Union College and a member of Theta Beta Tau, the Union Press Club and several other local organizations. He was killed while trying out a new type of aeroplane. Levy attended Union for two years and then entered Columbia University, where he remained for nearly a year.

CARL ED GOES TO CHICAGO AMERICAN

Carl Ed, formerly syndicate cartoonist, has joined the forces of the Chicago American, replacing Francis T. Sullivan, who was called to the colors in the draft in April. For nearly a year Mr. Sullivan had been illustrating Ed Smith's column and contributing other cartoons to the American sport page.



Hill's idea of a very much frustrated cartoonist

AND STILL THEY MAKE BOOKS

A new collection of cartoons is "Among Us Mortals," by W. E. Hill, with illuminative text by Franklin P. Adams. You all know Hill—those wonderful pictures of just folks.

One of Hill's pictures is reproduced above. As Adams says in a prefatory note, "Hill is popular, by which I mean universal, because you think his pictures look like somebody you know—like Eddie, or Marjorie, or Aunt Em. But they don't; they look like you. Or, if you prefer, like me. He is popular because he draws the folks everybody knows." F. P. A. says he is the George Ade of cartoons. "Ade's characterizations, you say, satirize the man across from you in the subway; they don't: they satirize you." And he closes his preface with this clever bit: "His profession is helping to make the world safe from hypocrisy." The book is published by Houghton, Mifflin Company, of Boston.

BOSTON CARTOONIST FALLS IN BATTLE

Boston art circles are mourning the death of Herbert Wolf, who joined the colors for overseas service and was attached to the twenty-sixth division. His camp cartoons were much in demand and did much to soften the harder sides of trench life. He fell in battle, and was buried in the cemetery at Neufchateau.

CALL HIM "CARTOONS"

If out in No Man's Land you hear some one shout in a blood thirsty manner, "Kill him, 'Cartoons'!" you will know that John Lassar is on the trail of a Hun, or maybe a whole pack of 'em. For he has joined the colors and has been doing some cartoons for the Army Magazine of San Francisco. But that does not explain the cartoonic part of the shout. This has reference to his devotion to Cartoons Magazine. From the very first issue he has not missed a number of our magazine, which fact, coupled with his enthusiasm therefor, has led to the subtitle, nickname—whatcha may call it—of "Cartoons."

His war cartoons are full of dash and



Introducing John M. Lassar

"pep," and his kaisers are about as blood thirsty a lot as we have ever seen. Lassar claims there is a reason, however, for after viewing one of them the boys will naturally be "rarin' to go."

Here's Another One —



Goodness!

I guess that sailor
Is a dude
Who hasn't got his
Hands tatoored.

Something Wrong with His Suit

Hodge: I proposed last night and was
rejected.

Podge: Chagrined, I suppose!

Hodge: Not on your life. She laughed
right out.

Gracious!

That chorus girl can't
Be all there
Who would not wed a
Millionaire.

Life's Two-Step

Men swear.
Women cry.

Men grin.
Women giggle.

Men take a flyer and buy a six-dollar hat.
Women economize and buy a six-dollar
hat.

Men read Jack London and the sporting
page.
Women read Robert Chambers and the
social news.

Men drink C_2H_5OH .^{*}
Women eat $C_2H_3O_2$.^{**}

Men wear clothes.
Women wear styles.

Men flirt.
Women aren't sure he's not the one after
all.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by H. M. Dunn
A misunderstanding

Men prefer the opposite sex.

Women prefer the opposite sex.

*Subject to war prohibition.

**What you used to bring her before you were married.

Annabelle!

It is a funny
Movie queen
Who doesn't try to
Look sixteen.

The Smoke Barage

It was in a Picardy sector, we judge, that this incident, related by Puck, occurred:

American Soldier (smoking furiously at a ropelike stogie made somewhere in America): "Here, Leon, you hold my cigar, while I throw this bomb in the German trench."

French Soldier (not used to the three-for-a-nickel kind): "Non, non, Monsieur Sammie, I will hold zee bomb while you throw zee cigar."



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Dorothy Phelps
Over the top

Not That Kind

Prospective patient: Are you a painless dentist?

Dentist: No, I have rheumatism.

Ahem!

That man as drummer
Always fails,
Who has no stock of
Vulgar tales.

Every Little Movement

Reporter: How aha! I refer to this osteopaths' convention?

Editor: Just call it a rubber band.

Cutting Out the Monkey Business

Landscape Artist: And right here is the very place for the apiary!

Mrs. Nurich (to her husband): Now George, don't tell me you're going to have a bunch of monkeys on this estate.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by G. F. Kaufman

"Oh bean the Huns
With weify's buns,
And food will win the war."



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Norman Anthony

ACHIEVED AMBITION

Jones, formerly of the Summer Garden Chorus: "Now, what do you know about that. At last I'm a star on Broadway!"

That Held Her For a While

The traveler, just returned from prolonged South American travels, was turned down by the girl who had promised to wait for him. Instead she berated him savagely for keeping her waiting so long—his trip had lasted a year.

When she had given him an earful he turned and said: "I'd like to see you with that tribe of women I discovered in Brazil. They hadn't any tongues."

"Nonsense! How did they talk?"

"They didn't talk. That was what made them wild."

Amen!

That pastor's not the
People's choice
Who doesn't preach in
Singsong voice.

Farm Note

Irate Father: Well, I guess you're through sowing your wild oats now.

Penniless Prodigal (eye on the check book): No Father—just dropped in for more seed.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine
by Tom Brown

St. Peter: What is it, little boy?
Tommy Brown: Please, sir, is this the place
Charley Chaplin's comin' to?

Let's Soap Sol

For Greenwich Village
Pray don't hope,
If you pay rent and
Smell of soap.



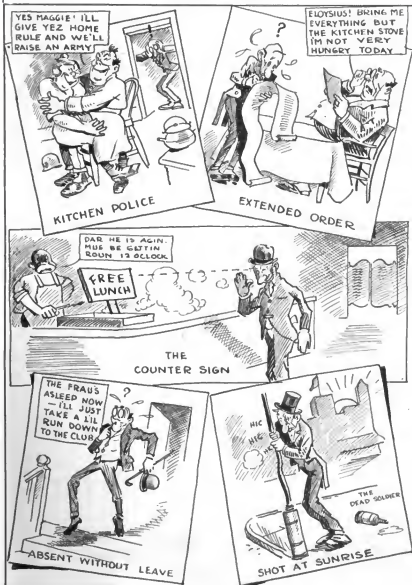
Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by R. D. Washburn

A fish story

WASHBURN-18

CIVILIAN SOLDIERS

By Ray McGill





Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by A. C. Heckings

ACHECKINGS.

"Do you know, Fat, I never knew canoeing could be so easy."

Stars

Black (just back from Phoenix): Yes, I heard of a boarding house keeper out in Arizona who has a service flag with fourteen stars in it—for fourteen of her twenty-nine boarders caught in the draft.

Jack (who doesn't believe it): Star boarders, I suppose.

Jack: That reminds me; you should see my garden—radish beds all bordered with star flowers.

Black (who doesn't believe it): Star boarders, I suppose!

Digging In

Oh let us now maneuver us
On all the vacant lots,
For thus it doth be-Hoover us
To be potatriots!

We Will Weigh the Matter

(Irritability, says a doctor, can often be cured, in a woman, by feeding her cream.)

To feed her with cream
Is a capital scheme,

To which one might defer,
But a still better scheme—
Instead of the cream,

Why not give whey to her?



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Walter Wellman

"Oh my! Oh my! I'm sure that is some kind of Black Hand letter but I can't make a thing out of it."

August - 25 Cents

CARTOONS

BEST
CARTOONS
of the MONTH

MAGAZINE

REVIEW
of CURRENT
EVENTS

General—Now's yer chance,
sojers, charge de enemy while
de smoke screen lasts!



AFTER A CARTOON BY SYB WH

W. BARNES

School News



WANT TO LEARN TO DRAW

OHIO

1918

because it calls for something he cannot draw well. He is even compelled at times to *warp the idea to fit the picture*, and not infrequently the whole force of a big idea is lost in this way!

Animals are the stumbling block more often, perhaps, than anything else!

Now, The Landon School, ever since it was organized, has been making progressive changes in its course, in order that the lessons may always be up to date and that the pupil may be able at all times to meet modern requirements.

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CARTOONS MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT 6 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO

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Number 2

I Would Like to Ask the Motorman

by Hinton Gilmore
Drawings by Constance Oehler

Why *can't* we talk to the motorman? Why must our rapid transit conversation be limited to unsatisfactory colloquy with the conductor? You can't distinguish his enunciation from his denunciation—and besides, he is always so absorbed with that cash register dingus that he wears for a watch fob that he puts no punch into what he says.

The motorman is the lad I want to talk to—he is a widely traveled man, with a fresh outlook of life. But always hanging above his head is that cryptic warning: "Passengers must not talk to the motorman!"

Why should the company object to my talking with the motorman if properly introduced? I would say nothing to the company's

back that I wouldn't say to its face. I wouldn't criticize the street car service—nothing new can be said on that subject. Neither am I going to advocate government ownership of traction corporations.

I'm not even going to offer the motorman another job, although I know a good opening for him with a company of Swiss bell ringers. It seems to me it would be perfectly proper for any of us to talk to the motorman if we spoke gently and kindly, as I'm sure everybody would do.

Only the sign is always there—and naturally no one wants to fracture any of the company's rules, because that would invalidate the transfer or something.

And so, those of us who frequent the front vestibule can only smoke and think, while the motorman stands at his post softly whistling "Silent Night"! Maybe, they'll forget to paint that sign on a car one of these days and then there'll be a jolly party, with everybody gathered around the motorman.



"There'll be a jolly party gathered around the motorman."

You can tell by looking at the motorman that he is a natural conversationalist. There is a twinkle in his eye and quaint smile on his lips that show he would be the life of any party. His motto has been, "Conservation of conversation!" He isn't talked out like the rest of us. He probably has a fund of undiscussed ideas dating back as far as the Spanish-American war.

And then there are dozens of things I want to ask the motorman. These questions have been piling up on me for years, because nobody but the motorman can answer them.

I want to know, for one thing, why they don't print short, snappy jokes on the back of transfers.

These stories would add greatly to the pleasure of travel. The travelogues now used on the transfers are all right in a way, but it seems provincial for a street car company to be competing with Baedeker and the National Geographic Society. If they don't want to use jokes, they could at least run a serial story, and when the hero has to get off at the intersection of Grand Avenue and Seventy-ninth street or pay another fare, they could insert the parenthetical information—"To be continued on the next trip."

In this way fiction lovers would come to patronize the street cars

instead of the magazine stands. And in any case, I want to get the motorman's view on it.

Another question I want to ask the motorman is this, Does a street car ever really run over a straw hat? You know—when a new straw hat blows off it heads straight for the car tracks. There's nothing a new hat enjoys more than a thrilling race along the track, with the car about half a neck behind. Although, I've rescued hats with the frightened perspiration almost dripping off the sweat bands, I've never seen a hat mangled by a street car. It may be that the company has a rule against doing more than scaring them. Undoubtedly the motorman would know all about it.

And while I'm talking to the motorman, I want to ask if there isn't a company ruling about the number of nickels to be given in change by the conductor. Somehow, the conductor never gives anything but nickels in change. It may be a five, or even a ten dollar bill, but the change is invariably in nickels.

This may possibly be a form of collusion between the traction trust and the moving picture interests and the motorman would probably have the full details.

While I'm asking about the nickels, I want to edge in a query as to the kind of soap the conductor uses when he washes his hands.

I simply want to keep myself posted, so that I won't accidentally buy any for my own use.



"I want to know why they don't print short, snappy jokes on the backs of transfers."

Then there are times when I feel as if I must defy the formal restraint that should always govern one's conduct toward the motorman, and speak to him as man to man. Often my heart goes out to him, and at these times I yearn to tell him so.

When he pilots his car with consummate skill and adroit maneuvering and upsets a vender's banana cart, I want to give him my hand and say, "Wonderfull Well done, old chappie; I couldn't have steered it better myself!"

And again, when that same motorman gives the car a quick, teasing jerk forward, just as the fat woman with the bundles is oozing off the step, I suddenly realize what a subtle sense of humor the motorman has and I want to join in a session of mirthful laughter. But I am held back by convention and he, poor soul, can only chuckle inwardly, little realizing that his fine sense of humor is not wasted.

The restraint I feel is also felt, I am sure, by the motorman. Occasionally as I sit quietly in the vestibule gazing at the cruel sign and wishing that I might speak up holdly and tell him how the ball game came out, I sense the feeling of resentment on his part.

He seems at the point of rebelling against the vows of silence that he must have registered when he entered the employ of the company. For a moment he is on the point of speaking. It is almost certain that he is about to say, "Off at twenty-ninth street as usual I suppose?" or, "It's a trifle cooler after the shower, don't you think?" But he remembers his pledge of silence. Suddenly, as if terrified at what he was about to do, he regains his composure and turns his face sternly toward the front—master of the situation.

But even the unyielding traction magnets cannot entirely suppress the unconquerable desire for human expression. The sign of silence may hang constantly above the head of the motorman, but he will find a means of expressing his emotions. The only question is whether we who ride hopefully in the silent vestibule will be attuned to catch and translate these unspoken messages.

I once rode to and from business in the



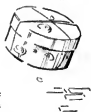
"Just as the fat woman with the bundles is getting off."

vestibule of a motorman who was familiar with the handkerchief code of flirtation. He used his glove and we used to talk occasionally in this odd system of signs. But the conversations were a bit wearisome after a while.

He would signal, "I hope you're well to-day," and I would reply, in kind, "Yes, thank you, you are most attractive this morning!" And then he would blush and put his glove in his pocket. We soon gave up the plan as impracticable and lapsed again into silence.

My favorite motorman finds his mode of expression through the gong at his feet. With the gong he punctuates his thoughts so completely that I can grasp his meaning instantly. His musing often takes some such turn as this:

"Evidently that ding-dong conductor thinks this is an elastic car, the way he's loading 'em in. Listen to him: 'Up in the



car, please! Plenty of room up in the car! He knows dang-dang well that the dong-dang car is so dang-dong full that they're packed in here like a lot of ding-dang sardines!"

In time the habit of silence must become fixed. Even in the motorman's hours of diversion it must follow him. One may well assume that those who have prospered spend their leisure hours driving around in a "silent six," and those that are less fortunate financially find their diversion in

patronizing the silent drama. It is the same in the home—silence, everywhere.

Just picture the home-coming of the motorman. He drives the car into the barn and puts it away in its stall for the night. Silently, he walks around the corner to his little flat, treading softly on his rubber heels. His wife greets him as he enters, stealthily: "Hello, Elmer! Supper's ready. Are you tired?"

"Don't be garrulous!" he reminds her, and passes into the dining room.

□ □ □



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Perry Barlow

The unrepentant sinner: Don't pray so loud about that jam we took! Yuh want ma to lock the pantry?



Lindsay in the Sydney Bulletin

The little ones: "Why do you want to hurt us?"

The "Damned Thing"

Readers of Ambrose Bierce will recall that story of the horrible and gruesome—with the possible exception of one or two of Stevenson's the most horrible in fiction—bearing the highly descriptive title, "The Damned Thing." Bierce today might easily get his inspiration for his story from reading the reports of Hun atrocities in France and Belgium. That loathsome beast, utterly lost to all the dictates of humanity and compassion, a monster that had smeared itself with a thin coating of civilization, only to turn and rend the very culture which its philosophers and poets had created—it seems so impossible that we should not during the past fifty years have discovered the nature of the horror; and it seems so impossible that we should ever again have to live beside it.

But live beside it we must—unless we get firmly fixed in our mind the horror of it all and resolve that we shall never make peace until it is utterly crushed. There must be

no half-way peace. Foreign Minister von Kuehlmann has recently stated in the Reichstag that peace cannot come by conquest of arms, but by negotiation. He is half right; peace cannot come by German arms—but it must and will come by allied arms. Any man who counsels peace in any other manner than at the point of the sword is a traitor, not only to his country but to his fireside, and to the generations that are to follow. For no home is safe, no national culture is safe, no liberty is safe, so long as a vestige of this leprous thing remains.

In the early days of the war, German apologists in this country refused to believe the reports of atrocities on the ground that they were unverified by unbiased parties; traces of the same attitude remain today, but the return of our soldiers gassed beyond hope of complete recovery, many of them, and many maimed for life—here is enough evidence for any mind that is itself



Cesare in New York Evening Post

Copyright, New York Evening Post

The air raid



Copyright, Philadelphia Inquirer Co.

Morgan in Philadelphia Inquirer

Will have to go before peace can be even dreamed of

unbiased, to justify the utter extinction of German imperialism—and by imperialism we mean not only militarism, but also the development of commercial and industrial influence in the world to the extent that it will require a military or naval machine either to protect or to advance it. Germany cannot be trusted with more than the merest power needed for policing purposes. It has proved itself immune to the softening influences of modern civilization; German leaders still think in terms of the dark ages, and we must not be deluded into thinking that four or five, or even six years, of war will teach them what they have failed to learn through a thousand years.

If you have any confidence at all in German humanity or her capacity for absorbing the spirit of civilization, remember what happened on Corpus Christi day. Germany sent a request to the French army that the

cathedral city of Cologne be spared from aerial attack on that holy day. The request was granted, only to have the German long range gun played upon Paris, whose churches were packed with worshippers.

Also on this Corpus Christi day, very early in the morning, before the hour of daylight, the Huns bombed another hospital, and slaughtered more wounded men, and some Red Cross doctors and nurses. The object of their attack this time was a Canadian hospital, a large one, one in existence since the early days of the war, and therefore well and definitely known to the Germans as a hospital.

Hospitals, of course, are no more sacred in the eyes of the Hun than hospital ships—the destruction of which even the Germans admit. Here is the story of a recent attack—on the British hospital ship Guildford Castle, concerning which the British admiralty issued the following statement:



Bushnell in Central Pacific Assassination

Master: More pep, brute; you've got to win this war!
 Slave: What have I left undone, my lord?

"At the time of the attack, 5:35 p. m., the Guildford Castle, which was carrying 438 wounded soldiers, was flying a Red Cross flag of the largest size, her navigating lights were also showing, and the distinctive marks denoting the character of the ship were properly illuminated. No excuse can be put forward by the enemy that these distinctive marks were in any way obscured by climatic conditions, for the weather at the time was clear with visibility of about five miles, and the ship, standing well out of the water, could be plainly distinguished as a British Red Cross hospital vessel.

"On arriving in port the vessel was dry

docked, and expert examination of the hull (taken in conjunction with the fact that the ship was on a steady course at the time and the description of the force of the blow) is held to prove beyond possibility of doubt that the Guildford Castle was struck by a torpedo, which did not explode. The torpedo apparently rebounded after first striking the vessel, and returning, bumped along the ship's side until it was finally struck by one of the propellers as one of the propeller blades was found to be marked and slightly bent. A detailed examination of the marks on the hull of the Guildford Castle shows that they are not compatible with the vessel having struck a submarine or the



Hungerford in Pittsburgh Sun

One cross means nothing to him
—the other, everything

submarine having collided
with the ship."

Now all this happened
at a time when the Huns
seemed especially bent
upon bagging this kind of
game, yet even in this
country there were doubt-
ing Thomases. If any re-
main, however, the follow-
ing admission in the form
of a German official mes-
sage, sent through the
German wireless stations,
should prove that attacks
on hospital ships were an
actual part of the German
programme.

With respect to the
results of the submarine
war for the month of
March, the Deutsche
Tageszeitung asks the
question, "Where does

Geddes get the courage to
speak in the British Par-
liament of a falling off in
the British mercantile
losses? In the English
White-book he gives the
losses to the world's mer-
cantile shipping to the
end of 1917 as only 11.8
million gross registered
tons, whilst the German
Admiralty Staff proves in-
disputably that the losses
were about five million
tons more." The news-
paper continues: "Lloyd
George and Geddes falsify
the losses of ships plying
in the military service, ig-
noring so-called naval
losses, auxiliary cruisers,
guard ships, hospital



McCall in Portland Telegram

"Onward mit Gott some more yet!"



Rogers in New York Herald

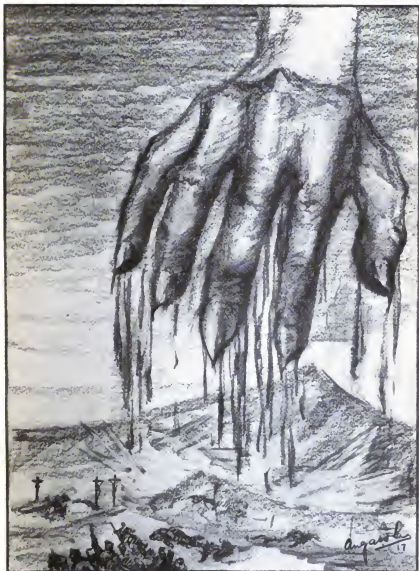
The scourge and the scum of the earth—and proud of it

ships, and very probably also troop transports and munition steamers—that is to say, precisely that shipping space which is particularly exposed to and attacked by the U-boats."

Every visitor to our shores from Europe has had the same story to tell of the unspeakable barbarities practiced by the Huns in overrun territory. Credence has not always been accorded them,—just because of a bias that might naturally affect the story. But our own men have the same story to tell—as for instance Sergeant David Wells, who was one of the first men in the Amer-

ican Expeditionary Force to reach France, and who embraced every opportunity to verify for himself the atrocity stories that he had heard. He has been invalided home, and has this to say of the gentle Hun:

"Had it ever occurred to me that I should be called upon to tell of observations over there as a means of informing the people here, I should have tried to learn more than I did. It was just through a desire to satisfy my own curiosity that I went about as circumstances permitted. Outside of Paris about eight meters I visited a French home where three Belgian children were being



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by A. Angarola

This seeks to rule the world



From *L'Homme Libre*, Paris

"We continue to shell the fortified city of Paris."

cared for. Their hands had been severed at the wrists. The youngest was about nine and the oldest perhaps thirteen. When I saw them their stumps were still bandaged. There is no reason to question the stories of barbarities one hears. These children I saw with my own eyes."

We might go on indefinitely, piling evidence upon evidence of German barbarity, but we wish to include in this article the matter of the kaiser's mentality—which every scientist, outside of Germany at least, believes to be defective. Here is a fair presentation of the scientific view by Dr. Robert T. Morris, an unquestioned scientific authority:

"Kaiser Wilhelm has physical stigmata of decadence. He belongs among the defectives, and would be classed in

that way in almost any psychopathic laboratory. He is versatile, like many other criminals, but not more versatile than other Germans of my personal acquaintance who have not had a corps of paid publicity agents engaged in telling people about it. Grouped about the Kaiser are politicians who made their way toward his *secundum modum*.

This group contains many defectives, morally and physically decadent, and upon them the German people placed all responsibility.

"The reason why the kaiser is a criminal of more desperate character than the ordinary burglar is because the ordinary burglar does not know that he must actually kill when engaged in robbery. The kaiser knew in advance that homicide must be a necessary feature of the robbery



Webster in Cincinnati Times-Star

THE KAISER'S IDEA OF HELL
No women and babies to murder,



THE HEROD GUN

From *Le Rire*, © Paris

Wilhelm: The superiority of my new gun enables me to achieve my end; the slaying of the children.

which he as leader of the Potsdam gang had planned during a period of about forty years.

"Bismarck in 1870 had to lie to the people before good Germans would allow him to commit homicide for pure purposes of robbery. The Potsdam gang in advance of the present war became very impatient over their difficulty in leading the Russians and French to make moves which would rock the representative German people in the belief that other nations were the aggressors. They were finally obliged to lie to German people in order to be allowed to commit homicide freely for the purposes of robbery.

"The best 'colonies' for any country are those successful in trading; but what would be thought of a tradesman who proceeds upon the policy of killing off his customers?

The wiser German people did not wish to kill off customers; it was the criminal defectives, entering so largely into the military group at Potsdam who felt that they were not receiving enough attention from the men who were winning the world for Germany through superior skill and intelligence.

"The Germans are temperamentally fond of working by authority and the politicians led them to slaughter upon this altar furnished with an idea of loyalty.

"The naturalist knows that Darwin's law of mutual interdependence is the law of victory and the one which shows the way out of war. Potsdam's politicians have cultivated the idea of Darwin's other principle, that of struggle to the point of killing because for their selfish purposes that was held to be a more practical principle than the one of mutual interdependence, one which really leads to the success of nations."

Then add to this indictment these further facts, that contact with this militaristic spirit, with these dreams of world rule, is constant on the part of the people; that through the laws of suggestion and association belief in the glorious destiny of the German people is constantly being deepened, involving the mental operations of the entire people; that while the seat of the trouble is in the Berlin gang, yet the poisons generated in that sore are carried throughout the entire nation, causing a state of national degeneracy,

From *L'Homme Libre*, Paris

Isn't it silly to sink a ship with neither women nor children aboard?

and destroying utterly whatever sense of perspective and balance the people may ever have had.

In keeping with Germany's fiendishness in attempts at terrorizing her enemies is her vicious attempt to terrorize neutrals. As witness her recent inventory of what the German occupation of Belgium had meant to that stubborn race:

"Due to the treachery of Cardinal Mercier and other priests, who did their utmost to stir the priests against the good-hearted German soldiers, they were forced to teach a severe lesson to the Belgian and French Catholics.

"Cathedrals destroyed, 4.

"Rendered unserviceable, 8.

"Churches destroyed, 27.

"Rendered unserviceable, 34.

"Total, 73.

"In Poland also a large number of churches have been destroyed for military reasons. The figures concerning these have not yet been published.

"As a result of the stupid stubbornness

of the Belgian people in continuing the struggle after their bloody and final defeat on the battle-field the German officers were forced against their will to impose punishments on many rich individuals and wealthy cities. This has contributed the following amounts to the German Treasury:

"Punishments, 87,000,000 pesetas. [One peseta, twenty cents.]

"Security, 13,000,500 pesetas.

"Reprisals, 15,750,000 pesetas.

"Forced contributions, 4,320,850 pesetas.

"Total, 120,071,350 pesetas (\$24,014,270)."

If any further evidence were needed of the utter insanity of German officialdom it would be found in the imbecile belief of this moron of nations that any people bent on preserving their self-respect would for a moment consider the losses of watches and cathedrals as of any weight whatever. Fancy the French or the Belgian peoples for a moment hesitating between the choice on the one hand of submission to Hun rule, and of the loss of eighty-seven million pesetas on the other!



From *La Victoire*, Paris

BOMBS AND SHELLS
Who said peace?

Friendships that Pass in the Night

by Raymond McLeod

Drawings by Robert Eskridge

To most of us the Great Adventure occurs on the 9:57, or whatever train we are taking, and between Sawyer Center and Zanesville, or whatever the places we are going from to. Rare and exalted spirits may claim this honor for our exit from this vale of fears. But they are usually a much traveled lot, who slip a round-trip ticket for Savannah to Shanghai into their vest pocket with the same nonchalance that you and I reserve for tobacco coupons. And then there are traveling men—their main line is nonchalance. In fact, they may be said to ooze nonchalance—one of them we know thinking so little of traveling that when he writes to the sales manager he reports oodles of it that he never takes—all without so much as batting an eyelash.

But for most of us the great enterprise begins when we board the train for Aunt Sarah's. For myself I usually deposit a hat and umbrella and telescope in the luggage rack, dispose of my sundry parcels in the seat beside me and on the floor at my feet, wave a good-by to the hack driver and the baggage man, and as the train gets under way, watch the familiar scenes pass out of sight. Then I set about getting acquainted with the young lady across the aisle. She wears a white shirt waist and blue skirt, with a small hat that sets her apart from the women I know back home, who are a good enough sort, as small towns go, but whose hats are lacking in chicness. Her elbow rests on the window ledge, and her chin is cupped in her hand, her eyes looking over past Bill Bivin's barnyard at nothing at all that I can see. In fact, she is pensive. She just longs to have some one talk nice and friendly to her. That "one" is probably back home somewhere selling celluloid collars to the perspiring villagers, or

maybe he is at this minute going over the top somewhere along the Marne. Be that as it may, I shall substitute for the absent one, and so I lay my plans to introduce myself to Agnes' attention.

Now the approach is important in all these things. A finished technique is essential to the best success. There is a subtlety, a deftness of hand, as it were, that a woman is quick to recognize. I know a lot of fellows, for example, that would walk to the front end of the car and drink a pint of stale water in order on the way back to look the young lady in the face, only to get a stony stare for their pains. Even if she does return their gaze and accepts the magazine which they next offer her, and sets her gold-fish jar on the floor so they can sit down by her side, she sets them down as flivvers and nothing more.

The proper approach consists in ministering to her comforts. She doesn't want to read about "The Girl from Bubbly Creek," but she does want very badly to—chew gum, say. Thus I wait till the butcher boy swings down the aisle again and buy an entire package of chicle extract. I open the pack, pull out a piece part way so it can be slipped out easily, and then, stepping into the aisle, I lean over toward Miss Pensive-ness, and say, with a kindness I should wish a stranger to show toward my daughter—that is, if I had a daughter—

"Excuse me, but won't you share my chewing gum?"

That was the way I got acquainted with an English duchess one time. We rode from Zanesville, Ohio, to Toledo, and she told me all about it. Over in England she had a hundred servants all to herself, and she rode in an automobile that had a silver body trimmed with gold. I hated to think

of her talking with just an ordinary dub, so I lied and told her that I was John Rockefeller's eldest son, and owned the very railroad we were traveling on. But I guess it didn't make much of an impression on a woman whose house covered twenty-eight acres, and who, she said, took her bath in a dish pan. And anyway, it was lucky I slipped her a phony name before she told me hers was Mary Louise Katherine Marshbanks de Faneier Montmorency, Duchess of Liverpool. A fine chance I would have had with but two names, Ray McLeod—and not looking the part at that!

Luck was against me that day, for when we got to Toledo I wanted to show her that I knew how to do the big stuff, so I asked her to have dinner with me at a chop suey place I saw across the street from the depot. She turned up her nose, you might say, at the place, and before I knew it I had

steered her to a place where they serve table d'hôte three times a day—they have table d'hôte for breakfast, dinner and supper. It was that sort of place I took the Duehess (or Lady Mary, as she told me to call her) to. It was a swell place, alright, for the bill was three dollars and ninety-five cents, or four dollars including the tip. But it might as well have been twenty dollars, for when I came to pay it I had lost my pocket book, and had to leave my watch as security and telegraph my brother, who runs a roller coaster at Erie, for money. I didn't let on to Mary, of course, and when I left her she asked me to come to see her when I came to London. That shows it pays to use style in getting acquainted with the ladies when going on a journey.

A great deal can be done, too, with hot dog sandwiches. You know—at those stations where boys come alongside the



"That 'one' is probably back home somewhere selling celluloid collars to the perspiring villagers."

FRIENDSHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

161



"She does want very badly to—to chew gum."

train and hand you fresh hots for a dime. A young lady who has traveled thirty miles alone will always eat fresh hots. And usually, to show her gratitude, she will ask you to sit beside her. If she does not do so promptly, ask her to let you fetch her a glass of water. By the time she has finished the water you have mentioned it being a hot day, or a cold day, whichever the state of the weather will suggest as being most suitable—you will have mentioned about how you dislike traveling in August, or whatever month it is, and you have earned the right to ask her for half her seat.

What turn the conversation will take once you have got the young lady eating fresh hots you will learn from experience. It is impossible to lay down fixed rules. You can't tell anything about the tastes of a young woman who likes sandwiches of the "fresh hot" persuasion. I remember trying this getaway one time: "Do you like bacon?" and she thought it was something to read, and said, "I never read Bacon but once, and I'll never essay it again."

And then she laughed so hard that I collapsed into silence, until we reached Fisher's Junction, where I got off to visit

my sister, whose husband is in the chicken business. She had red hair, I remember, and I've learned since that it is well in cases of red hair to make a diversion, as they say in the army, to *débouche*, so to speak, saying something about nothing, and then when you get their mind on nothing, surprising them with a frontal attack.

This maneuver is all the more fitting, since she is pretty apt to have a husband served up in a uniform. I don't know why it is, but all the red haired women I know have husbands in the army or navy or something. All women want 'em of course, but the red haired ones simply go out and fetch them in. This is all the greater reason why you should use a great deal of tactical skill, unless your mid-rib is peculiarly immune to bayonet points.

In any case, be careful, for the red haired woman is either smart or married—and you have to get off, you know, at Aunt Sarah's.

The safest way of getting into the conversation is, as we said above, to start on nothing. Mention her looks. Tell her she looks like some one you once knew—and ask her who it can be. This is important, because it is so easy to get away with. As

when I once told a young miss that she looked so much like a young woman I had once met, a Miss Mildred de Forrest, when I really never knew there was such a person at all. Sure enough she fell for it, and asked, promptly, "And what is her middle name?"

"Audrey," I replied, and immediately she assured me that she herself was none other than Mildred Audrey de Forrest.

I suspected an attempt to force perhaps an undesirable friendship upon me, but was convinced of her good intentions when she asked, "And where did you meet her?"

"In Terre Haute—in Terre Haute, at my Aunt Sarah's."

"What," the young woman exclaimed, "you don't mean to tell me that you are your Aunt Sarah's nephew! Why I know her, and I am the Mildred Audrey de Forrest you met."

I asked her about her father, and mother, and the drygoods store which, Aunt Sarah told me, they ran, but she had been away from home for two weeks. There were some other things that I wanted to ask,

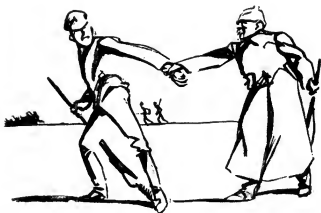
but she changed the subject abruptly, and, her eyes now resting upon the horizon, she asked me if the diner had been hooked onto the train. I was able to assure her that it had been and that eating was even then in progress.

This shows how the conversation will take care of itself if you let it take its own course and don't force it. We had a charming conversation. She asked me if I wasn't awfully fond of eating on the train. "I myself am so fond of the—" and here she named a lot of things that sounded like a list of Italian victories along the Piave front. And wines—why she knew more kinds of wine than I do beers, and asked me if I didn't just adore them. I could say yes without taking any chances—so long as I wasn't going in there to eat, having just finished the lunch that my mother had put up for me. We rode together as far as Erie, and she all the time not getting off the subject of dining cars.

This merely illustrates what I said above, that use a great deal of skill in the getaway and the rest will take care of itself.



"When boys come alongside the train and hand you fresh bots for a dime."



From La Victoire, Paris

"Where are you running?"
 "To kill our general before he commits suicide."

Waging Peace in Russia

We have borrowed that phrase, coined and made famous by Colonel Roosevelt in the battle of 1916, to describe conditions that prevail in Russia today. The peace of Brest-Litovsk satisfied Germany, and it satisfied that precious pair, Lenin and Trotsky; the bewildered masses of Russia didn't know what it was all about, but it was a change and they accepted it. The only people who were not hoodwinked, strange to say, were a handful of German socialists, like Maximilian Harden, a few voices that have not been afraid to speak out at times when one scarcely dared speak at all except in laudation of junkerism. What these men saw at the time peace was signed was this, that it was a peace only in name; that whereas it compelled Russia to demobilize her armies, it left Germany at the same time to pursue her designs in Russia absolutely unmolested—if she could not gain her ends by peaceful measures, then by the sword.

And that is precisely what has happened. Russia has suffered more deeply—suffered not only in the weakening of national spirit,

in the loss of national pride and in the respect of other nations,—not only in these things has Russia suffered, more deeply than in war, but in a material way as well. Her industries are crushed—not maimed, mind you, but crushed—her commerce is gone, her credit has disappeared, and her people are starving. That is a picture of what peace has brought every nation that has come under the German yoke.

This conception of Russia under the Kaiser is not a fanciful picture evolved from sympathy for the allied cause. Even our own bolsheviks must listen with respectful attention to the Berlin Vorwaerts, for example, which has recently had a fling at the kaiser's hypocritical promises of freedom and self-government for Livonia and Esthonia, his failure to live up to his promises, and the camouflage with which he has tried to cover up his evasion in the matter of fulfilling his promises. "The twilight resting over the act," says the Vorwaerts, "is intentional, and it is intended even to intensify it. It is intended to conceal the differences of opinion existing re-



From Iberia, Barcelona

LITTLE ANGEL OF "GOTT"

Glory to "Gott" in the Highest, and Peace in Russia to men of weak will

garding the matter, even in the highest places, and this twilight offers opportunities which clear daylight would destroy."

The Vorwaerts writer goes on to say that the view of the German foreign office during the Brest-Litovsk negotiations was this, that even though Russia could afford to lose Livonia and Esthonia, as also Courland, yet the exclusion of Russia from the Baltic Sea would produce an impossible condition that later on would end in a catastrophe; and in view of this position, Livonia and Esthonia were promised to Russia.

"The Russian government," Vorwaerts

continues, "has declared itself prepared to acknowledge the right of self-determination of nations, which was to be expressed in free elections after the evacuation of the territories in question. But Russia never made any declaration by which she delivered up Esthonia and Livonia to the German authorities or the hereditary upper class. That is the situation. The German government must choose between its promise and the treaty.

"Whatever the end may be, the road which has been traveled in the East since Brest-Litovsk is an indication of a lack of



From Mucha, Moscow

Russia: "And now that we have peace, kiss me, comrade!"

Wilhelm: "Impossible! My moustache would never fit in with your mouth."
intelligent direction of our foreign policy than which no worse could be imagined. The occurrences in the Ukraine, where by the way, a variety of pan-Russian strivings is encouraged, complete the picture of this mad huggemugger."

In southwestern Russia the story is the same. The Ukraine was guaranteed self-government and peace, yet Ukrania has known nothing save bloodshed from the day peace was made; and we have recently beheld the spectacle of a representative government—as nearly representative as turbulent conditions permit—being overthrown in a farcical coup d'etat by a tool of Germany, and war against the bolsheviki carried into Russian territory by the remorseless Teutons—and, of course, without more than a mild protest from Lenine and Trotsky. Moreover, on top of this we find Germans making merry over the fact that, stripped of the Baltic provinces and of the Ukraine, Russia is hopelessly impoverished. A glance merely at the sneering cartoons taken from the German press, some of which

accompany this article, indicate the contemptuous attitude which Berlin maintains toward her friend and ally!

And now a picture of internal conditions in Russia—not drawn, mind you, by an outsider, casually visiting Russia, but by a Russian radical who, in the early days, supported the Bolsheviki, a man well known in America, and who by reason of his novels and plays has proved himself a trustworthy observer—Maxim Gorky, who writes in his organ, the *Nova Zhisin*:

"What new things, then, is the revolution bringing; how is it transforming the bitter realities of Russian life; how much light is it bringing into the darkened lives of the Russian people?"

"For the period of the revolution ten thousand lynchings have already been accounted for. This is how democracy is meting out judgment upon those who have in some way sinned against the new order of things.

"A thief was caught at the Alexandrian Market in Petrograd. The mob threw itself at him, assaulted him in a murderous manner and then his disposition was placed before a vote of the crowd. What form of death should he dealt out to him? Should



From Mucha, Moscow

The Bolshevik: "Nothing can move me, comrade. I stand as a wall!"

Entente: Yes, for the moment, but when a few more pieces have fallen what will be left for you to stand on?



From Mucha, Moscow

AT THE SMOLNY INSTITUTE

(The workman has just posted placards regarding the secret treaties of Russia, France, England, Germany, Austria, Turkey, etc., and also this notice: "From now on nothing will be secret from the people.")

Workman: I have posted the announcements of secret diplomacy and am going home, but tell me, comrade, what is happening inside?

Sentry: The Council of Peoples Delegates is discussing a question.

Workman: What question?

Sentry: Go to the devil! I must not talk to anyone about that. It is a diplomatic secret!

he be drowned or shot? It was voted to drown him, and the wretch was thrown into the ice-cold river. He succeeded in swimming to safety and crawled out at the edge of the water. Then one of the mob stepped forward and shot him. Two deaths then; he was both drowned and shot.

"The middle ages of our history are known to be epochs of excessive cruelty, but even then it was the rule that when a condemned man through some mishap fell from the gallows alive he was allowed to go free."

Theft and robbery, says Gorky, are increasing from day to day. "The practice of the art of taking bribes is becoming more and more widely introduced and our new officials are already as well trained in the art as those who served under the Czar's government. The dubious individuals who have assembled around the Smolny Institute do not even hesitate to intimidate the frightened citizens. The coarseness of the

representatives of the government of the 'People's Commissioners' has aroused universal protest, and yet these representatives speak in grievous tones. The various petty officials who hover about the Smolny Institute appear to be drunk with a sense of conquest and regard the citizens as if they were the conquered, acting even as the misguided police of former days were in the habit of acting. They shout and scold and give commands to every one, just as of yore the village sheriffs would treat the inhabitants of the obscurest rural districts in Kanotop or Tchusuloma, and all this is done in the name of the 'proletarian' in the name of the 'social revolution.' But in reality it represents only the triumph of the beast over man, the ascendancy of the Asiatic spirit which still dwells among us, the ugly growth upon our soul. Where, then, is that spirit which expressed itself in 'the idealism of the Russian workingman' whom Carl Kautsky has so deftly eulogized.



From "Simpson's Weekly" - Munich

THE RED GUARD

"Long live the freedom of tomorrow! We have slain that of yesterday!"

Ex-President Taft, pleading for allied intervention, expressed the matter very truthfully when he said recently: "The bolsheviki have gained and retained power by force. Each soldier brought back a gun and has kept it. Most such soldiers support

the Soviets and live by plunder of any who have money, property or food. Crime, anarchy, starvation prevail. The former land owners, shopkeepers, the bourgeoisie and all but the bolsheviki are at the mercy of irresponsible armed men, upon whom the



From the Sydney Bulletin

DAVID AND GOLIATH
And what price, Goliath?



THE RUSSIAN PEACE

*From Iberia, Barcelona***"We have done more than Kerensky!"**

bolsheviki rely and whose crimes they dare not restrain."

And right here, says Mr. Taft, is the danger to the cause of the allies and to the future peace of the world should Germany win this war. "This condition is likely to drive all classes but the stark anarchist into accepting German rule as the only escape from present intolerable conditions—unless the United States intervenes. It must do so for two reasons: First, because intervention has become an essential step in the defeat of German arms, and second, because only in this way can we help the Russians.

American intervention, according to Mr. Taft, should not be alone, but should be in conjunction with the Japanese:

"With Germany active in Russia we have no time to lose in preparing. We can only enter Russia from Archangel and Vladivostok. An expedition landing at either port would meet great obstacles, but not insuperable by American determination, ingenuity and pluck. We should send an American army of two or three hundred thousand men. United with a Japanese force, we could clear the way to the center of Russia and maintain needed communications. We



From Simplicitas, Munich

The Red Guard

may have to build over again the Siberian Railway and the railroad from the Arctic Ocean, but we can do both. We should at once confer with our allies, including Japan, and agree upon a plan."

We have quoted thus extensively from ex-President Taft because his position reflects with a fair degree of accuracy the opinion of those who would intervene in Russia. However, we also present a statement opposing intervention, made by Professor G. V. Lomonossoff, a Russian, head of the Russian Railway Mission in America, and representing in every respect the feeling of those in this country who hold against intervention. When approached with reasons why the allies should intervene in Russia, Professor Lomonossoff presented these objections:

"First, the Russian people, the real people

of Russia, have not asked you to do this thing. You are asked to do this only by the immigrants of the new type, who have fled the horrors to America.

"Secondly, the bolsheviki are strong only inasmuch as they do the will of the people, and the results of this, which especially are horrifying to us, must be laid at the door, not of the Bolsheviki, but of serfdom, of absolutism, and of hunger. The serfdom and the absolutism fell, and they fell without foreign help. If you really want now to help Russia, you must help her, not in a struggle against the present government, but in a struggle against hunger and the economic disintegration in general.

"I am not a bolshevik. Nevertheless I prefer the present Government to the Government of Nicholas II, and although I believe that the political ideals of the bol-



From L'Homme Libre, Paris

"Come on and celebrate the centennial of Karl Marx."
"I couldn't applaud. A social democrat shot my arm off."

sheviki are absolutely unattainable at the moment, I realize that humanity irresistibly is driving in their direction, and not in the direction of the ideals of German and Russian feudalists. I therefore have confidence that this democratic country, which in the name of the principles of non-interference did recognize the Russian autocracy, will continue to refuse, as it has in the past,

to participate directly or indirectly in the destruction of Russia's present Government.

"All dreams of the possibility of such a destruction without difficulty and pain are very naive. An invasion of Russia will undoubtedly create strong national feeling, and the Soviet Government, in its struggle against invasion, will find sufficient forces around itself. For this purpose even people



From De Amsterdammer, Amsterdam

A DUTCH VIEW OF IT

Kaiser: Hang it all! I believe the thing is actually alive, after all!



From The Bytander, London

Marooned!

who are now its deadly enemies will rally around its banners."

It is a situation seen clearly from the beginning by those enemies of Russian freedom, Lenine and Trotsky—allied fear of intervention lest Russia join the Teutons, with consequent unlimited opportunity to

loot and pillage to their heart's content.

In the meantime, events in the west are proving, apparently, that intervention is unnecessary; and from the stubbornness with which he is attempting to smash the allied line in the west the kaiser knows that it is here his fate is to be sealed.

□ □ □



Russell in St. Louis Globe-Democrat



Only a few of us left

Donahey in Cleveland Plain Dealer

The Sad Tale *of the* Alibi Club

Isn't that just like a cartoonist, to organize a regular club, and then go and disband it just because the old tightwads wouldn't spend a cent. There were Hem and Haw, and old man Grouchy Giver, and Thinkitover, and Brother Tightwad, and so forth. Fellows like that John Donahey, of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, got into his Alibi Club. Then came Uncle Sam's call for money and the boys began to stall. Mr. Hem (or is it Haw? Blest if we can tell, they're so much alike) said he would give, if it wasn't for one thing and another,

and the three birds in the above picture kept cheerful during the strenuous hours of the money-spearing parade oily by looking at the portrait of their former leader, old N. G. You can just see joy oozing out of them at every pore.

Then (now follow closely the narrative, for the plot thickens) Hem and Haw could stand the strain no longer and with a wrinkle on their faces from ear to ear they ambled down to the bank (or wherever it was they kept the cash) and handed over a million dollars (at least to us, a struggling



Donahy in Cleveland From Traitor

The firm are very firm

author, it looks like a million dollars). We have a suspicion that it was Donahy himself that got 'em started—after, we say, he had gone to the pains to get the bunch organized. Then one day T. I. Over turned traitor and also resigned from the club.

Others kept going, and going until there were not enough left to elect a board of directors or anything, and finally old T. Wad himself, the toughest of the lot, handed in his resignation, though for the life of us we can't make out who he handed



Donahy in Cleveland Plain Dealer

"Now, boys, all together. One for all, and all for one!"



Dan Hay in Cleveland Plain Dealer

Look who's here!



Donahy in Cleveland Plain Dealer

They're going fast

It to, since he was the last to go, and Donahy himself, like all cartoonists, was never a member. We guess the old boy simply disbanded, and then disgorged his kale for liberty bonds and Red Cross funds

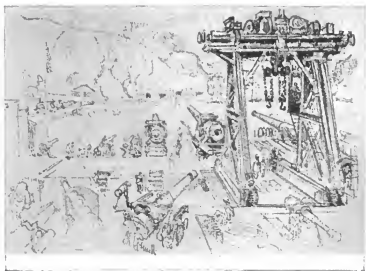
and savings stamps and all that kind of thing. And that once flourishing club no longer exists, and Uncle Sam's war chest is that full that it groans and the end is not yet in sight.

□ □ □



Wallace Morgan in New York Tribune

"The Yanks are coming!"



THE GUN TESTING GROUND.

Forging Our Weapons

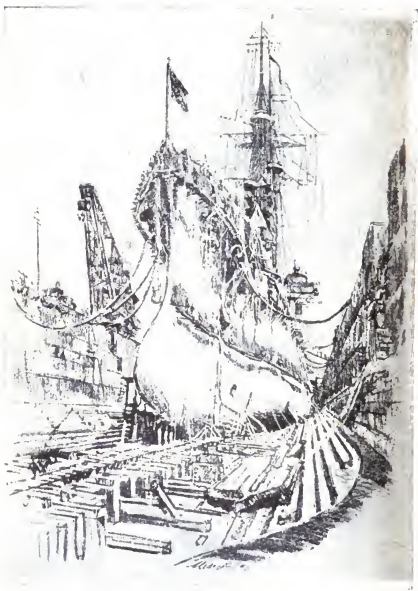
Three Lithographs by Joseph Pennell

The record of American War work is being preserved in imperishable form by the art of our painters and our lithographers. France was our example, and Great Britain, both nations sending their most distinguished artists, not only to the firing line, but also to the war-work centers, to fix on paper and canvas the story of the Cyclopean enterprise of modern industry when turned upon the preserving of liberty.

In our own country Joseph Pennell has rendered conspicuous service by fixing in his lithographs the spirit of war-time America. Mr. Pennell's work in this direction is all the more interesting, since he has performed a similar service in Great Britain, where he did a series of lithographs that

have been published in book form entitled "Pictures of War Work in England." The following illustrations are taken from a companion volume, issued by the house of Lippincott, and entitled "Joseph Pennell's Pictures of War Work in America."

"Just as the greatest human energy has been given to war work," he says, in the introduction to his book, "given to make things explode, to kill, to destroy, so the greatest machines have been turned to do this work with the greatest skill and accuracy and the greatest speed. For the mills are the shrines of war. The mills are the modern temples, and in them do the people worship. If only the engines turned out were engines of peace!"





THE LARKS

German a Dead Language in America



Taylor in Los Angeles Times

Beware of the dog!

The German language in this country has been dying for the past year. Now it has passed quite away, and the question is, Where shall we inter it? Some one has suggested the potter's field; another the crematory—but it remains to be seen what the government will decree.

However, even though Washington has not yet decided, the question has been settled by many cities. For instance, students all over the country are absolutely refusing to report for German class work, and classes with only the teacher present cannot be supported for very long at a time.

Not only have students shown their attitude on this score, but it is not uncommon to hear men and women who were born in Germany, but who are loyal to America, say they are ashamed of their native country; ashamed of what they believed to be the highest form of government; and grieved to discover that their one-time home, of all others, should have proved untrue to their hopes and desires. And as proof of their sincerity they are making daily efforts to unlearn the German language, and acquire a better knowledge of English.

Another proof of the demise of the German language is shown in the suspension of nearly all German lodges and secret societies. Now the minutes of meetings of these societies are taken down in English, or not at all. All of which proves that the so-called German-Americans are loyal to the core, and are the first to support an all-American programme.

If you doubt that German is dead in America ask in some cafe for German fried potatoes, or try



The Kaiser's shadow

Illustration in St. Louis Star

Quoted in
New York Evening Telegram
How long must we stand for this?

to buy from some clerk in a grocery store a pint of sauerkraut, and get a sour look for your trouble. Even the names of streets have been changed—from Bismarck to McAdoo, for example, and from Wurttemberg to Wilson.

Until a short time ago we were unaware of the number of schools and colleges in this country which compelled the pupil to study German in order to graduate, but have since discovered that it was large. Now we realize what a tool was compulsory German for the Prussians. Now

our eyes are open to German treachery and from this on if ever German is tolerated in the educational centers a wary eye will be put upon it.

Which brings up the question, Shall we ever again teach German in the schools of this country? Can all of kaiserism be extracted and still leave enough for our boys and girls to pay them for their efforts? This remains to be seen, for so long as Prussianism exists in Europe it is doubtful whether the German language, without its tainted attachment, can exist. And yet, the

more one knows of all things the better equipped is he to meet all conditions and all peoples. The German language in this respect might prove invaluable to students of scientific research or technical work. However, if such is found to be the case there is no reason why government professors should not sift the science from "kultur" and give the pupil what is left.

In settling the dispute about compelling students to study any special language brings to mind the fallacy of spending so much time and money on foreign languages.



Gretna in New York Evening Telegram

Drop it now

Not many of us speak first class English, and therefore why should our own language not come first? We can all "parlez-vous" a little; "ich liebe dich" a trifle, and "alpha, delta, phi" whenever occasion requires, but farther than that most folks can only stand with their mouths open when most foreign languages are spoken. So rather than get a smattering of all, why not take a hand at more good English. Because "English" is mentioned don't think from this that the language spoken in England is being favored—but we mean our own Americanese.

Foreigners settling in this country should be forced to learn the English language. In that case they would become better citizens and would take more of an interest in the local and national affairs. This would mean that they would benefit as well as the United States.

At any rate, we must hope that the German language in America if not as dead as the proverbial door nail, will arise, when it does arise, with a leaning toward the sustaining and beautiful language of Goethe and Luther.



Racey in Montreal Star

A GERMAN CIVILIAN FAMILY OUT FOR A WALK

We don't know what it is old Fritz is saying, but it sounds like "Hoopla!" Anyway, you will pipe the look of intense disgust on the faces of the entire family, due to the kaiser's having commandeered civilian clothing, says a news dispatch.

FLAVOR



Seldom do a good book and a fitting and adequate description go together. Those gentle, uncritical souls who do the reviews for our newspapers and magazines feed us upon "marvellous," and "charming," and, if the reviewer is quite up to the minute, "colorful"—words that must command the highest respect, but that surely are not to be applied indiscriminately to any piece of printing, provided it have covers.

Now and then the perfect book and the perfect tribute come together, as when I put Theophile Gautier's essay, "Legend of the Red Waistcoat," in the hands of my old Scotch friend, a rare, fragrant spirit who had read every book that you and I have read, and a very great many besides. He settled himself back in the lawn bench where we sat, and began to read, slowly, the corner of my eye upon him. Two or three paragraphs and his face was beaming. As he read on the withered old frame sat a little straighter, I thought, the muscles of the face were softened and relaxed, and his eyes danced with joy.

He finished and laid the book open upon his knees, all with charming deliberateness. Then he folded his hands across the page, and shut his eyes, and was lost for a full two minutes. Then in his quaint Scotch way he uttered what I thought a perfect tribute:

"Aye, aye, a fine flavor comes off it!"

I do not cite this incident as a call to an aromatic school of literature, but rather as suggesting the value of an aromatic way of looking at things. It is all right to like the folks we like because they are good and true and generous, and all that, but we shall enjoy them all the more if we like them, not because of these qualities, but also because they have flavor.

The identity of the flavor is not essential. Your predilections will determine that. If your taste runs to garlic and other condimental substances, you may take to those villanous creatures who ply the blackhand business or carry off somebody else's children with as little concern as in higher conditions of society men run off with other

men's wives. Or peradventure your fancy is for lavender and other delicate things. In that event, you will select your friends from among those rare, fragile souls who are in this world but not of it.

But beyond this analysis need not go. The main thing is to have a feeling for flavor. My little black-eyed colleen and I pay frequent visits to the soda shops. The first great business associated with the voyage is the making up our minds to go, and then—choosing the flavors.

"What shall it be?" I ask, as we set out. "Chocolate or vanilla?"

"I don't like chocolate, to-day. Let's have vanilla."

And I give in, knowing that next time she will be liking chocolate and the time after that something else again. And just this difference between a flavor and just flavor has changed the little shop for me. It is no longer merely a place where this and that drink is dispensed, but where they will bring you an orange this and a claret that. Mention of it brings to my mind visions of glass jars—rows of them—whence as needed there come the most delectable syrups and fruit juices. From hidden places, too, there issue fizzy waters that add to the impression of flavoriness that is left in my mind.

I do not ask you to think of your friends in terms of glass jars or carbonated waters, but we can prize them for the distinctive flavor they have. And I venture to say that the test of a friend's merits will lie in the fact that he possesses qualities that are distinctly aromatic.

Everyone, for example, should have a Frank Reid as one bead in his rosary of friends. I do not know when I first saw Reid. I suppose it was near the time when I first saw the light of day and became aware of the great forests of spruce and hemlock that stood up close to the log cottage that was my childhood home. He was a great shaggy man, like a bear, wise in the ways of the woods, and with the heart of a child.

He was full of stories for the four children who, of long evenings before the rough stone grate, clung to various parts of his frame. The stories came forth, I felt certain, from the howl of the huge briar pipe that seldom left his lips. The story may have been of fairies, or of bold knights, or true stories of the bears and wolves that in those regions were a little more ferocious I believed than in other parts of this good world—whatever the component parts of a story, the actors all came from that astonishing pipe. I recall examining it surreptitiously one time, to see whether by any chance I might surprise a gnome in the raw state.

That blackened old briar, from which issued clouds of blue smoke, was expressive in my childish mind of the rugged, Reidish qualities, for in thinking of him I always thought of the smell of

tobacco smoke.

And to this day it is the same, so that

two summers ago when, after a lapse of twenty-five years, I came upon him, bent and wrinkled, I

recalled first of all, not his name nor the old corduroy suit he wore, nor yet his shaggy beard, but the flavor of his tobacco.

The memory of men of this character is a benediction, as is also the men whom we think of in terms of rare old wine. I am aware that references to wine in these regenerate days are best left unsaid, unless the allusion is

"We did a cathedral all or two together." Parvo



"My old Scotch friend."

of a derogatory nature. But until we find something just as good as good wine, and with as delicate and lasting a flavor—why, we shall continue to associate the flavor of wine with those rare personalities that must belong to another world, for surely they are not of this. At no point do they come in touch with life. They know nothing of the practical things of life, and care as little; they do not vote or run for office; and have never spun fine theories as to how a nation should be administered, or why the earth does not run down like a watch.

The thing that comes nearest being an enthusiasm has to do with beautiful things. They insist—as much as they insist upon anything—upon the supreme importance of beautiful pictures and homes, of beautiful gowns for women, and tall erect figures in men. And sometimes—and here I like these people best—this affection for beauty becomes a passion for beautiful verse and beautiful prose.

Bates was such a one—an utterly impractical sort of fellow. A family income provided a college course in the arts, and after graduation a residence of four years in England. It was here I first knew him. He was doing a few fragile poems in the spirit—but, alas, not the craftsmanship!—of his beloved Shelley. We did a cathedral

or two together and some of the London galleries. On these trips he had little to say, but spent long hours in dreaming.

We met a few years later in a Michigan city. He had brought out a volume of poems that, while they lacked profound thought, yet were beautiful, just as the delicate scent of dried rose petals is beautiful. The touch of the hand that wrote them was now light, and even if you had not known Bates you would have guessed that the writer was tall, with blue eyes that were always sad, and with thin, expressive lips. You would have known that he was immaculately dressed, in soft flannels and silk shirts. The few people to whom he gave of his friendship found him a personality with a delicate but very positive flavor. He would not appeal to the many, but the few with finely developed tastes for personality, the connoisseurs of friendship, would find him enchanting. Then came the great war and he joined a Canadian unit for overseas service. I smiled at the thought of "Batesy" in fighting togs—Batesy of the thin legs and the tall, angular frame. And still more I smiled at the thought of the gentle creature doing a fight. But the man stuck through it—that is, up until a certain infantry action somewhere and sometime in Flanders.

Thus it is that it brings out a character and sharpens its outlines to reduce it to terms of flavor. There is the woman who spends her Mondays in our laundry. She was long a conundrum to me, was Mrs. Hogan. The name was the only distinctive thing about her—and that she got from her husband. She came always with a gray shawl about her, and a housing to match in the form of a gray weather-beaten bonnet. She was of ample girth; she did her work well and had a generous supply of racy "cuss" words that were always ejected into the air in just the right place. Also she was inordinately fond of strong black tea.

Here were all the elements of character, yet I never had a concrete picture of Mrs. Hogan until one day I had occasion to call at the home with a basket of Thanksgiving things. And the greeting that met me at

the door was redolent of boiled cabbage. Ah, there I had it! The rich expansive flavor of boiled cabbage was the key to the true inwardness of Mrs. Hogan. Where she had been little more than a generalization before, Mrs. Hogan, under the magic influence of boiled cabbage, took on a tangible character, sharply defined in all its lineaments.

And if sensing an individual flavor gives me a new insight into a character, it also influences my own personality in a subconscious way. In my fine acorn of Mrs. Hogan's boiled cabbage I am aware of an unconscious desire to get a more pleasing flavor into my own qualities. And lest, like certain austere individuals I know, I become flavorless, I subconsciously try, to those coarser qualities that constitute character, to add those subtler elements that give it flavor.

The effort is the more difficult, because psychologists assure us that flavor is one of the latest senses to manifest itself in infancy. But I am confident that it will be the last to reach a perfect functioning, so



"In the world, but not of it."

that when all our other senses register true, when we see with clear vision; when we hear but the beautiful; when we have a taste for only the ambrosial—so that when we shall otherwise have emancipated ourselves from the clay, we shall have this one very wonderful sense to remind us that after all we are human.

□ □ □



From London Opinion

Chattering Old Lady: "And what were your first words on recovering consciousness?"
Tired Tommy: "'Damn yer' lady."

Almost anything may happen to you if you haven't. We kept a faithful and authentic record last winter of casualties of one kind

or another among those who had failed to fill the cellar in August, and something tells us that these are going to be repeated the coming winter, only in exaggerated form. And even worse may follow—new and unheard of visitations will come out of the bituminous, etc., regions of Pennsylvania, or wherever it is that coal comes from. Far be it from us to use fear in causing you to hie to your coal dealer's, but a few sample items from our casualty list may serve as a gentle hint as to your duty. We shall give them in the order of their occurrence, to assure you that we have not picked the worst ones—you know, mine run.

Beg Your Pardon, but—

1. A man in Detroit ran out of the warm and cozy and had to roll his lares and penates up in his red bandana (you notice we said Detroit) and go live with his mother in law.

2. Ditto, Duluth.

3. A Boston preacher's bronical tubes froze up and he hasn't thought out yet how it happened.

But please forbear from pitying him, though, for it never occurred to the poor fish to cross over to Bunker Hill for coal, where he might have been able to get it.

4. An Oskaloosa man's fuel-less days happened to come on four successive week-ends, and as all true Oskaloosans tame 'em every Saturday night, he contracted the monthly habit as a result. Yes, his wife is married again, to a man in San Antonio, where they can pull the ablutionary stuff without coal.

5. This one happened to a girl in Buffalo. Of course anything *can* happen in Buffalo, but this actually did. She was only twenty-nine, poor thing, and should have known better. But you know how it is in Buffalo. Well, the Last Chance was busily pressing his suit. Then the fire went out on him, but in his ardor he didn't notice it. Suddenly, as he pulled himself together to fall onto his knees he discovered that he was congealed—yes sir, frozen to the marrow—and also to the sofa. The poor girl has entered a convent or something.



Sykes in Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

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"Ordered that coal yet?"

Have You Ordered It?

6. Our records show a similar case from Albany, but we suspect it is one and the same instance, as no Albanian, from what we know of them, would let a little thing like anthracite stop the flow of their true love. He never even gets cold feet.

7-11. These cases have to do with men who developed atrophy of their arms. Through excessive shoveling in the early part of the winter, when they did not need coal they developed enormous biceps, only to have something set in that reduced those powerful arms to a haggard and worn condition, through lack of exercise.

12. Then there is the case of the St. Paul lawyer, whose wife ran out of coal. He went home unexpectedly and found the insurance collector keeping her warm, so far as the ability of two strong arms would permit. The man is now collecting accident insurance from the company, and the wife is collecting alimony.

13. Example 13 is really a sequel to 12. A Brooklyn husband read about it and concluded it would be cheaper to pay alimony than to buy coal. He framed it up with the milkman, but the milkman got it mixed up, and the husband, who had worked



Spencer in Omaha World-Herald

Coaled—or



Spencer in Omaha World-Herald

Cold?



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Mannel Rosenberg

On your trail

himself into a fearful, ready-to-wear passion, found the poor duffer with his arms full of the maid. And you know how hard it is to get a maid in Brooklyn—we mean into Brooklyn.

14. In New York City the Democratic party lost a life-time and loyal adherent. His name was Murphy, at that; but desperation drove him into the Republican party, and his vote threatens to be heavy at the next elections. He is wholly unselfish in the matter, he says, but says the administration should remember that the firing line over here is as essential as the firing line over there.

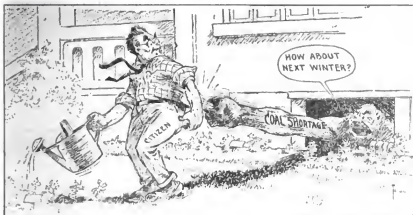
15. In Chicago the Republican party lost a life-time and loyal adherent. His name was Jones, but desperation drove him into the Democratic party, and his vote threatens to swamp the polls next election day. He gives this reason for the change, that Roosevelt and Taft when they were president had ample time to organize coal distribution under the hands of a fuel administrator, and that if the thing had been done the present debacle (we were surprised to hear a man named Jones use the word debacle, but he did) would have been avoided.

16. This case had to do with a prohibitionist, and we wondered what he was going to switch to, but we found that our secretary had entered it through error. The statement had to do with the conservation



These in Sioux City Tribune

Pre-season stimulator



Brown in Chicago Daily News

Spoiling his summer

of grape juice, with a hint to all grape juicers to order their supply early, since the supply of grape shot on the western front is being rapidly depleted.

17-17,000. These were cases of atrophy of the patriotism. A man whose patriotism does not prompt him to order his coal in the summer, when there is no congestion of railway traffic due to terrific storms, in the winter will shovel his last pound of coal into the furnace with an oath and a curse at the coal dealer, and will make the loudest denunciations of the government for not organizing the coal industry so that everybody would be supplied. And in this frame of mind he is not going to respond to the government appeals for money, and still more money.

There is a misconception on the part of a lot of people about the duties and the powers of the coal administration. It cannot compel you to buy coal against your wishes; and least of all is it going to hire a coal truck and drive up your alley with a nice assortment of coal, with the privilege of paying for it when you choose—or if you choose. That might please you or me, but it would not please us to have our slacker neighbor bunkered for the winter when he lacked sufficient interest to shuffle down the street for it himself.

But what the coal administration can do is this—and it will pay us to take a long look ahead into December and January: it can say to what points coal may be di-

verted, and in what quantities. The fuel administration did this last winter, and there were a lot of us who haven't forgiven Doctor Garfield yet. Moreover, it can shut down your factory (and mine if I had one) if it so choose, and also our offices—it did this last winter, and it was not a pleasant thing, either. Especially disagreeable was the thought that if we had filled our cellars in the summer and early autumn all this shutting down of factories could have been



Orr in Chicago Tribune

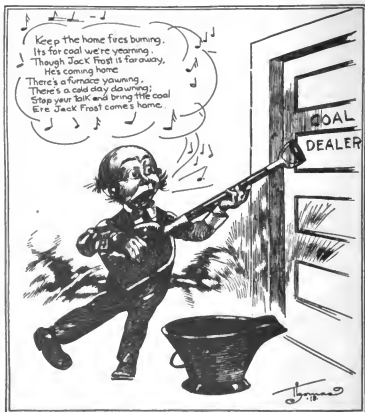
avoided. Throughout the length and breadth of the land the cry of the fuel administrators was, "Supply the households first!" And while our cellars were being coaled, our factories—munitions plants and all—were cold.

The repetition of this sort of thing we have it in our power to avoid by ordering our fuel now. The word has been passed out that there is enough coal for all—if it is bought now, not in January.

17,001. Carried away by our enthusiasm we nearly forgot our card indexes. Seventeen thousand and one was a case of—

but ah! that is the sad story of the present writer, and no more need be said!

17,002. Perhaps the saddest case of all was that of the Milwaukee book-keeper, whose uncle, a wealthy and childless old bird from St. Paul came to visit him. The object of the visit was for the purpose of sizing up the book-keeper with reference to a certain item in his will—oh, just a trifle, a mere half million! Well, the bottom of the coal bin was that clean you could eat eustard pie off it, and the furnace was as cold as a fish—and Uncle John gave his entire million to Cousin Bill, over in Sioux City.



Thomas in Detroit News

Keep the home fires burning



Copyright, Philadelphia Inquirer Co.

Morgan in Philadelphia Inquirer

You can't keep him down

Mixing in Mexico

The present writer does not know the Mexican word for "up in the air," but just the same that is where the average Mexican must be who reads American newspaper comment on Mexico-German relations, and next morning reads of President Wilson's efforts in the direction of soothing the sore spots.

Everything was serene (Mex.) beyond the Rio Grande until one day the Cuban police paid a Mexican envoy the indelicate compliment of searching his belongings in a Cuban port whereat President Carranza attempted the big league stuff and broke off diplomatic relations with Cuba.

That same little republic, however, is at war with Germany, and the inference seemed clear that, as some one said, Carranza was pulling von Kuehlmann chestnuts out of the fire. Or, as a New York Herald headline writer put it, "His Imperial Whiskers of Mexico Monkeyeth with the Buzzsaw!" At any rate, Noah Webster was given the time of his life shelling out new words for the use of American editors in telling Venustiano how raw he was.

And then the whole thing was undone when Venustiano's editors came north, a bunch of them, to make a tour of the country, and were received by President Wilson

and given a brotherly little talk. The very opening sentence was enough to disarm any editor, let alone a Mexican:

"I have never received a group of men who were more welcome than you, because it has been one of my distresses during my presidency that the Mexican people did not more thoroughly understand the attitude of the United States toward Mexico. I think I can assure you that the attitude is one of sincere friendship."

Then came the enunciation of a principle that must have been a great white light to editors who have seen German agents given a free hand in dictating the foreign policies of their country during the past three years:

"The policy of my administration toward Mexico," he said, "was in every point based upon the principle that the internal settlement of the affairs of Mexico was none of our business; that we had no right to interfere with or dictate to Mexico in any particular with regard to her own affairs. When we sent troops into Mexico our sincere desire was nothing else than to assist you to get rid of a man who was making the settlement of your affairs for the time being impossible. We had no desire to use our troops for any other purpose, and I was in hopes that by assisting in that way and thereupon immediately withdrawing I might give substantial truth of the assurance that I had given your government through President Carranza."

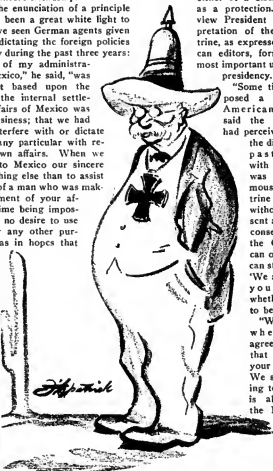
That Mexico's affairs were Mexico's own business must have come as a revelation to a people who had been bul-

lied by Germany on the one hand and awed by a stuffed club in the form of the Monroe doctrine on the other. What we mean by stuffed club refers to the fact that in President Wilson's view, the Monroe Doctrine has been a one-sided arrangement, and for that very reason, while it has been effective as a threat against European poachers, yet has meant nothing to nations over here in the way,

either of a disciplinary rod or as a protection. In our own view President Wilson's interpretation of the Monroe doctrine, as expressed to the Mexican editors, forms one of the most important utterances of his presidency.

"Some time ago I proposed a sort of Pan-American agreement," said the President. "I had perceived that one of the difficulties of our past relationships with Latin-America was this: The famous Monroe doctrine was adopted without your consent and without the consent of any of the Central American or South American states. We said: 'We are going to be your big brother whether you want us to be or not.'

"We did not ask whether it was agreeable to you that we should be your big brother. We said we are going to be. Now that is all very well," the President went on to tell the distinguished and interested visitors from Mexico, "so far



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"Wilson bites granite. He can't vool us Mexicans!"

as protecting you from aggression from the other side of the water was concerned there was nothing in it that protected you from aggression from us, and I have repeatedly seen an uneasy feeling on the part of representatives of the states of Central and South America that our self-appointed protection might be for our own benefit and our own interests and not for the interests of our neighbors. So I have said:

"Let us have a common guaranty that all of us will sign a declaration of political independence or territorial integrity. Let us agree that if any of us, the United States included, violates the political independence or territorial integrity of any of the others, all the others will jump on her."

The address was received, on the whole, with enthusiasm by the persons to whom it was addressed, and, what with the enthusiastic reception the party received on its journey throughout the country, will undoubtedly serve as a corrective of Mexican opinion, so far as the press has power to correct it. The most constructive comment on the Mexican editors came from Senor Gonzala de la Parra, editor of *El Nacional*, of the City

surrounded with traditions closely related with the history of Mexico," said he. "We fully realize that the present generation cannot in any way assume responsibility for what has happened in the past. For this reason many in Mexico believe that because the United States has at this time entered the war for the defense of a small nation she must hold as inviolable the neutrality of all small nations.

"Many in Mexico have heard talk relative to the friendship and good will on the part of the United States to Mexico, but up to the present time many have not seen sufficient proofs. It is possible that this is because up to the present time the United States has given proof of its kindly feelings to the people without making itself properly understood to the government (Carranza).

"I wish to say that the government and people of Mexico are one. In order to deal with the people one must deal with the government. If the present government were to be changed or destroyed, it would mean ruin to the Mexican people. I wish also to call your attention to the fact that the dignity of small nations is more susceptible than that of larger ones.

"Mexico has done all



Peace in New York News

of Mexico, who spoke with candor about the relations between the two countries and a practical application of the Wilson spirit.

"The United States, according to the strength of opinion in Mexico, cannot give complete confidence to the Mexican people because the United States is unfortunately

The sower

she could get nearer to you. If you wish to make good your promises, you know our problems as well as we do. You know we need arms, farming machinery, commercial facilities—in one word, we believe that the custom houses of this country can be the arm of your government most useful in fulfilling your promises and good wishes."

This is certainly a frank statement of the Mexican attitude toward our responsibilities in the matter. At least it is a frank statement of the attitude of probably the greater part of the more intelligent and far seeing among the Mexicans. It is frank enough, too, to presuppose a degree of friendliness existing between the two countries that makes possible free and open dis-

cussion of mutual relations and obligations. Anyway, so far as public opinion in this country is concerned, the visit of the editors accomplished a great deal in dispelling a notion, too prevalent, that Mexico was overwhelmingly pro-German, whereas the allied cause can count on the sympathy, we believe, of the best thought in reconstruction Mexico.

In the meantime, Mexico has not declared war upon Cuba, and relations between Washington and Mexico have resumed at least their old-time friendliness (Mex.), due probably to one reason and another, but chiefly, we believe, to the influence of President Wilson's wise statecraft and diplomacy.



Godwin in Pittsburgh Dispatch

Trying to get Uncle Sam's goat

WOMEN WHO HAVE GIVEN



(1) Alice Whatalotokala who will sacrifice one pint of gasoline per mouth.



(2) Mrs. T. Jefferson Dengal will give one of her pet poodles to be raffled off.



(3) Mary Moorestarr, who posed among some poor children in the tenements for charity.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by T. Machamer
(4) Birdie Timmons, who danced at the Whittington lawn late.

PROVOST
Marshal Gen-
eral Crowder's
work or fight
order was a

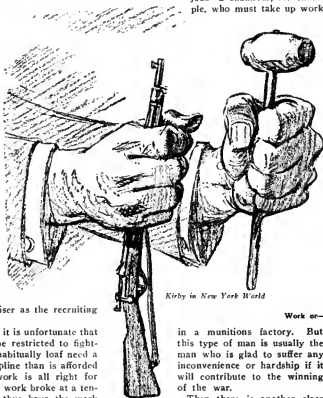
whole lot more subtle than appeared on the surface. You know—the "gentlemen" of leisure who frequent pool rooms; that tattered class, who, unable to take a lower in a Pullman, engage an entire section on the underpinning; and that still further class of young men popularly known as "lounge lizards"—just mention work to these birds and they want to fight. And of course, when a man is mad enough to fight he is half way ready for the trenches—all you have to do is put a uniform on him and he is just as willing to fight the kaiser as the recruiting officer.

For these classes it is unfortunate that the order cannot be restricted to fighting. People who habitually loaf need a stiffer sort of discipline than is afforded by work. Hard work is all right for people who became work broke at a tender age, and who thus have the work habit more or less firmly fixed in their organisms. But for a chronic loafer something more drastic is required, and that is the very discipline afforded by military service.

That other class of men which the order affects—able bodied men who are engaged in work, but work that is not essential to the conduct of the war—will find no partic-

War and the High

ular hardship in the order. There will be the inconvenience that comes of changing jobs—a chauffeur, for example, who must take up work



Kirby in New York World

Work or—

in a munitions factory. But this type of man is usually the man who is glad to suffer any inconvenience or hardship if it will contribute to the winning of the war.

Then there is another class who, as the editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer points out, will welcome the order—people who are anxious to be placed in a useful occupation by the government. "There are multitudes of men and women," says the Enquirer, "who would thank heaven and bless the Government for seizing them bodily and forcing them by violence into either field of action,

Cost of Loafing

working or fighting, for they cannot find a place to serve.

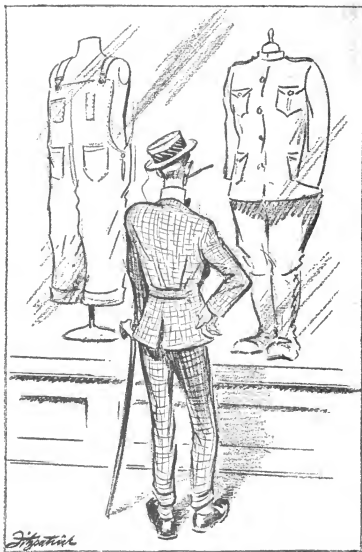


Kirby in New York World

No suffering even in this age, is more poignant than that of those of us who are so old or so ill that no branch of the service wants us. To realize that this war means life or death to the world, and yet not to be able to strike a blow at the monstrous Power which threatens the destruction of all we love and honor, is agony, indeed."

But the loafer pest must be eradicated. Some one has said that "the devil tempts all other men, but idle men tempt the devil." They don't give the devil even a sporting chance. They are like the kaiser; they make satan look like a piker when it comes to just plain, every-day uselessness. They contribute nothing to society; as often as not they complain about the failure of society to give them their living, when they themselves fail to show the most rudimentary evidence of any sense of responsibility in keeping their neighbor going. The "sweat of their brow" stuff is not for them; they are the super-bolsheviks; they know neither love for their fellow men nor devotion to ideals and country; they are the original cynics; speak to them about duty, and they refuse to believe that any except insane folks really believe in duty; they suspect the purposes of any one who works. And while they refuse to work, also they refuse to play; they are dead weights, drags on society; they are the original leeches, sucking the life blood from folks around them in lieu of the bread and butter they think their neighbors ought to contribute to their upkeep.

One of the results of the war and of our mobilization of workers ought to be a government employment agency, which would see that every man worked. The editor of Chicago Journal is very wisely urging the organization of such an agency. Of all the reforms which the war has brought, there are few better worthy of permanence than the substitution of public labor bureaus for private employment agencies," he says. "The change was made in the interests of efficiency. Under the old system, labor was shuffled back and forth, men were shipped on the same day from Chicago to Philadelphia and from Philadelphia to Chicago. The result was a horrible waste of time and effort, which nothing short of a central clearing house could cure; and that clearing house has been established. But fair play is quite as much involved as national effectiveness. For a man out of a job to be obliged to pay for



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Which Uniform?



Hungerford in Pittsburgh Sun

We cannot expect a sweet calm during a world storm

the privilege of working—that always has seemed the very height of injustice. We should support every effort to establish federal, state and municipal employment bureaus where men could learn, free of charge, where their services were wanted. War has hastened the organization of such an employment system, but peace should make it permanent."

But even this proposal does not go far enough. The agency should have authority to see that everybody is engaged in useful work of some kind. This would be in keeping with universal training for military service, and with the vocational training which is proposed as a corollary of military training. The importance of the

compulsory feature is emphasized all the more by the easy tolerance with which hitherto we have viewed the idler. Our statisticians have been busy estimating the value to the country of its men and women in terms of dollars and cents; seven hundred dollars apiece, was the figure before the war; then they insisted upon the importance of sanitary legislation and teaching that would not only save to the country thousands of men and women who were dying needlessly each year, but also would enable them to live in better health and thus be bigger assets in the wealth of the nation.

But—we never stopped to consider that we have among us tens of thousands of "dead ones," men who contribute nothing

whatever to the wealth of the country, but who consume what others produce. Indeed, from the standpoint of political economy, they are worse than dead; they may be picturesque and all that; a man with a hole in his elbows and a slouch in his gait may be an object to make the gods laugh, but he does not help the rest of us to carry the burden which just being men and women imposes upon us. A soft mannered youth who consumes gasoline and tires at the rate of sixty-five miles an hour over country

roads makes a pretty spot on the landscape, but he puts nothing back in place of the rubber and petroleum he is taking from the rest of us.

We must with this war put an accurate estimate upon the extent to which the loafer represents a liability; and then proceed to turn him into an asset by putting him to work.

Then if the rest of us want to die earlier, we can do so without impoverishing the nation to the extent that obtains now!



Bushnell in Central Press Association

Positively their last appearance on the American stage



Copyright, New York Evening Post

Cesare in New York Evening Post

A time to think of Russia

Say "When!"

Japan is waiting for just one word that will unleash her dogs of war—and that word is President Wilson's, giving the required yessiness to an expedition against Germany by way of Siberia. Japan is prepared to act, either alone, or in conjunction with other allied forces. Among those favoring a joint action of allied arms is so eminent a leader as ex-President Taft, as shown in the article on "Waging Peace in Russia," on another page. Another pro-

ponent of allied intervention through the gateway of the east is Frederick M. Corse, who lived in Russia for sixteen years, and who was general manager in Petrograd for the New York Life Insurance Company. Mr. Corse has recently returned from Russia, and says, as a result of what he has seen and experienced under Bolshevik rule: "For the United States to recognize the Soviet while under its present leadership would mean that we agree to deal with a



From The Bystander, London

Willing, but heavily handicapped

government organized for destruction." It is to avoid wounding the sensibilities of this band and to avoid their siding with Germany, that the word to march has been withheld from Japan.

In the meantime, "a thing that cannot be brought home too vividly to the people living here in America in quiet and safety is that every added day of terror in Russia, with the future unlightened by any ray of

hope of rescue, means just so much more eloquent propaganda for Germany. The Russian intelligentsia and property classes are now wavering between hoping for a new Russia and turning to Germany for the protection of life and property."

We have become experienced, however, in watchful waiting, and we probably shall become schooled as readily in bocheul waiting.

□ □ □

DEGREES°



Degrees are of various kinds. There are degrees of longitude and latitude, the second of which is seldom accorded the explanations of the errant husband at two A. M. He gets the third degree.

Then, of course, we are all familiar with the symbol "A.B.", which means "at bat," while a degree of doubt may sometimes be entertained as to the sanctity of a D.D., who, with a very little dash, becomes profane.

"M.D." should be sufficient to denote the profession of medicine, but by a curious tautology, you will always find it followed by "Dr." on your bill, which usually reads like the itinerary of a street-car conductor.

Then, too, "Phar.D" is merely the futuristic abbreviation for "Far-downer," while "Cr." stands for "criminal," a low degree indeed, since it is conferred only by the University of Costly Experience.

There are degrees of love, as changeable and undependable as the degree of hot water one gets on a Sunday morning in a sixth-story flat—yet it is a state that possesses perpetual possibilities of calorific intensity. And yet one hears it said that marriage is like a cold douche for the artistic temperament, which is always in hot water, anyway.

There is a degree of humor sometimes latent, even in best sellers, although—we had almost perpetrated a pun—one must dig rather deeply beneath the first story to find it.



Stinson in Dayton News

Beginning to strike



Kirby in *New York World*

He got it

His First Scalp

It wasn't a big action, as actions go in this war; it was not the first opportunity our men have had to prove their mettle, for they have made good, abundantly good, in the Lorraine sector, in the St. Mihiel region, in the Champagne, and as units brigaded with French and English troops on other parts of the western front. But the capture of Cantigny was significant as being our initiation into the business of going out, on our own responsibility, as an independent American command, and advancing the line. The result was one of the

smartest and most clean cut actions of the war.

The village of Cantigny lies to the north and east of Amiens, and had passed into German hands early in the present offensive. Its capture was not determined upon so much because of its value to the Allies, as for the reason that certain heights beyond it were of importance to the allied defense.

The winning of all the objectives meant a drive of nearly a mile into the enemy's ranks, on a front of a mile and a half. Not only were the objectives reached, but pris-



Morgan in Philadelphia Inquirer

Copyright, Philadelphia Inquirer Co.

Light and shade

oners—140 of them all told—were captured.

American artillery fire began in the morning at 4:45, an intense registration fire that lasted for half an hour, and that was followed by an hour's destruction fire. J. W. Grigg, correspondent for the Philadelphia Record, was so fortunate as to be on the ground, and witness the entire action. The account of the battle which he cabled home is a little masterpiece of descriptive writing, and from it we quote, since it conveys so accurately the business like spirit of American troops when they go out after a thing.

"It was a glorious May morning and even the sickening odor of stale gas could not always obliterate the sweetness of clover and wild flowers," says Mr. Grigg. "My first view of Cantigny was what I had expected under such a tornado of shell fire. There was a wide blotch of dense smoke, now and then made denser when some building went sky high as a large shell sealed its doom.

"I had passed many of our shouting batteries, at first an object of suspicion in the early hours, but eventually I was furnished with a runner who led me to my objective."

Far to the right and left of Cantigny, Mr. Grigg goes on to say, our guns and the French hammered pitilessly on the enemy lines and far back on his communications. "All his chances of sending supports were made impossible. His artillery was being pounded into complete submission with the exception of a stray shell now and then. Cantigny continued to be lost to sight in a blotch of smoke and dust. For many kilometres on either side there was an eruption like a high sea running along some breakwater.

"Then came a moment of great tenseness. The barrage was lifting and Cantigny was emerging in the sunlight from its terrible ordeal. The morning haze in the flat country was melting away, and at any instant the American soldiers would emerge

from their trenches or shelters in the woods and strike with the tanks against the German lines.

"Suddenly a French airplane swooped down at a terrific pace from its point of observation high in the sky, and as it described swooping half-circles over the American front line I saw something drop. The airplane rose to a great height again once more. Shortly afterward it dropped another message. It was part of the signal to advance.

"Over the green field the tanks clattered and behind them and on their flanks went the brave American lads, accompanied by their flame throwers. The enemy had got some shells into no man's land, but the

outspreed American line went on its way without faltering in the wake of a perfect barrage as they were finally lost to sight sweeping into Cantigny.

"The principal attack was frontal, while from the left came a strong body of 'moppers.' I saw runners coming back from Cantigny to the stronger forces in support, awaiting the word to go forward and complete the job. They grew so impatient that many stood on the tops of the trenches, feeling secure as well in the efficacy of the American and French batteries to blunt all counter battery work of the enemy."

Then, says Mr. Grigg, the supports swept into the town and were lost to sight amid the rattle of machine gun fire from the Ger-



Copyright, From Publishing Company

Cartoon in New York Evening World

On the way!

man and our own troops. "A French officer standing near me when our men first went over the top had shouted to me in the greatest ecstasy: 'They go forward!' He was aquiver with excitement. Some hours before at headquarters I had seen other French officers just as elated, just as confident.

"All through the engagement the liaison was perfect. Side by side with the American officers they had toiled on the plans for this first real tryout on a comprehensive scale of their American allies. Early last evening I had seen the cordial greetings exchanged between the American and French corps of officers. They were abso-

lutely confident that the Americans would do what they have done."

Cantigny was followed by the splendid performance of the Marines at Chateau Thierry on the Marne, and Chateau Thierry was followed by numerous other actions, in conjunction with the French, that have tested their mettle, and always they have fulfilled the very best traditions of the American army. At Chateau Thierry the men went forward with poppies in their helmets, we were told, and with a song on their lips. There was gayety and fun, mingled with a very clear notion of the job ahead of them—and a very firm determination to win. The rest is history.



Hungerford in Pittsburgh Sun

Going out on his own hook



Drawn for Cartoons magazine by J. C. Brown

OVER THERE!

A former baseball player has a temporary fit of absent-mindedness



THE HOST: HAND ROUND THE WINE. EACH OF THE GUESTS WOULD LIKE A FEW DROPS ON HIS HANDKERCHIEF.

The drawings on this and the following page are an evident attempt to soften by a touch of humor the rigors of what is really a distressful situation with regard to the food supply. They are of a kind with postcards supplied to the soldiers on the west front for sending to the folks at home. These cards show soldiers seated at



HE: MY DEAR, YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL ENOUGH TO EAT.
SHE: BUT EATING ME WOULD COME VERY HIGH, FOR, ROASTED, I AM
WORTH EIGHTEEN MARKS A POUND.

French tables groaning with good things to eat, and with wine in abundance. The drawing on the opposite page is taken from *Lustige Blätter*; that on this page from *Der Brummer*, the Berlin humorous papers.



Taylor in Los Angeles Times

Breaking the U-boat news



Marcus in New York Times

Good fishing in troubled waters

Rattling Around the Atlantic

The German U-boats are still running wild in the Atlantic with about as much method and intelligent purpose as her armies are displaying on the western front in the insane belief that successive drives against the Foch front will bring France and her allies to their knees. The only indication of real strategic aim was in the admiralty's discovery that the German people were losing confidence in the undersea craft and that something must be done to quiet criticism. So far so good; but when the admiralty seeks to quiet criticism by sending submarines to American shores in a childish attempt to stop the transport of troops, and furthermore, when the admiralty can get away with it with the people, why one is prepared to accept the verdict of those ^{allianists who} tell us that not only the kais ^{it the entire nation as} well.

But a criticism. confidence w have a

r concerning the criticism. longer put any confidence in the admiralty"—there we made in the reichstag

some weeks ago by Herr Gothein, a progressive deputy, while, wonder of wonders, Herr Stresemann, the jingoist national liberal leader, said that he had "considerable doubt" regarding the sanity of admiralty's policy. These and criticisms in a similar vein took place in the reichstag main committee, the entire debate being censored—whereat the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, which certainly cannot be accused of being anti-pathetic toward the government, levelled this criticism against, not only the admiralty, but against the censorship of the debate as well:

"What is the cause?" says the *Zeitung*. "The criticism is levelled at the calculations of the admiralty regarding the success of the submarine war, which are regarded as false and misleading.

"A number of deputies of the left bring some serious charges against the admiralty because the experiences of this office (contradicting its expectation) caused it to cast aside the rosy miscalculations in which not only the admiralty had believed but which



Stinson in Dayton News

Waking him up

had been made the basis of an almost unlimited propaganda campaign in the whole empire. Professors, officers, engineers, and other connoisseurs calculated on the ground of special knowledge and technical insight the very day on which the fleet at the disposal of England's civilian supplies would be exhausted."

The Zeitung goes on to tell how one specialist had prophesied that if German submarines sank only 450,000 tons of English shipping a month there would be no English mercantile fleet left by February 1. Moreover: "Herr Erzberger had said, 'On January 1, 1918, the goal ought



Evans in Baltimore American
In-bad the sailor



Brown in San Francisco Chronicle
Humpty-dumpty

to have been reached. This calculation was the answer in August to the debates of July.' One may think what one likes about Herr Erzberger, but when he can make such statements without contradiction the fact deserves serious attention. But it is no use bothering about a criticism of the past. The admiralty has now acknowledged the great reserves which are at the disposal of our enemies, and the secretary of state now, with quite justified optimism, takes the standpoint that all calculations are referred to numerous vague factors; in other words, they have at best the value of probabilities."

The Zeitung demands that generalities give way to specific facts:

"Away with all this, and let us wait for the actual factors! The real state of the submarine war, England's position, the serious economic harm to the future owing to the loss of shipping, and the psychological pressure towards peace ought and can all be brought clearly to the knowledge of all Germans. But more than this is bad."

That happens to be, not the isolated outburst of a splenetic editor, but it represents the misgivings that have become general—general at least to the extent that they are openly expressed in the reichstag. Next to drop a smoke screen between actual condi-

tions and the German people the admiralty inaugurated the submarine operations on the American coast—which have yielded these results: the sinking of a total of twelve small merchant ships, with the transport service absolutely intact; our navy enlistments have vastly increased and ship building has speeded up; and the jaws of the American people are set in renewed determination to win.

The German people, however, are being deluded into a belief that the reserve forces of the allies are diminishing, and especially now that the fight has been brought to our very doors. An address by Captain Bruninghaus, of the German navy,



Murphy in San Francisco Call-Post

Taking the count

before a Munich audience is typical of the camouflage that is banded out to the people. After vividly picturing to his audience an enemy that had been bled white and was still bleeding, the speaker said:

"My full conviction is this: The economic and military needs of our opponents are ever increasing; in the contest between shipbuilding and the U-boat, the U-boat will remain victor. Neutral shipping can postpone the collapse, but cannot prevent it. The high degree of preparedness of the U-boats in personnel and materials, which is insured for a long time to come and constantly growing, the inability of our enemies to master the submarines—these facts give the sure guarantee that we shall attain our goal with our submarine warfare."

Meanwhile there are rumors of super boats in the construction. Announcement of the new plans was recently made by Georges Leygues, the French Minister of marine. The new vessel is to be a sort of under sea cruiser, armored and heavily

armed, and built with special reference to fighting destroyers.

But, says the French minister, the allies are ready for them. "Indeed," he says, "we shall not stop until we have cleaned up the sea as one cleans up a trench."

M. Leygues goes on to show that this mopping up process is making very decided headway against the present submarine



Sykes in Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

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"Shure I knows der why, but vot can I tell der peoplees?"

fleet. He shows that sinkings of merchantmen have fallen off to the point where new construction is even now exceeding the destruction, before American yards are in full swing on the great building programme mapped out by the shipping board.

The monthly average of destructions this year, as given by M. Leygues, is 315,000 tons, compared with more than 500,000 tons monthly in 1917. In April of last year the tonnage sunk was 871,000. In April of this

year it had diminished to less than 268,000.

The total of allied shipping destroyed in the first four months of 1918 was placed by Minister Leygues at 1,262,345 tons, and even if the submarines are able to maintain this rate, which officials doubt, the year's total would be something like 3,700,000 tons, or less than the estimated amount of tonnage which the Shipping Board believes that America alone will produce during the year.

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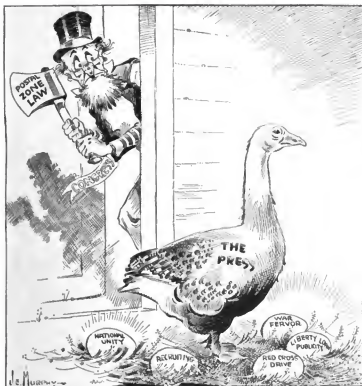


Chase in New York Evening Post

Copyright, New York Evening Post

"MY DEAR THEODORE!" "DELIGHTED, WILLIAM!"

The only ex-presidents in captivity, happening to be in Chicago the same day, and at the same hotel, gave the hatchet, which has been brandishing now for quite some time, a thorough burying. If these two belligerent individuals can get together like that there is hope for battle scarred Christendom.



Murphy in San Francisco Call-Past

The goose with the golden eggs

We Have With Us Again—

The Hon. Claud Kitchin, Democratic leader of the House, has exercised his undoubted if over-worked prerogative of getting into hot water. This time he and the publishers of America went to the mat together, on the Claudian charges that the summer sittings of Congress were due, not at all for the reason that the rest of us had got under our hats (which reason was this, that important war revenue meas-

ures must be got through), but for the real reason that a lobby (we suppose it was an "insidious" lobby, all lobbies being insidious) was at work in Washington, at the behest of the publishing interests, to secure a repeal of the new postal rates on second class matter, which went into effect July first.

Even the president was dragged into the charges by the majority leader, who said

of the urgent need of revenue legislation,

"I am firmly convinced that it is not absolutely necessary to have a revenue bill enacted at this session. The President of the United States, commander in chief of the army and navy, has declared otherwise. Although I do not believe there is an absolute necessity for it now, when the commander in chief speaks, I believe under the circumstances we should not refuse, because our refusal would be hailed throughout the world by a hostile press that Congress had split with the commander in chief. We cannot afford to refuse. I believe it is our duty as patriotic public servants and as good soldiers to go to the task."

Thus one can see how self-abnegatory a Democratic leader of the house can be, once

he sets his mind to it to be loyal to the president and to submerge his own convictions in the interests of the public weal.

There has been, of course, opposition on the part of the publishing interests to the principle of the zone system of rates for second class matter, but that opposition has expressed itself in the regular channel. As Mr. George McAneny, chairman of the postal committee of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, said in reply to Mr. Kitchin's assertions,

"Mr. Kitchin's statements are, in short, in so far as they refer to newspaper publishers, absolutely without truth. If he is objecting to the appearances of their representatives before the Senate Committee, and their purpose to submit their views, so



Rogers in New York Herald

An inspiring leader!

far as possible, in the same manner, to the House, his position amounts practically to a denial of the commonest rights of petition possessed by those who ordinarily approach Congress in a matter of public interest."

Except for the casual presence of their president and committee for the purposes of the Senate hearings and the discussion immediately following them, said Mr. McAneny, "the newspaper publishers have had practically nothing to do with the Congress-

sional situation. They have not 'maintained a lobby' or anything in any degree approaching that definition." They have, so far as I know, had nothing whatever to say to Mr. Kitchin."

But then, we always did believe that the papers of the country were getting themselves in bad when they attacked Mr. Kitchin, as they used to do in those ancient days when we were debating our neutrality in the great war, and we often said, "The hoys are going to hear from it sometime!"

□ □ □



Copyright, Press Publishing Company

Cartel in New York Evening World

BLACK—ALSO RED, WHITE AND BLUE!

American colored troops in France are making a name for themselves. "I am very proud of my men," says Colonel William Hayward, commander of a New York regiment of colored troops. "They are clean, brave men, fearing nothing, daring everything." General Foch says of them: "They are very strong and stout hearted—and very rash." More recently two of the men have won the French War Cross,



The Dingbats In Convention



Jean Knott's cat was the first to break cover, closely followed by the pup.

The "Dingbats" Hold a Convention

By Everett E. Lowry

On Saturday afternoon quiet reigns supreme in the editorial office of Cartoons. All the men and women who are so busy at their desks during the week days, and from whose conversation we Dingbats gather our ideas of what is going on in the big world outside, knock off at one o'clock sharp, and that is the last we see or hear of them till Monday morning. Of course we've broken in on the telephone conversations and have a pretty good idea where each one expects to spend his holiday, but the knowledge that they are out having a good time doesn't go far to relieve the monotony for us fellows penned up here in the files, for after the janitor has dusted and gone out, leaving a strong pipe smell behind him, we know we are in for a long stretch. There is positively nothing to do, so we simply lie here listening to the roar of the city far below the ticking of the clock, and the spooky sounds in the big building, which has become as quiet as a tomb. Occasionally, some one unfamiliar with our office

hours rattles on the outer door, and for a little while we speculate as to who it may be. But then, just as we are about to doze off again the telephone usually rings with a terrific jangling that nearly causes us to jump out of the front page. Of course there is no one to answer the call, and after a time even the telephone ceases to ring, and we are left alone until Monday.

Last week-end, however, was an exception, for just as we were about to snooze away into oblivion, there was a slight rustling over in a big stack of exchanges and old Colonel Dingbat, of the Times-Picayune, piped up:

"Say, fellows," he yawned, "let's get out and shake off the dust. There's enough of us here to hold a convention, and even though we are in the morgue, so to speak, we're not yet dead, and besides, there's no reason why we shouldn't be sociable."

The Colonel spoke in a rich mint-julep drawl, and even before he had finished speaking there came squeaks, growls and



"The colonel lowered his voice and whispered a name to old Jim Crow."

mond's Insect. "Let's drop prejudices and professional jealousies for once and get together. Of course," he was careful to add, "all you fellows know that I'm the big smoke out in my neck of the woods, but even so, I'm willin' to admit there may be others."

This egotistical remark almost upset the platter right at the start, and instantly the Insect was squelched by a series of woofs, howls, and cat-calls, until the Colonel was obliged to wriggle out of a stack of magazine clips and rap for order. When quiet had been restored the Colonel made a little speech.

"Freaks, and fellow Dinghats," he began, "it's plain to me that this miserable hug, our brother, while decidedly out of order, is trying his best to be fair, but he simply doesn't know how. In the first place, if he had any sense at all, he wouldn't be a Dingbat; and in the second place, did you ever see a centipede that wasn't forever getting his foot in it?"

This rebuke of the Colonel's instantly restored good humor and there was a general rush to get out of print. Jean Knott's cat was the first to break cover, closely followed by the pup who has been doing such faithful nemesis-ing during the penny-ante parties, and in a moment the pair were sailing around the wall, the pup, as is his wont, just one jump behind. Likewise,

chirps of assent from all parts of the room.

"The Colonel's right," said H a m -

each Dingbat instantly proceeded to pull his own pet stunt, and for a few minutes the place resembled a ten-ring circus. After greeting a few old friends and prominent "features," I sneaked off to a quiet perch to give the collection what Tad calls the "once over."

They certainly were a bunch of funny nuts, and you can take my word for it there isn't a scientist on earth that could have given a name to half of them. Every part of the country was represented, and sitting there sizing them up, and knowing how popular was each little chap in his own home paper, I couldn't help thinking that perhaps, after all, regular people are nothing more than just plain funny nuts, and are merely Dingbats grown up.

By acclamation, the Colonel—who, by the way, resembles a cross between an auk and a mud hen—undertook to preside over the gathering, and after the usual congratulatory remarks concerning our outlandish appearance allowed his eyes to rove thoughtfully over the audience.

"We are indeed fortunate," proceeded the Colonel, "to have at our disposal such fa-



"I'm the big smoke out in my neck o' the woods."

avorable quarters in which to hold our convention. I am positive that in no other place in the country could so many ginks and wise birds be gathered together as right here in the office of **CARTOONS MAGAZINE.**"

After the cheering had subsided the Colonel continued. "In spite of this excellent showing," he said, glancing shrewdly about the room, "I am grieved and disappointed to note the absence of one of our most distinguished members, a merry, foolish fellow, hut a wag withal, and before we proceed with other business I am going to ask brother Crow, here, to page"—at this point the Colonel lowered his voice and whispered a name to old Jim Crow, of the Knickerbocker Press. "There is just the slightest possibility," he resumed, with a twinkle in his eye, "that our friend is, for once, asleep at the switch."

As Mr. Crow hopped nimbly to the desk top there was a great huhhuh among the Dingbats, and many wild speculations were heard as to who the delinquent might be. However, Mr. Crow took his time. He is a very droll fellow, as every one knows, and besides having a split tongue, is a natural mimic. With his head cocked to one side, he waited until quiet had been restored, and suddenly gave note to three surprisingly keen whistles—whistles such as only a bad boy might be expected to emit from between his teeth.

Dingbats are exceedingly nervous little



chaps and every one of us was so startled by Mr. Crow's piercing notes as to jump almost out of our skins, but so quick was the response that even before we had quite recovered from our surprise there came a whimper, and a muffled "Yip!" from a tall stack of exchanges in the corner, and as an avalanche of old newspapers came tumbling to the floor a very sleepy, and sheepish-looking pup emerged from the mass.

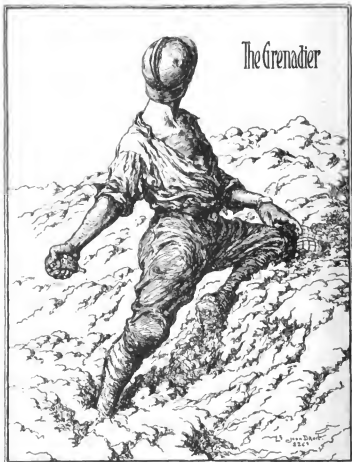
A great shout went up from all the Dingbats as we instantly recognized McCutcheon's dog, which shaking himself and grinning good naturedly, soon romped into the merry gathering.

At this point, Plaschke, of the Louisville Times—he's a Chinese devil of a fellow, by the way—struck up "Here, here, the gang's all here!" and it's a wonder the janitor didn't come up and throw us out.

After this burst of song every one was given a chance to tell a funny story or make a patriotic speech, and before the convention adjourned a resolution was unanimously adopted that from now on we turn our entire Dingbattery upon the Kaiser.



"We instantly recognized McCutcheon's dog."



Poilus—by a Poilu-Artist

Jean Droit before the war had gained a reputation as an artist of rare ability, was notable especially for drawing and design. Then he joined the colors as an infantry officer, and made a series of remarkable drawings of French infantrymen. These drawings are consequently the result of an intimate first-hand knowledge of conditions in the trenches. The pictures which we give on this and the following pages were contributed by him to the pages of "L'Illustration," of Paris, and reproduced by permission of the publishers.



THE MACHINE GUNNER

Concealed among the grass on the level of the parapet, and masked by the defense entanglements, the machine gun swings its slender neck of dull metal. Near it watches the gunner, who knows the pitiless effectiveness of the engine he guards. He knows that the most furious artillery preparation often leaves a gunner alive—when the attacker falls an easy prey. In the murderous war he stretches across the field the bravest of enemies meet death and others, in shell holes, await the night to flee.



THE OBSERVER

The observer may be a scholar or a peasant, but never a dreamer. The quiet of the desolated plain through which run the enemy trenches does not deceive him. He knows that at eleven o'clock soup trains pass by at crossing No. 131; that, half an hour later the smoke from numerous fires indicate the caves where the men warm their food; that a stranger has observed the lines of our post "F," for he showed himself to the waist-line, which no trench observer ever does.



THE STRETCHER BEARER

The battle rages and the wounded are legion. Between the first lines, covered by thick smoke clouds, and the first-aid posts improvised there is constant coming and going. The path followed by the stretcher bearer climbs the back of the hill, and, passing the crest, descends the gentle slope to a field pitted with shell holes. There it is lost in a chaos of flying lumps of earth torn loose by the shell fire.



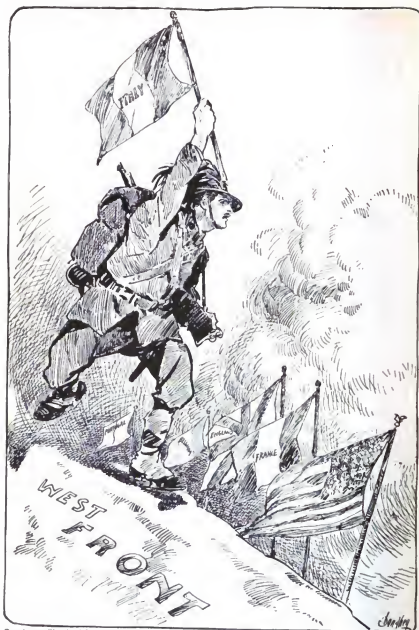
THE RIFLE GRENADIER

Between the stationary heavy trench mortars and the hand-grenadier, whose mobility does not fully compensate for his exclusive adaption to close fighting, the rifle-grenadier forms the connecting link. The fuse of the miniature shell which he slips into the tube affixed to his rifle is fired by the ball and propelled by the powder; it goes unerringly to its work, and explodes without fail.



THE "VOLTIGEUR"

The "Voltigeur" is the last representative of old-time infantry. The rifle and the bayonet suffice for him, since Lorraine and the Marne. He accompanies advanced grenadier parties and sometimes serves as their ammunition runner; he protects the automatic-rifle gunner; he flits from place to place, and is on night-guard duty constantly and fights incessantly, and finally, though neither grenadier nor sharpshooter, yet he acquits himself with credit in the duties of both.

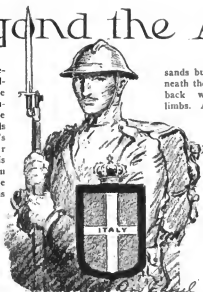


Donohue on Cleveland Flinn Dealer

Make way, here comes a friend!

Beyond the Alps

The gallant defense which the Italian armies made against the Austrians along the Piave line reminds us anew that Italy's efforts and her achievements in this war have not been appreciated to the full. Most of us know why England is fighting; we know why France and Belgium are fighting; and we have a growing realization of what we ourselves are fighting for; but most of us know too little about Italy's story.



Cassell in New York Evening World
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To our ally

First of all we should remember that Italy did not enter this war for any hope of conquest. She was even offered indemnities to stay out. More than this, she was a member, with Austria and Germany, of the triple alliance, a fact she could have used as an excuse, if she had wished to stay out. Instead, she tore herself loose from the tyranny of the central empires and took her stand with the allies.

In the earlier days of the war Italy was much criticised for her hesitation, but she has more than vindicated herself. And more than this, military heads who once criticised Italy's methods now realize that her tactics were absolutely sound both militarily and diplomatically.

However, after Italy made her decision she did not wait for the Austrians to take the offensive; she herself took the aggressive, and kept it continuously for nearly two years, at a sacrifice of thousands being sent back helplessly insane, and still other thou-

sands buried under avalanches beneath the peaks. Others were sent back with frozen hands and limbs. Alpine heights were scaled time and again by ropes, and in some instances the Italians blasted through mountains in order to demolish Austrian fortifications.

And then Italy ran out of ammunition.

Spies, of which Germany has scores, soon sent the news, and von Mackensen started his drive. The Italians fell back, as they had to. And German propaganda again said that Italy was wavering and listening to German peace terms. The lies were bad enough, but

it was a worse blow to Italian pride to know that the lies were believed.

Italy's army of four million held, without any aid whatever, those passes which, once conquered, would permit the Hun to sweep down over northern Italy and enter France by another route to strike a blow that would have meant a disaster to the allies. Besides, up to the time that Italy ran out of ammunition, she had dealt a blow to Austria that without a doubt would have been fatal if Germany had not come at the crucial moment.

Unfortunately German propaganda was hottest at this time. Italy was not getting the support of the allies that she so sorely needed, and her enemies lost no opportunity to let the Italians know that they knew it. We all know now that the Germans and Austrians often taunted the Italians with, "Where are your allies? Your allies care only for themselves and have deserted you. We would not have done so



From *Kladderudatsch*, Berlin

Little Italian (panting): "Say, shall we soon get there?"

had you been fighting with us!"

And German agents did not stop here. They even went so far as to send forged letters to the soldiers, telling them that their wives were starving, that their families were starving, and that the troops at home were slaughtering women and children who tried to obtain bread. German and Austrian agents also circulated hundreds of thousands of Italian papers, containing stories to the effect that the Italian army was to retreat to a depth of five miles. Numberless Bulgarian officers, speaking Italian fluently, donned Italian uniforms and went among the privates telling them that these stories were true and that they should hurry to carry out the orders. The Italians were also told that America was only bluffing and would not fight.

However, the lane has had a turning. Italy is once again on her feet, and the Piave line, to which

the Italian army retired last autumn, is unbreakable, and probably cannot be bent.

With all of her trials and troubles, Italy has taken time for charity work. Gen. George Scriven, military attache at the American embassy, says that Italy's work among the poor Albanians is one of the most splendid examples of relief work that the war has seen. Except for Italy, the Albanians would have starved. Italy has given them food, employment, education and security. Wheat, corn and rice have been imported into the country and food-stuffs distributed free to the indigent, and sold at reasonable prices to those who could afford to pay. Farms have been opened, schools have been instituted, and, best of all, courts of justice have been established, with Albanian judges placed at their head wherever possible. The Albanians, we might add, are great admirers of America, although it is only of late that they have started to emigrate to this country—as the



From *Il Numero*, Turin

Don't worry—we shall also master this



From L'Arno, Rome

A German dream of the Italian people



From Esquivel, Barcelona

Italy: What? You want some macaroni? Wait a bit. It is not quite cooked!

result largely of the invasion of Albania by the Balkan states, accompanied as it was by terrifying atrocities on an unarmed population, towns and villages being burned, and thousands of refugees flocking into Valona, half starved and suffering from hunger and exposure. More than sixty thousand Albanians have come to this country since the beginning of the war, but Italy is bent on saving if possible the remnant as the basis of a new national life.

These facts we give for the purpose of showing that the Italians, in addition to being gallant and big hearted, also have a deep sense of the responsibilities to small peoples that rest upon them as a great power.

Germany is greatly mistaken if she thinks that Italy's spirit is broken. All of her misfortunes in the field have only strengthened her determination to see the thing through to a successful finish.



From L'Acino, Rome

THE DELUSIONS OF THE "BOCHE"
"And I thought it would be so easy to take her!"



From *Il Numero*, Turin

This is the meal which the Teuton wolves will find in the Italian plains

As Lord Robert Cecil has well said, "We have, on the one hand, the German gospel of force and the belief that you can dragoon free nations into an artificial unity. On the other hand are the principles for which the allies stand—freedom, the belief that a government can be carried on only with the consent of the governed and that no culture, no national existence, can be built upon the oppression and subjection of a nation struggling to be free."

A splendid example of Italy's tenacity and determination is shown by her recent superb victory in the Tonale region, northwest of Trent. Here the basin of Presna Lake was captured by the Italian Alpini, after forty

hours of fierce fighting. Three times they failed, and finally won on the fourth attempt. The Italians were obliged to advance up steep snowy mountains, down slippery precipices and over glaciers, most of the fighting being done twelve thousand feet above the sea. Their reward was the opportunity to blow up an important Austrian munition depot and the capture of two telegraph lines.

Italy is putting forth her best efforts once more to gain possession of the Trentino and Trieste, which belonged to her for centuries before the Hapsburgs took them away. This territory belongs to her as surely as Alsace and Lorraine belong to

France. And so long as Austria holds this frontier, part of Italy will be under the menacing power of Austria.

War materials, coal, iron and steel—Italy has none of these things. The only coal mines she possesses is now in the clutches of the U-boats. Today coal is selling for \$175.00 per ton. Even in peace times Italy does not produce enough to feed herself, and just at this time there is no fuel at her command and no metals for munitions. The allies must give her relief in the matter of those resources which alone make industrial prosperity possible; this relief we must give, not only now, but also after the war.

At the head of Italy's government is a king, but he is the most democratic sover-

eign in Europe. He submits every question to representatives elected by the people. Also his devotion to the men at the front has caused much favorable comment. He has been away from the fighting line but three times during the past three years.

Not the least significant effect of the war on Italian life is this, that the women, like the women in every belligerent land, are finding themselves; they are getting broader ideas of life; are coming to depend on themselves.

The men, too, on returning home on leave, discover that home fires are kept burning, and that children are being fed while they are away. Consequently they go back with lighter hearts—which adds to their efficiency and bravery.

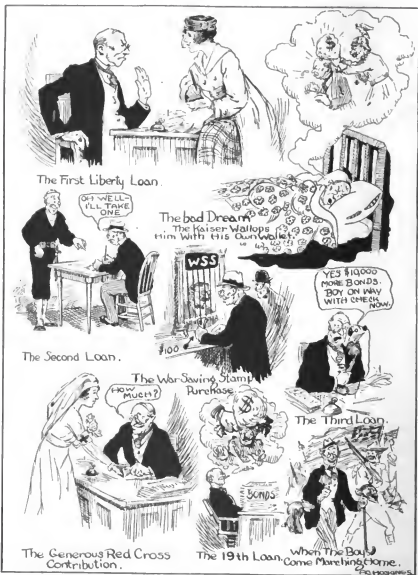
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Spencer in Omaha World-Herald

PLUCKED!

If you are a "bbb" you will drop a tear with Spencer over the sad plight of baseball. From the batting field to the battlefield the stars, many of them, among them no less a man than Grover Alexander, who, like his distinguished namesake, is seeking new worlds to conquer. (We forgot to explain that bbb does not refer to bird shot, but to baseball bug.)



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by A. C. Hackings

Evolution of a tight-wad



Blackman in Birmingham Age-Herald

Little Lithuania will now be led to slaughter

Lithuania Learns the Goose Step

Next to Belgium, Lithuania has probably suffered more from the bestiality of the kaiser's military machine than any other country. It was overrun by the German army in 1914, and has suffered every indecency that kultur has thus far been able to drag up from the depths of hell. Mr. J. Martin, himself a native-born Lithuanian, but many years ago made an American citizen, was in his native country at the outbreak of the war, and has recently told in the Brooklyn Eagle of kulturistic barbarism as he saw it at first hand.

After their invasion, says Mr. Martin, the Germans looted Lithuania and took everything of value to Germany. What did not appeal to them, he says, like furniture, books and pictures, "they destroyed in the

spot. Homes were burned. Innocent people were tortured and murdered. In the methods of torturing they have surpassed the barbarians of the eleventh century.

"It was a terrible time for girls. These poor creatures, some only fourteen years of age, were stripped of all clothing, then publicly violated, and afterward murdered. Many mothers, with tears in their eyes, told the American-Lithuanian delegates how their young daughters were dragged away while they knelt before soldiers and officers, kissing their hands and beseeching for the lives of their beloved ones. But the German cultured ear was deaf to their prayers, and the innocent girls were outraged and murdered in the presence of their parents. These inflamed fathers, sons and brothers,

attempting to protect their wives and sisters, their mothers and daughters, were hanged to the nearest tree. Pregnant women were ill-treated, kicked and some of them hanged by Germans. Little children were wrested from mothers' hands and hurled against the walls of buildings."

In one district, in the evacuated trenches were found the bodies of fourteen girls between fourteen and twenty years of age. In other German trenches on the banks of the Dubisa River were found ten bodies of young girls. This was also true of several other places where the Germans had previously been. People forced to dig trenches for the Germans narrated the stories that these girls had been seized by German soldiers for the use of their officers and then turned back for these same soldiers.

Another writer, a Lithuanian, has described the German visitation in even more vivid terms: "The misery and suffering of the unfortunate populace is indescribable. It is beyond human power to relieve the grief, the mental anguish, the tortures of those afflicted by this calamity. Many die of wounds; many are driven mad. Some in agony destroy themselves, while protesting against the evil that overwhelmed humanity. Too proud to receive sympathy and offended by the sight of human degradation, for relief

they turn their eyes Heavenward, but the gloomy, obscured horizon reflects only the flames of conflagrations devouring their unfortunate, blood-covered native land.

"They hear the cries of tortured brothers and sisters; the sharp, mournful voices pierce their aching hearts! They hear the roar of cannon that sounds to them like the laughter of an inferno; mocking at human misery; at the Utopian dreams of universal brotherhood; at the attempts of doctrinaires and preachers of 'Love thy brother as thyself,' to elevate an always envious, an ever greedy, super-selfish humanity. Unconsoled by the faintest ray of hope from



Peace in Newark News

Self determination, German brand

any source, in deepest despair, they seek a tragic end!"

The crowning obscenity of all was the founding of legalized prostitution under the guise of hospital establishments. Local officials were given peremptory orders to set aside segregation districts, and, refusing, were shot, many of them, and others exiled. Then the German officials themselves took a hand and under the guise of hospitals es-

tablished institutions of prostitution. Numerous Lithuanian girls committed suicide just to escape German hands. Others, dressed in the garb of old women, hobbled about on crutches. Some applied black paint to their bodies. Not a few burned their faces, hoping thus to prevent disgrace by destroying their beauty. Many were the ingenious schemes employed by young womanhood to protect itself from the bestial Germans.

Then came the fall of Russia under the bolshevik band, the sacrifice of Lithuanian and other peoples



From The Passing Show, London

The master's voice in Finland, from whom Lithuania can learn a lesson.

to Germany's lust for conquest. Not content with a military control of the land, Germany sought a civil settlement with the clumsiness that we have come to expect when Germany sets about the business of state craft. She whispered the word "independence," a magic word to a people long under the oppression of the czars. It exercised its expected spell, and in spite of the misgivings of many of the leaders—the greater number of the leaders, indeed, the clerical party alone supporting the settlement—the German-made independence was accepted, an independence based upon a semi-federalization with the German empire, with one of the Emperor's sons probably on the throne.

Then came the emperor's proclamation of "independence":

"We assume that the conventions to be concluded will take the interests of the German empire into account equally with those of Lithuania and that Lithuania will participate in the

war burdens of Germany, which secured her liberation."

Which means a sharing of war burdens equally with the other German states—or as officials of the Lithuanian national council in Washington put the situation, it means money, munitions and men.

"The first, we have not, as Germany has already impoverished us; the second, we have no means of supplying because we lack the first. Therefore, Germany can have reference only to men. Men from a self-declared democracy to fight in the ranks of autocracy? Unthinkable. Lithuania would

not consent. Are her citizens to be dragooned into the ranks of the kaiser's army? This would be an abridgement of the sovereignty which Germany has already recognized, for Chancellor Hertling's reply stated, 'We hereby recognize Lithuania as free and independent.'

"The truth of the matter is that the dilemmatic horns



Exaggeration in St. Louis Globe-Democrat

The liberator

between which Germany now finds herself project from the head of her own Minotaur. She knows that ultimate defeat is unavoidable, but she would compensate losses in the west with gains in the east, among which Lithuania is gambled on as an asset. No recognition of Lithuanian independence can be sincere when coupled with the von Hertling terms, but if this sop will add to Prussian man-power it may postpone somewhat the inevitable day of

reckoning and give her more time to Germanize in the east with a view of confederating the new republics under junker rule."

And yet this is the power from whose dripping hands our pacifists would have us accept peace; it is the power in whose honor our socialists raise pacons of praise, and to whose lust for conquest they would sacrifice America, as Lithuania has been sacrificed by the red brotherhood of Russia!

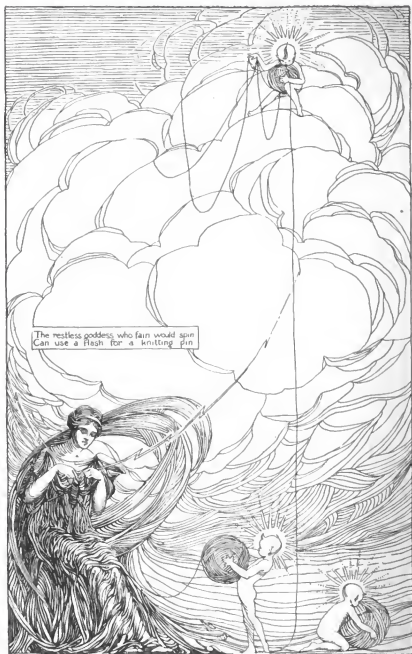
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London invaded

Kuroy in New York World

It is a rare day now when the London streets do not echo to the tramp of American troops. The streets are aglow with Old Glory, and our Sammies are received with a fervor and enthusiasm that we used to think the British people incapable of.



The restless goddess, who fain would spin
Can use a flash for a knitting pin



THE STORM

M. Forrest

*The wind is harnessed to cloud again,
And it frets a little about the load,
As it draws it on with an unseen rein
O'er the hidden leagues of the long blue road—
For the high cloud wagons are heaped with snow
Of the great white fleeces the mist-sheep grow!*

*The wind is harnessed to cloud once more,
Perhaps some gaddess has need to spin,
And she sits and chafes at her golden door—
Nor will take heart till she can begin,
So the sun-serfs go to each hazy pool
To help to gather the white cloud wool!*

*And they cry the wind from the Arctic seas
And the wind comes whinneying from the North
To the following foals of the lesser breeze
That the grey south-east brought forth—
From the low fields sparkling with early rain
They draw the wagons of cloud again—*

*And the pack takes many a different form
As the wagon moves on the long blue road;
For the black sheep give it a hint of storm
And the lightning darts thro' the gleaming load
Till the restless goddess who fain would spin
Can use a flash for a knitting pin!*

*I hope she will knit it away tonight
And leave us only the empty blue,
So the rollicking wind can travel light
And play—with nothing at all to do
With nothing to draw as it gently blows
But the sunny soul of a happy rose.*



Thomas in Detroit News

Damon signs up Pythias

Germany's Conquest of Austria

Don't laugh when people talk to you about Germany's victories. Lithuania and Poland and Courland and Esthonia and Livonia and the Ukraine—that, of course, is a list of conquests to make you smile. But we are apt to forget that Germany has to her credit one very considerable conquest—we refer to her enslavement of the Austro-Hungarian empire.

Austria, of course, never intended to become conquered, body, mind and soul, by Germany, but Germany had long ago planned it as part of her ambition for a Mittel-Europa—a belt of German controlled country, extending across the very vitals

of Europe, from the North to the Black seas. She knew the weaknesses of her neighbor and laid her plans accordingly, starting in by having her German agents obtain and then hold leading social, political and financial positions in Austria, thus tying the empire to her side for the time when she should be ready to begin her world war. It was all done with characteristic German efficiency—one step paving the way for the next.

The culmination of the plot was the meeting, destined to become history, between the two emperors at German headquarters, where a working agreement was en-



From Iberia, Barcelona

German: Don't forget you swore faithfulness to me!
Austrian: Yes, till death—and that seems pretty near.



From London Opinion, London

Kaiser Bill: Shove like mad, Carl! Remember Nicky! We musn't let our skeleton out of the cupboard, as Russia did.

tered into that reduces Austria to the position of the most abject vassalage. The Deutsche Volks Zeitung was the first to publish the details of the agreement—which were for the greater part as follows:

"His high majesty the German kaiser and king of Prussia, on the one hand, and his high apostolic majesty the kaiser of Austria and king of Hungary, on the other, form a close military alliance for twenty-five years, during which both parties to the alliance pledge themselves to employ the entire strength of their peoples for military purposes.

"All the male inhabitants capable of bearing arms shall receive proper and thorough military instructions. Special formations, moreover, shall provide for all auxiliary services in connection with the production of arms and ammunition.

"Regulations for the organization, instruction and employment of the allied troops shall be drawn up according to one common principle, the initiative of which shall be left principally to Germany. The formation of the troops of the various states of Germany and of Austria shall constitute one sole army, without being considered strangers to each other.

"Armament shall be on a uniform basis, to the extent that the formations of one country shall draw their supplies from the



Webster in Cincinnati Times-Star

Regular old-fashioned Uncle Tom stuff

nearest depot in the other country, wherever stationed, without having to depend, as in the past, on supplies from some distant home base.

"The allied troops shall be brought into contact with each other for the purposes of educating them to mutual esteem, love, and appreciation. This principle shall guide the training of future officers, and an exchange of officers shall be organized between the German and Austro-Hungarian armies, so that the Austro-Hungarian officers may, as occasion requires, command German troops and vice versa.

"All preparations for future wars shall be made on a common understanding between the general staffs. This will require, naturally, close collaboration between the general staffs and the government ministers. All preparatory economic measures connected with eventual war shall be taken beforehand in time of peace and the necessary departments created.

"Railway lines and construction shall be erected and undertaken by both allies in common accord and on a unified plan."

Germany in this agreement has not killed Austria-Hungary, as she has killed the Ukraine and Lithuania and Poland, but she does have a strangle hold upon that nation's throat. What is left, then, of the empire that was once the pride of the Hapsburgs? Nothing save memories of her fortitude and a meaningless throne.



Fushell in St. Louis Star

Wi

Having very little in common with the ambitions of the German war lord, Emperor Charles has tried time and again to secure peace and break his bondage to Germany. Even before putting his signature to that twenty-five year treaty he endeavored to open negotiations for a separate peace. His inexperience in the game of diplomacy was against his success, however, and Premier Clemenceau, of France, caught him red-handed in a lie before anything could come of his efforts.

In giving his empire over to German control the Austrian emperor has realized, of course, that he is further alienating from the interests of the empire his slav subjects, who for the most part are Poles, Bohemians, and southern slavs. These people have been for many years on the verge of a revolution, and it has only been the clever moves of the Austrian politicians that have held them in check. These liberty loving peoples, having seen German kultur at work in Poland, Lithuania, and the Ukraine, are now more determined than ever to be free.

The young emperor's surrender has been accompanied by opposition even at home—especially on the part of the populace,

who through strikes, and demonstrations of one kind or another, have been loud in their demonstrations of antipathy to pan-Germanism and to Austrian junkerism. This has been felt keenly in Germany, and even by the liberal element in Germany, as witness Philip Scheidemann, leader of the majority socialists, for example, who had this to say in the reichstag:

"In Austria, unfortunately, exists the conviction that German policies have got into the dangerous waters of annexation. I myself have read in an Austrian newspaper: 'The German Empire hinders peace.'

"During the strike in Vienna crowds gathered respectfully around the Imperial palace. Not a single word was uttered against Emperor Charles. Abuse of the German Emperor, on the other hand, was not lacking. It is certain that the Emperor did not deserve such treatment at the hands of Austria. But if things have reached that pitch, he may thank the babbling of the fatherland party. One of the leading newspapers of the Conservative party has sounded the slogan: 'Free from Austria!' Our government and our parliament regard the maintenance of good relations with Aus-



From *De Amsterdamer*, Amsterdam.

German drill sergeant: Now, Austrians! Eyes front! Mark time! Keep your eyes on me! (Uncle Sam is posting "Peace Terms")



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Castel in New York Evening World

Verboten!



Bronstrup in San Francisco Chronicle

Family troubles

tria as self-evident. Yet the *Kreuzzeitung* writes: 'Break with our allies, in order that we shall obtain a free hand!'

"These groups, at any rate, go the length of arousing our own allies against us. To the Administration I will say the following: (I emphasize the fact that I cherish no personal animosity against them): Declare yourselves free from such influences, make yourselves absolutely independent, and if you can't do that, then please get out! If you can't bring about peace with Russia, get out, before you are swept out! Make an end to these policies of equivocation and stealth."

But it exactly suits junker Germany, the present status of Austria. Too closely associated with the German empire, her influence would directly counter those of Prussia's; in the position of a vassal of the German empire she is also subject to the dictates of Prussian policy. This is as true now as it was in the days of Bismark, who cunningly schemed for just this dominance of Prussia in the affairs of middle Europe. and as it was of von Moltke, who was fond of saying that Austria Hungary was a pasture for the grazing of the German cattle, and that when it suited her purpose she would claim her own.

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God bless you

Cassel in *New York Evening World*

Among the cartoons inspired by the Red Cross campaign none was more tenderly beautiful than this by Mr. Cassel.

It Happens in the



Sykes in Phil. Evening Public Ledger
If dreams come true
Copyright, 1918, by
the Public Ledger Co.



*Patrick in New Orleans
Times-Picayune*
A general walkout!



*Donahy in Cleveland
Plain Dealer*
Mr. Jones has gone to the
country for the summer.



Morgan in Philadelphia Inquirer Copyright, Philadelphia Inquirer Co.

The good old summer time

Best of Dog Days



Donahy in Cleveland Plain Dealer

"Maw, make Paw eat it right; he'll teach Willie bad habits."



Webster in Cincinnati Times-Star

The thrill that comes once in a lifetime



Berryman in the Washington Star

The vacationer's soliloquy



Flaschke in Louisville Times

Why should you hick?



From *La Baionnette*, © Paris

They are not all at the fashionable watering places



F. Thill in St. Louis Star

Fall styles, 1918

Women Will Win the War

They will win the war because in a very real sense it is a woman's war. It is the women who have suffered most; it is the women who had most to give up and to lose by the war—and it is womanhood that has the most to gain by allied victory—for with a conclusive victory over militarism and with a re-formed world in which women will be enfranchised, we may begin to dream of a warless world.

Women in all the allied countries have proved to be in effect a tremendous reserve army. True they have seldom been called upon to do actual fighting, but they have

made it possible to put into uniform practically every man who is physically fit for fighting. This has been absolutely essential in England and France and Italy, where a heavier drain has been made upon the male population than has been true in this country; but even America is witnessing a revolution, a slow but steady revolution, in the status of woman in commerce and industry. Already in munition plants they have made a reputation for efficiency that male workers in many cases might envy. There is the testimony of Miss Elizabeth McGrath, for example, who has been ap-



from The Bystander, London

CARRYING ON!

The Whitehall Girl—who is serving valiantly in clerical positions connected with the British war department



From The Bylander, London

CARRYING ON!
A London "W. A. A. C."



Kellen in Chicago Daily Journal

Copyright, Press Publishing Company

Miss Up-to-date

pointed a member of the inspection division of the federal ordnance department. After a recent survey of the munitions manufacturing field, she said:

"Although women are now employed in great numbers in the munition plants, there is room for hundreds more. Women are specially suited to the work of inspection. They are keen of eye and they can work efficiently in this branch, releasing men for service in the army or navy. Women can run machines, drill presses, and cutting machines.

"In this first survey of the ordnance department on inspection work it has been proved that in many cases women's work is better, more exact, than men's. In the plants where women are now employed it

has been admitted that there is a marked improvement in the general morale. Women are not afraid to go into the machine shops to work. I found that they are really anxious to do so as their patriotic duty."

In fact, in work that is essential to the prosecution of the war we have in this country no fewer than a million and a quarter of women engaged, while there is scarcely a walk of life in which women have not been called in to replace men who have been called into the fighting service. As "lift chauffeurs," as some one called them, they are quite the equal of men; as farmers, plumbers, and even painters they have shown themselves most adaptable. And when it comes to selling bonds and otherwise extracting money from the pock-

ets of penurious men folk, women have a way all their own.

In all this the American women have had the experience of the British women as a model. There are the "Waacs," for example. Now a Waac is not an extinct kind of bird or reptile at all, but a member of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, and the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps was first organized in Great Britain for the purpose of releasing fit fighting men. Membership, of course, was wholly voluntary. Some one

was telling us about its first appearance and its reception by the doubting Thomases (but not Tommies). It was not encouraging, to say the least.

When the first batch of recruits marched through London on their way to a training camp, the crowd was hilarious and incredulous. Nothing could be more mortifying to the average woman than the good-humored ridicule with which the first appearance of a khaki-clad body of women on the march was received. At Charing



The shield bearer

Macaulay in Butterfield Syndicate



Smith in Oakland Tribune

Copyright, Newspaper Feature Service

At your service

Cross a young officer had to call a halt and give out some instruction or other to her platoon. Across the jocular chaff and repartee of the pavement wits, her word of command cut sharply and clearly, but there was an unmistakably nervous tone in the voice which showed how the ordeal told.

Some months later a detachment of the women's army which took part in a procession in London was greeted with deafening cheers from one end of the city to the other. Probably the loudest cheers came from the soldiers who have had the opportunity of seeing for themselves, in France, that the women didn't join up for the sake of the uniform.

So successful have been the Waacs in releasing men for war work that an organ-

ization has sprung into existence for the purpose of releasing men from occupations connected with the navy—occupations, that is, of an on-shore nature. The members of this organization are known by the very attractive name of "Wrens," and though it is a new body, yet it has become a positive factor in the work of the navy, and already several hotels of a dormitory type are being erected in the neighborhood of the different ports where the Wrens will be accommodated. A very attractive kit has been designed. Officers, who will be described as director, deputy and assistant directors or principals, with deputies and assistants, will wear a dark blue coat and skirt with brass buttons and graded rings of bright blue on the sleeves to denote rank. Under this a white blouse and collar with a black tie

will be worn, and on the head a black cocked hat with a handsome badge, of blue and gold. A grant will be given for the purchase of this uniform.

Chief petty officers will be known as chief section leaders. For them there is a neat dark blue skirt and blouse, covered by a pilot jacket with gilt buttons. Their round cap will bear a special crown and anchor badge with the letters W. R. N. S. in gold. A blue serge coat-frock, a blue linen sailor's collar, a petty officer's cap and a thick overcoat will be the dress of the others, plus strong boots and stockings.

An aspect of these two British services deserves special emphasis at this point, and it is this, that women workers thus receive an official status. They are put on an official equality with the men whom they displace and who go into the trenches. They become a part of the war machinery in a sense that women do not who are kept out of uniform, even though they are doing work that is essential to the conduct of the war. It increases self-respect, it makes for a deeper interest in the war, and above all,

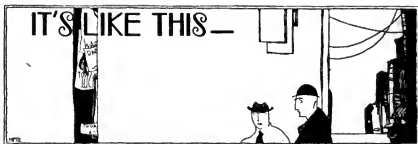
it is a training in team work and social and political discipline that does not come in full to the woman or the man without an official war status.

Thus at last British women are organized! They are organized as they never were organized in peace times for the securing of the vote. Through the place which they have officially achieved they are a part of the empire, a definite part of its administrative machinery; they have attained a national consciousness that suffrage or other organizations never could give them. Now then, our point: Great Britain will see to it that this consciousness is maintained after the war; the status of the women will be based on an equality with men; their energy and their enthusiasm will be harnessed up to national progress, and we never again shall witness such sex and class demonstrations as prevailed in the Pankhurst era before the war, when, with banners they were wont to attack anaemic statesmen as they ambled harmlessly along Whitehall, or sat in state at Westminster.



Blackmen in Birmingham Age-Herald

Mother: "I am proud, boy; proud that I am the mother of an American man!"



THE GENTLE GERMAN

This incident we publish for the delectation of those of our socialists who cannot sufficiently laud the kaiser and his piratical crew. We have it on the authority of the *Petit Parisien*. In the Domremy region, the story goes, a British flyer was brought down by a "spad," which was camouflaged by means of a French cockade. The affair took place at close range and at a low elevation that made the deception apparent to observers.

Incidents of this kind were heard of in the earlier stages of the war, but had become rather infrequent, due to the cumulative effect of their rage, we suppose. They have their counterpart in the infantry, where the huns, arms raised in kamarad fashion, advance for apparent surrender, only to whip out a knife or other weapon and murder their captors. It has its counterpart over here in those men who talk peace while the rest of us are busy giving the kaiser the trimming of his teutonic life. They have their counterpart in people who are suspecting everybody's disinterestedness except their own and talk continuously of swollen profits and selfishness, as though his pet views were more important than putting every ounce of energy back of the war.

ALL THE WHILE THEY SMILE

A Chicago lad has had very positive reactions to the poilus with whom he has come in contact in France. In a letter home

he puts the thing in this terse phrase: "They're not much on the parley vooing in English, but they sure can shake your hand and smile like hell!"

SHANTY SINGING

The attempted revival of chanty singing in the American navy has set adrift in London a warm discussion as to the etymology of the phrase. Some maintain that it goes back to chanter, to sing while others see in the word a first-cousin to chantier, a hut, or "shanty," a word with which we in America are more familiar. Our own opinion inclines to the former explanation, although shanty singing, as we learned first hand in the tall pines of Michigan, way back before the discovery of conservation, has a very distinctive quality—racy, sometimes lyrical, always full of color and atmosphere, but seldom distinguished by melody—in fact, the words were the thing, the tune was usually what might be regarded as a non-essential. There lingers in our memory a typical refrain, though the rest of the words have quite got away from us. Perhaps some authority on shanty songs (not "chanty" singing) can recall them to us. The refrain went like this:

"So merry, so merry, so merry are we;
We are the boys when we're out on a spree—

Hi derry, ho derry, his derry down,
Give shanty boys whiskey and nothing goes wrong!"

We understand, of course, that this "chanty" song contains a sentiment that

would hardly suit it to our navy, imbued as it is with the spirit of grape juice, but we felt it a duty to fix the fragment of song for the benefit of those antiquarians whose business it is to collect and preserve our old songs.

* * *

PANELS

The three on this and the following pages contain verses taken from one of the most distinguished volumes of poetry of the present year, "Poems," by Carrol Aikins, and published by Sherman, French and Company. By "distinguished" I do not mean what I mean when I refer to the Honorable John Somebody or other, congressman from the thirteenth district, as being a distinguished gentleman, but I use the word in this sense, that Mr. Aikins' verse is distinguished by unusual qualities of music and rhythm, by great simplicity of thought and structure, and, besides, by a decided lyrical note. If you like John McClure, whose new volume we praised a month or so back, you will like equally well Carroll Aikins in this new book.

* * *

OUR TRANSALPINE ALLY

America has reason to be proud of her opportunity to fight beside her Italian ally. In our cis-Atlantic aloofness from European affairs we Americans never reacted, as keenly as Europe, France and England reacted, to the Italian wars for liberation—the names of Mazzini and Cavour and Garibaldi have never meant as much over here, in this land of liberty, as we like to put it, as they should have done.

But war is changing all that, and we are rapidly learning, not only that Italy is a nation of great engineers and great scientists and great artists, but also a nation of passionate devotion to liberty. Our rapid assimilation of nineteenth century history

is teaching us all that, but more especially are we learning it from the achievements of the Italian army and the Italian people of today. Not only has Italy kept her fighting front intact, in the face of the most disheartening conditions that have faced any army—not excepting the Russian—but in individual actions she has thrilled the world with the bravery and the cunning of her men.

That recent affair of the Passo della Selve, in which two Austrian dreadnaughts were sunk, and one of a convoy of ten destroyers was crippled, by two tiny torpedo boats, which escaped unscathed—it is little wonder that the Italian nation was hard pressed to find a means of sufficiently honoring the heroes! It was easily the most brilliant exploit of the war. Beside it the stories of modern naval battles read like a collection of Sunday morning sermons.

For actions like this, and for the very big and generous part which Italy has played in the war from the very first, America will take a new attitude toward the Italians in her midst. From now on the more yappish among us will have a whole lot less to say about "wops" and "dagos," and about garlic and spaghetti, just as we shall have less tolerance for the stage Frenchman and the stage Englishman,

now that we have got right up close to the heart of our allies.

* * *

MAKING THEM FIT

Everybody can get back of a new proposal for a modified universal training. The modification is this, that there shall be tied up with the strictly military aspects of training a course in vocational training. This plan softens the harder features of military training, and would turn out our young men, not only fit in every physical sense of the word, but also would give

MY LADY OF THE LIGHT CANOE

*If the bent, hurrying god should say,
"Go, live again thy happiest day!"
With what a glad, swift-joyous heart
I'd run, and thrust the boughs apart,
Stoop to the water's edge, and you,
My Lady of the light canoe.*

*Out where the vigorous sunlight pours
A flood of gold on the tumbled floors,
Our paddles dip to the running wave—
Ah! Youth is merry! And Youth is
brave,
And the haven of Youth is the Isle of
Charms
And the wings of Youth are swift,
brown arms!*

them that intellectual discipline and training in some practical vocation that would enable them on going into civil life, at once to become producers and industrial and commercial assets. It would be almost a sure cure for the problem of our loafers. Lounge lizards would become a rarity, while pool rooms would have to take on a side line of desks and office supplies if they kept going.

* * *

TEUTONIC TOOTINGS

Not all the German humorists are on the editorial staff of the *Jugend und Kladderadatsch*. There is one in the Hun army, who, after the trimming our men gave the boches at Cantigny, and with Chateau Thierry but a day or two in memory, criticized the Americans for being weak on tactics! The German mind is the first to be critical on that point. There is but one way to do a thing, according to the Teutonic mind, and that is the way convention has decreed. They have never discovered that one of the first principles of tactics, equally with strategy, is to anticipate what the enemy thinks you are going to do, and then not do it; that if you think he is clever enough to follow your mental operations, make a short cut across your reasoning, and do the conventional thing; and that, if you think your opponent is unusually far sighted—but you see what I mean, so why go farther?

* * *

AFTERWARD

Germany, they tell us, is greatly concerned over the hatred which her method of warfare has inspired throughout the civilized world, and is taking steps to counteract it after the war. In all likelihood she is training an army of propagandists, who will flood Europe and America with

translations of the great German classics, who will hail the achievements of German science and scholarship, and who will see that pictures of the kaiser, not to mention the Crown Prince, are, through the easy connivance of vote-loving public officials, restored to school histories. But it will be too late. Civilization will never again trust a people who have betrayed her.

And then—there will be the Prussians in our own midst. They also will have some explanations to make after the war. We shall have a lot of talk from the socialists whose St. Louis platform breathed treason and treachery in every line, and who succeeded in repressing their passion to talk only when confronted by prison sentences; from the pacifists, in and out of the pulpit, pro-German pacifists, and people who are pacifists because they know no better; and finally from the politicians who have been

pro-kaiser in order to get the German-American vote. These folks are about as popular now as Ishmaelites ever are, but the moment peace is made and an end is made of prison sentences, these people will emerge from their solitudes and their silences and seek a place in the intellectual leadership of the nation.

Oh, they will have the audacity! They had the audacity to affront an entire na-

tion bound on war to the hilt, and certainly they will have the courage to face that same people under peace conditions, even though they have committed the unpardonable sin. But they have forfeited every claim to intellectual or political leadership, and it will be another generation that will see movements like socialism recover from their self-inflicted blow.

A safe rule to follow after the war will be this, to trust no aspirant to leadership who is obliged to explain his attitude toward the war. The issues have been too big, too sharp cut, to make it possible for

THE RIVER

*Through the unclanging city, girt and pent
With walls of granite, the slow river glides,
A drowsy woman, wrapped in changing tides
Of starry vesture, torn and sharply rent
By stabbing spire and shadowy battlement,
And, drifting 'neath grey bridges, dully chides
Her bastion-lovers with a weak lament
And droops to sleep amid her silent tides.*

any man really possessed of the qualities of leadership to have lost his way.

• • •

THE SLIPPING OF THE CHIP

And now the poker chip is to go, being rated by our preferred classification fixers as a non-essential. It will work no particular hardship on myself, who play, with an equal infacility, pinochle (only we don't call it that now), cribbage, and other low-brow games. And besides, as long as tooth picks remain on the list of essentials, we can still carry on in poker; and tooth picks failing us, we shall fall back on matches; and if it comes to the worst we can resort to beans, though it may be that these will all be canned, along with the chips.

• • •

WHICH REMINDS US

A friend of ours insists that the Yanks are going to wallop the Huns good and plenty for one reason above all others (of course there are other reasons, but this is first, the foremost, the ultimate—you know, that kind of thing), that Americans have the poker spirit bred into them, the first principle of which is to call the other guy's bluff. Do a bit of bluffing on your own account, when you can get away with it—but first and foremost and ultimately (you know, that kind of thing), call the boy across the table when you see him sitting, with a wooden face, behind a smoke screen that ascends from his corn cob. And this friend of ours may be righter than at first might appear. That swagger that the Hun assumed whenever the American army was mentioned—a lot of that is disappearing, and when the fight is carried to him, when you go after him with four aces, he backs right down and takes another swig from his bottle.

CIVILIAN UNIFORMS

We wish you to turn to another page in this issue of CARTOONS and see the picture of the beautiful uniformed "Waac," and opposite it the equally charming "Wren." Also observe those of our own girls who belong to emergency organizations of one kind or another and have donned service uniforms. Is there any man living who will not agree that these young ladies are far more engaging thus than they are in civilian dress. If we are any judge in these things, a neat, well fitted uniform on a young lady makes as strong appeal to men as a soldier's uniform makes to women. And we have seen more than one woman look with envy upon a trim, smartly uniformed sister, just as every man would like to wear a uniform, though not all are what would be called enthusiastic about fighting in it.

Now then, why cannot we all, the rest of us who are not already in service, have civilian uniforms, and all be comely, not only during, but after the war as well. The suggestion is not new, of course, but we bring it up again in all seriousness, because the civilian uniform would solve so many of our social and economic problems.

Socially the uniform would make for democracy. It is

IN THE ORCHARD

*I see God in my orchard every hour,
And in the downward pulses of the sun
I feel His heart beat, and I feel the
power*

*Of pregnancy in every passing shower;
And still I find His infinite spirit spun
In bud and blossom, and His bidding
done*

*By amber bees, and many a pollened
flower*

With mating song and silent orison.

*And when night hovers over field and
grove*

*With shadowy plumage, and all creatures
sleep,*

*Still on the lake the guardian waters
keep*

A lamping vigil with His stars above.

hard for a man to think in terms of democracy so long as he wears an imported tweed suit—you know, the sort of outfit that carries along with it a three dollar cravat, silk shirt, and that sort of thing—if the son of the proletariat with whom he talks has no shirt at all.

Economically the uniform would be of immense benefit since there would be removed the temptation on the part of the poor to dress beyond their incomes in the insane desire on the part of Mrs. Smith, say, who lives in Cabbage Row, to outdo

Mrs. Jones, who lives in De Puyster Boulevard.

Esthetically the uniform would have a tremendous advantage over our present grab-bag effects. There is not a soldier who, no matter how great his comeliness before the war, does not look far handsomer, vastly more distinguished, for having on a uniform. Why, the veriest private makes you feel that beneath the spot that a steel helmet is destined to decorate lies a major's talent.

The civilian, man or woman, would be equally transfigured. We older men, especially, whom smooth shaving and much massaging of scalp and cheek, and exercises for restricting self-assertion of the waist—we especially will be benefited. And the ladies—little as the dear ladies need the—er—er, eupulchritudinizing effects of uniform—yet even they would be benefited in the direction of a smartness that they had never dreamed possible, and if the uniform through the laws of environment made them rather more belligerently inclined, even this would add to their chic-ness.

As one result of the present war we will become accustomed to uniforms, even look upon them with favor—and this may be

the means of paving the way for what will undoubtedly be one of the next great social reforms—the universal adoption of civilian uniforms.

• • •

WHAT STARTED IT?

One of our friends who knew Berlin before the war maintains with fervor that the war was due to a lack of room in Germany for more verboten signs. And still another friend has much the same explanation, in a slightly different form. "They have gone the limit," he says, "in inventing ways of venting their fiendishness on their own people, and the only outlet now is to find new people to vent it on." Both explanations have the merit of going a long way toward explaining.

• • •

TURN TO THE RIGHT

And after all, is not that the real difference between Germany and America. Over there they go in for verboten signs; here we hold ever before us this motto of uplift, "Keep to the right!"

T. C. O'DONNELL.

□ □ □



From *The Bystander*, London

Hints to officers carrying on in Rome: do not talk to the driver, for, there being no traffic control, the streets are even more dangerous than the Italian treecies.

With the Cartoonists



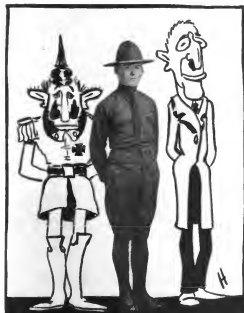
JOINING 'EM UP IN RICHMOND

No wonder Richmond is doing its hit, and then some, when it comes to getting the boys to enlist. Jim Henderson is there

in uniform, drawing cartoons and posters with a lure that can't be resisted. "I am enlisted in the army as a private," says Jim

in a letter to *Cartoons* readers, "and stationed in the U. S. Army Recruiting Station at Richmond. My job is to draw cartoons and posters to encourage enlistments. The cartoons are shown on slides in the leading moving picture houses of Norfolk and Richmond, while the originals are posted on bulletin boards in front of the recruiting stations of these two cities."

The accompanying illustration shows the cartoonist, etc.



This is Henderson, world's greatest recruiting cartoonist.

Oh You Animateds

You fellows who are doing animated cartoons, and also those of you who contemplate making the jump, will be glad to read these encouraging and inspiring thoughts, taken from the *Motion Picture News*:

"Nothing as hard to find as a good comedy. Nothing on which the exhibitor takes a bigger chance in the matter of pleasing his patrons or offending them.

"But on a cartoon there is no chance. It is one hundred per

cent good, that is not to say that all cartoons are of equal excellence. But there is never one of 'the so-called 'cartoon comedies' that isn't good for a laugh at some point, and, the best of them, such as those reviewed elsewhere on this page, are concentrated farce-comedy of the finest.

"Furthermore, it is, indeed a bad cartoon that offends against good taste. Like everything else on the screen, cartoons have followed the upward line in the matter of eliminating vulgarity, and it is seldom that the most fastidious can find reason for criticism. Indeed, there is something about a cartoon that makes it particularly popular with people who find most moving pictures banal and a bore. The mystery of 'how it is done' piques their curiosity, while at the same time they readily succumb to the vivacity and the real humor and humanity that underlie the little dramas."

Why They Buy the Star in K. C.

Somewhere in the pages of this magazine you will find a page of exquisite satire by Tom Machamer. The writer of these paragraphs can't give you further information, since at the hour of writing the editor refuses flatly to divulge the highly useful information as to what number the page will bear. Also in the July issue was a page in which Tom took a fall out of the slackers of the male aggregation.

Of course you will want



Neal D. McCall, of the Portland (Oregon) Evening Telegram.

to know more about Tom himself, wherefore we offer in evidence Exhibit A, which is an authentic photograph. "He looks young!" we hear you say. He is young, as years go, being nineteen, but he is doing work of a mature quality. He was born in Holdrege, Nebraska, and was drawing things as soon as his fingers were able to move a pencil. He was in school at five years of age, and spent, he says, "twelve squandered years perusing books whose contents struck me as being highly nonsensical." Anyway, at seventeen he was offered a position on the art staff of the Kansas City Star, which position he accepted, and, as he puts it, "I've dipped my pen in no other bottle since."



Tom Machamer says you're not to believe this picture—because he is not forty at all, but only—

And here is where the editors of Cartoons throw out their chests and emit a mighty "Ahem!" Listen: "I have never studied art under an instructor other than myself and the dependable pages of Cartoons Magazine. What little I have mastered I owe to working overtime and to an undying enthusiasm for the work."

McCall of the Portland Telegram

McCall is the Christopher Columbus, the Sir Walter Raleigh, the Henry Hudson, the LaSalle, of cartoondom. He has lived and worked under many climes. To start with, he was born in Ontario. Which is a mighty

good place to begin one's career in, we think. Then came the hegira, and the eventual settling on a western Oregon farm.

Like all cartoonists, he had his troubles with precise if misled school marmas, who are ever possessed of the insane notion that studying books is more important than learning to make 'em, and in course of time further continued his travels to San Francisco, where, with the thought in mind of becoming an illustrator, he spent two years in the study of art, part of the time in Boardman Robinson's life class. But the lure of the cartoon had begun to make its appeal, and after a time in the illustrating game he went in for cartooning, and accepted a position on the Sacramento Union, where he remained for a year and a half.

Then came a call from the Portland Evening Telegram, in which paper he has been doing splendid work in boosting the war and loan and other drives.

The Epistles of Paul

That's what we always call them, those cartoons of Paul McDowell's in the St. Louis Republic. There is a punch in them



Paul McDowell, of the St. Louis Republic. The drawing is by G. T. Coleman, Art Manager of the St. Louis Republic



First aid in the lower left-hand corner. One comrade is listening to the action of the patient's ticker, while the other is applying mucilage to give him a stiff upper lip. No, that is not the dear old right-hand lady's visiting card. It's a pit. Further west, the plump one is asserting with heat: "Sure, that's a human foot." The dog, whose name doesn't matter, anyway, is exchanging confidence with one of his master's visitors.

Rookie Cartoons

The cartoon on this page was done by Alban B. Butler, Jr., and is from a collection of the artist's cartoons published by the Palmer Publishing Co., New York City. The collection is entitled "Training for the Trenches," and is a sure cure for ingrowing

grouch, for the blues, and all that sort of thing. A soldier picked it up the other day from our editorial desk, and looking it through, remarked, "The man who drew these cartoons is a soldier. It's the real thing." Than which, etc.

that reminds you of the man who used to bawl out the Romans in those epistles of the apostles. When McDowell gets after the kaiser and that rotten bunch, they've been got after—we'll say they have.

He is somewhere around half way between twenty and thirty, is Paul, and was born and brought up in Nashville (now wait, you Tennesseans, you can't lay claim to having reared all the cartoonists, for this was not Nashville, Tennessee, at all, but Illinois). He had a lot more fun from drawing sketches of teacher and the kid across the aisle on the fly leaves of his geography than he did from learning to bound Timbuctoo.

He had a cartoon published in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch in 1912. Then came a period of free-lancing, with a spell at commercial art in St. Louis—and very recently he has accepted a position on the staff of the St. Louis Republic.

A Page of Pages

Just when we got ready for press with that drawing of Weinstein's, announcing the arrival of a little page at the home of Grover and Mrs. Page, there came in this other one by Little, which made two announcements. So we've decided to print them all in honor of the new recruit to the



THE JINA GETS ON
YOU AND YOUR IDEA
GOES BUM ———



AND THEN HIS WIFE
CALLS YOU UP TELLS
YOU QUAKER TR IS
SAYING DA, DA
OH! BOYS AIN'T IT
A GRAND AND
GLORIOUS FEELIN



Oh, boy!

force of American artists, and to the cartoon staff of the Nashville Tennessean in particular. In behalf of the whole body of cartoonists, Grover, Cartoons Magazine extends its heartiest congrats.

Poster Competition!

Those of our readers who do not know of the Ship Poster Competition and who wish to get in, will have to hurry. The notice came too late for insertion in our July issue, and the competition closes July 25th. One thousand dollars (we know it is a staggering amount, fellow cartoonists, but as it is broken up in smaller bits, you will survive) will be distributed, as follows:

Posters. Open to anyone (a citizen of the United States). First prize, \$300; second prize, \$150; third prize, \$50; honorable mention.

Posters. Open only to soldiers or sailors in the service of the United States (officers and enlisted men). First prize, \$100; second prize, \$75; third prize, \$25; honorable mention.

Posters. Open only to workers in ship-building plants and in plants whose output is connected with ship-building. First prize, \$100; second prize, \$75; third prize, \$25; honorable mention.

Posters. Open only to pupils in high and graded schools in the U. S. and its possessions. First prize, \$60; second prize, \$30; third prize, \$10; honorable mention.

The competition is being conducted by the U. S. Shipping Board with the assistance of the New York Sun, and all communications should be addressed to U. S. Shipping Board Poster Competition, Care New York Sun, 150 Nassau St., New York City.

American Press Humorists

The American Press Humorists held their annual meeting at Chicago for one week beginning June 24th. There were "funny men" from Manhattan to Mexico and Minneapolis to Mobile.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: Douglas Malloch, of the American Lumberman, President; K. C. Beaton, of the New York American, Vice President; and "Grif" Alexander, of the Philadelphia Ledger, Secretary and Treasurer.

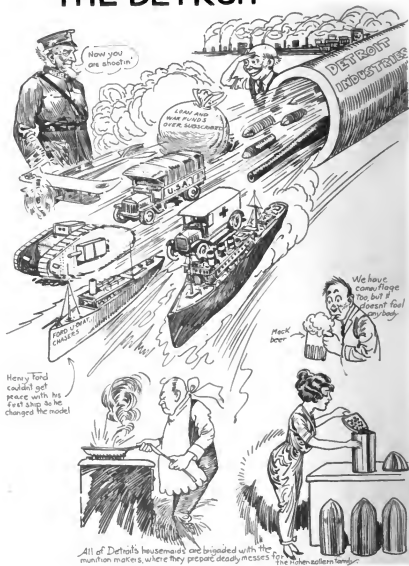
The "getting together" next year will be in Philadelphia.



LITTLE IN NASHVILLE TENNESSEAN

Congratulating Grover

THE DETROIT



BURT THOMAS, CARTOONIST FOR THE DETROIT NEWS, CONTRIBUTES DETROIT, THIS MONTH'S OFFERING TO OUR AMERICAN CITIES SERIES.

WAR FRONT



My papa is drilling with the limousine hussars and mamma is working for the Amervians.

A war orphan



Our street cars have the war spirit - all they think of is charging and they stop for nobody.



We have ruins too - our City Hall.



We are getting after the cooties



The only thing that hasn't gone up since the war



Yes, you birds laughed at Ford too

We have enough inventors to end the war by next Tuesday

Thomas

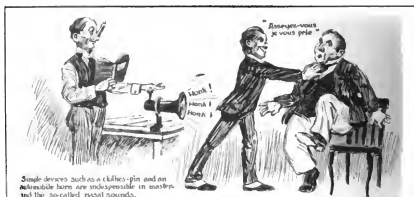


When the aviators of Selfridge Field visit Detroit, the casualties are heavy



Detroit units of the National Guard are holding a sector in Alsace.

Stop-press note: The Detroit Tigers have gone into seventh place—so they have gone up just a tiny bit since Burt made his picture. But cheer up, Chicago and Boston fans—they may slip again!



Simple devices such as a clothes-pin and an automobile horn are indispensable in mastering the so-called nasal sounds.

When asked a stranger to be seated, it's advisable to emphasize to some extent, for fear the remark may not be fully comprehended.



The difficult french 'u' becomes simple when demonstrated by an instructress who is more or less attractive



An attitude of poise is essential when you wish to convey the idea that a chair is at the ladies' disposal.

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Perry Barlow

"Parlez-vous Français?"

Here's Another One —



Every Little Bit

Gather life's t-bones while ye may,
For prices still are skyking—
That same cheap steak you scorn today
Tomorrow you may be frying.

A Matter of Garb

Have you seen this new dancer in the
role of an ancient prophet at Winterstein's?
Of an ancient prophet?
Yes. She has little honor in her own
country.

Oh My!

I guess that waiter
Must be flip
Who thanks us when
we
Leave a tip.

Not for Him

An Irishman was on
trial in a case involv-
ing slander. When the
time came to repeat the
exact words that had
been used, the witness
seemed reluctant to
give them. He con-
tinued to return eva-
sive answers to the
lawyer for the plaintiff,
until finally the judge
lost his patience and
said to him harshly:
"Tell me the exact
words you used."

The witness fixed his eyes earnestly on
the judge, and began:

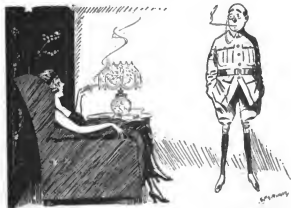
"May it please yer honer, you lie and you
stale and you get your livin' by cheat-
in'."

The face of the judge reddened as he ex-
claimed:

"Turn your face to the jury. Your words
should be directed to them."

Horrors!

I guess that poet
Is a nut
Whose tie is neat,
Whose hair is cut.



From London Opinion

LEGS

Wife: "That uniform does show up your legs so, dear.
I'm glad we didn't buy that Chippendale furniture—people would
have made such odious comparisons."



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Donald Ullsh

Celeste Marianne, who is with her "friend": Don't you just love frog legs, dearie?

Recitatively

Her name was Jane—Penelope Jane—
 (Gently)
 And her surname it was Podd, (Affec-
 tionately)
 And through the whole of her maidenhood
 (Impressively)
 She behaved extremely odd! (Mysteri-
 ously)

She loved—'twas an unrequited love—
 (Sadly)
 To her feet she failed to bring (Spite-
 fully)
 That gushing light comedian (Explana-
 torilly)
 Fred Fritzfarindon Fling! (Dittoically)
 Penelope Podd then thought it o'er (Pen-
 sively)



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by S. Delevante

"Hurry Mom! Fatty's prayin' to sister."

Till her eyebrows curled with rage (Dreadfully)
And grinding jealously her teeth (Dentistically)
Resolved to tread the stage! (Tragically)
A play was played—Penelope Jane (Dramatically)
Looked artless as she could, (Sideshowically)

And Freddy on his bended knees (Ossificationally)
Spoke as stage lovers should! (Idiotically)
The author's words were "Marry me!" (Unaffectedly)
She should have answered "Nay!" (Certainly)
But, thinking only of her love, (Naturally)

She gushingly said, "Yea!" (Of coursedly)

Lo! see the artfulness of Jane, (Cunningly)

Whose surname it was Podd, (Repeatedly)

And see the innocence of him, (Touchingly)

Who long the stage had trod! (Artistically)

For Jane she took him at his word, (Instantly)

(Though the author's words he spoke, (Conscientiously)

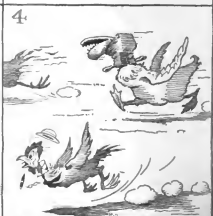
She'd bring a breach of promise case, (Expensively)

If he his promise brokel (Eternally)



From Punch, © London

A London inventor, according to Punch, now uses a mirror in mob scenes, thus releasing men for the front, where they are much needed.



Lang Campbell shows CARTOONS MAGAZINE readers that you can't always tell about a poor duck. Sometimes the duck is bugs, and sometimes the bug ducks.

Well! Well!

That friend must have some
Base intent
Who gives us back the
Books we lent.

Why go Further?

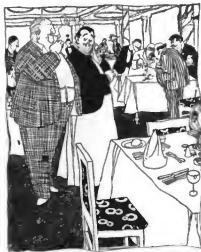
Percival Attaboy (to recruiting sergeant): Well, I suppose I'll have to go to work, now. Hope I can get a regular job.

Sergeant: You can; join the regulars and we'll give you the most regular job in the camp—washing dishes. Three times a day rain or shine.

Ausgespielt

From Savannah to Vancouver
We have heard you, Mr. Hoover,
The Administrator of the nation's food;
And your drastic, meager portions
Put our stomachs through contortions,
Though we take them in an uncomplaining
mood.

You have curtailed bread and flour,
And our candies now are sour,
While you do your best to minimize our
meat—



From London Opinion

Noblesse oblige!



. PHELPS.

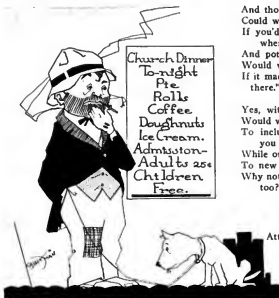
ITS AN ILL MINE THAT
BLOWS NOBODY GOOD.

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Dorothy Phelps

Yet with all these limitations
You have not disclaimed the rations
Which the Kaiser and the Boches like to
eat.

No, you do not mention schnitzel,
Sauerkraut or twisted pretzel
And all those different beers of German
brew.

Now, there's zwieback and bologna
And that Wienerwurst so phony,
Which I really think we also might eschew;



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by M. Rosenberg

"Backward, turn backward, O Time in thy flight,
Make me a child again, just for tonight!"

And those luscious Limburg cheeses
Could we scatter to the breezes
If you'd only give the signal every-
where;

And potatoes German-fried, sir,
Would we gladly put aside, sir,
If it made a difference to them "over
there."

Yes, with candor and with pleasure
Would we each adopt the measure
To include these foods with others
you taboo.

While our palates still maneuver
To new standards, Mr. Hoover,
Why not put a ban on German dishes
too?

One He Overlooked

Attila's shade beyond the Styx
With keen regret, re-
pined "Alas!

When I was at my Hun-
nish tricks,

Why didn't I think of
poison gas?"



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by G. F. Kaufman

Allen enemies!

At Rehearsal

"What ails the sailors' chorus, pray?"
For there was quite a hitch.
The manager replied, "Why, sir,
The tars can't get the pitch!"

Oh, Come On

That débutante seems
Out of place
Who has no make-up
On her face!

Who's Who?

When there's an addition at Lincoln Park,
Say, a tiger or kangaroo,
If he makes, as it's certain he will, his mark,
You'll find his career in "Who's Zoo?"

Aha!

The ruffian has contempt
For cranks
Who say "excuse me," "please"
And "thanks."



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Perry Barlow

The valiant one: I knowed yuh was a coward, Jimmie Tubbs!



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by R. B. Fuller

"Oh, Gertie, I can't help but feel there's a man watching us."

On the Blue River
 Paddling on the Blue
 In a trim canoe
 With a vision—you,
 Whom I'd like to woo!
 Though I take my cue
 From this bliss, I'm blue!
 Sky is dull in hue
 With great gaps of blue!
 There are shrubs—a few—
 Which are, also, blue!
 Everything in view
 Seems one color—blue!
 All is bitter rue,
 Blue, and blue, and blue!
 Why this sad ado
 Over blue, and blue?
 You are wed—ehue!
 And I'm married, too!

Keeping Them Fat

Army Chaplain, giving a new batch of German prisoners the once-over: My word, the blighters look healthy enough. And I hear they feed them fish.
 Captain: Yes—bloaters.

It Is Unpatriotic

To eat Hamburg steak.
 To eat Vienna rolls.
 To eat Westphalia ham.
 To eat Hungarian goulash.
 To eat Frankfurt sausages.
 To smoke Turkish cigarettes.
 To use Dresden china.
 To have German measles.
 To take a Turkish bath.
 To live a Bohemian life.

Festina Lente

For men and women, time and tide
 Are never known to wait,
 And, if they did, 'twont be denied,
 Some one would sure be late!

A Sad Swallow

Oh, he swallowed half a dollar
 And it lodged below the collar
 But by a stroke of scientific skill
 The coin was excavated
 When the surgeon operated
 And the man "coughed up" a
 twenty-dollar bill!



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Walter Wellman.

Mr. Waterbug: "I'm all right now if one of those submarine destroyers don't get after us."

School News



WANT TO LEARN TO DRAW

OHIO

1918

You must first learn the foundation principles of original construction. Through a remarkable series of plates, covered with sketches arranged in series form, the theory of original drawing is thoroughly explained in the Landon Course. School boys learn through this plan as readily as they grasp a regular school study.

Step by step, every phase of the work of successful newspaper artists is fully covered. Separately, these ideas are easy to understand. Collectively, they form a knowledge of drawing which few amateurs ever expect to acquire. Success comes naturally and in a logical way to Landon students.

NEWS NOTES OF LANDON STUDENTS

Cartoons are used for so many different purposes that it is difficult to enumerate them all. W. P. Smith, a Seattle student, writes that he is drawing cartoons for the Skinner & Eddy Shipbuilding Corporation, to speed up the production of ships. Charles M. Schwab recently wrote him a letter complimenting him upon his work.

A number of other Landon students are drawing for Army publications, including Don Palmer, on *The Sheridan Reveille*; W. P. Hicks, of *The Camp Dix Times*; Don Wootton, of *The Camp Sherman News*; Elmer Sager, on *The Canadian Machine Gunner*, etc. A number of other students in the Army and Navy are contributing to various publications, including *The Tattler*, *London Opinion*, and various home publications.

Gerald Costello writes that he is now drawing cartoons for *The Scranton Republican*; Abe Savrann writes that he has joined the art staff of *The Boston Herald*; Cres Mattingly has joined the art staff of *The Cleveland Press*. Reports are constantly coming in from others who are selling their work or securing positions.

For full information about the Landon Course, names of students who have made good, and evidence of what you, too, can accomplish, write, stating your age, to

The Landon School 1495 Schofield Bldg.,
CLEVELAND, OHIO



"That sign appeals wonderfully."

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Adventures in Whoozooland By George Morehill Drawings by Florence White Villars

The perennial graduate never fails to remind us of the man who shouted, "Beyond the Alps lies Italy!" but nobody ever relates the story of the author of that immortal phrase, "Tables reserved for ladies!" History lauds the man who cried, "Don't give up the ship," but is strangely silent concerning the man who gave us that undying, that matchless sentiment, "No minors allowed!"

I like to ponder upon some rallying cry that has stood the test of time, and picture behind it, and beyond it, something of the life, career, temperament and politics of the author. Thus when the mood is upon me, I meditate that awe inspiring legend, "Positively no checks cashed!" There spreads out before my mind's eye the panorama of

its origin, as I have ascertained it by studies in the University of Napanee, by hobnobbing with people who knew him, and where necessary by filling in between facts with

details which one's imagination, if trained, assures one must have happened. In this way I have come to know as much about the author of this phrase as about the author of the famous German classic, "Verboten."

Thus I know that he (John Abercorn Snively) was born at Coldwater, Michigan, June 12, 1869. He worked as a brakeman on the Grand Trunk railway and won the open-table pool championship of Coldwater at the age of twenty-two. Giving up the railroad business, he opened a restaurant in his native city. Although of a studious nature,



"One tremendous warning that deserves the popularity which it enjoys"

he was not noted locally for an epigrammatic style in literature. His masterpiece, "Positively no checks cashed," was written when he was brusquely notified by his bank that a check which he had honored for a casual customer had not come up to his expectations. Inspired by his turgid emotions, he sat down at his desk and dashed off the classic that has since become universally popular and has been translated and published in seventeen different languages.

In this phrase you discern, do you not? not only the terse information that make a saying intrinsically valuable, but also a beauty of expression, a warmth of feeling and occasionally the sad misgivings of a mournful author.

The same qualities inhere in that matchless injunction, "Deliver all goods in the rear!" You instinctively sense a sadness behind those bravely lilting words. There is a melancholic cadence about that cry of a breaking heart that to the understanding soul bespeaks a spirit saddened by the burdens of life. And true enough, I have discovered the author, one Harvey P. Postlethwait, to have been a soul apart—even his raven locks a-part, to have been crushed by a hapless and hopeless love, and altogether wrapped up in grief for thinking upon the somethingness of this life of corn-beef hash.

And before leaving the subject you, dear reader, may be interested to know that in its original setting, the phrase, now so famous, formed the closing line of a lugubrious quatrain, which ran thus:

"That life is only a swift-passing show,

Please think as you pass along here;

The ones who most dread it are quickest to go—

Deliver all goods in the rear!"

It is refreshing to turn from so desolating a reflection to consider the greatest pastoral

in our sign language, "Keep off the grass!" To the lover of nature, it is a phrase that appeals wonderfully. There is in it the tinkle of rivulets and the tang of the dewy meadow.

Another author of signs who has touched the true heart of nature is Horace Ellyson Doxology, the writer of that kindly advice, "Please don't feed the animals!"

Foreseeing the danger of the promiscuous consumption of peanuts and popcorn, this lover of the wild incorporated his fears into one tremendous warning that deserves the popularity which it enjoys wherever pink lemonade is on tap

throughout the civilized world today.

Not all signs are poetic. Some owe their lasting charm to quite another quality. Take that brief

but necessary sign, "Exit!" This appeared originally in the Laconia Bugle, and was composed by R. Timothy Dinwiddie. No time was wasted by the author in bringing the main idea to the reader's attention. There is no mere bandying of empty phrase; no idle persiflage; no redundancy; no roundabout suggestion; no thickly veiled hint of the author's thought and meaning; no hemming and hawing; no attempt to be funny; no attempt by literary arts to lead the reader up gently to the thought. It is a sign as full of meaning as all outdoors, yet the author has not dealt interminably upon his subject. He has come at once to the topic uppermost in his mind, has discussed it fully, though succinctly, and having concluded his subject, stops. As an example of forceful brevity, "Exit!" may well be studied by the young author whose style is in danger of becoming didactic or prolix.

Strange to say, "Exit!" is more popular, if possible, than its companion masterpiece,



"A phrase that appeals wonderfully"

"Entrance," also of Dinwiddial authorship. Why this is true is difficult to explain, yet the observant individual will not fail to recall that "Exit" is always illuminated with a bright red light, while "Entrance!" is given no mark of distinction whatever.

Just as they are varied in their style and construction, so too are signs varied in their meaning. Some legends are beneficent in their tenor; others carry a dire threat—a sinister warning. I have in mind that ominous clarion, "Watch your hat and coat!" It was written by a dyspeptic named Randolph Hugo Baird in a moment of depression. After indulging in a hurried brace of doughnuts, Baird left his place at the table only to discover that his new straw lid had gone out with another customer. The rogue had left in its place a hat that had lost much of its newness. Besides, the hat that was left did not fit Baird. It is a surprising fact that while your hat is always a perfect fit for the man who carries it away by mistake, the one he leaves behind on the rack is always at least two sizes too small for you, unless you have but recently had your hair cut. Either that or they are equipped with a pink band. I have undergone this distressing experience at least a dozen times. It is one of the little mysteries of life that I suppose I shall never be able to fathom.

But back to the hatless Baird. Looking in vain for the hat, he took the mat-

ter up in a vehement manner with the manager of the place, giving utterance during the altercation to those words that have since become famous. The proprietor of the establishment was immediately impressed by the logic and directness of what Baird had said, so that he at once incorporated the sterling advice in a sign that has since run into its twenty-seven thousandth edition. Baird, hopelessly addicted to doughnuts, has passed to his reward, but his immortal sage-like phrase, for whose authorship he never received a cent in royalties, "Watch your hat and coat," is known and heeded around the world.

While many of our signs have been the result of a sudden inspiration, others have been the product of laborious effort. Did not Luke Enright Pogue spend three years on his classic, "Stop, Look and Listen"? His first version was, "Hesitate, Observe and Lend an Attentive Ear!" This was discarded, because the train had passed before the reader could finish the sign. Another discarded version was "Hear! Hear!" He was pleased with the poetic effect of the sign thus produced, but felt that he had not covered the ground thoroughly. He was even dissatisfied with the finished sign as we know it, and



FLORENCE WHITE WILLIAMS

"Besides, the hat that was left did not fit Baird."

died of a broken heart, it is said, because he could not think of an appropriate word for the other arm of the sign-board.

No review of sign-board literature would be complete without at least a passing reference to the new school of sign authors, admirably represented by Alexander Dumas Dippeldorf, author of "Free air!" In his popular sign, the author has caught the spirit of modern progress. There is in his classic the whirl of the motor and the twang of the casual puncture. "Free air!" has something of the vast reaches of the open in it. It sings of the call of the road, and while lacking some of the delicacy of feeling and richness of expression of our more classical signs, it is destined to have a long run.

Perhaps, no writer has a keener appreciation of fine satire than Flavius J. Pokorney, whose inimitable sign, "Welcome!" clearly establishes him as a writer of the subtly smart. This reputation for pungent satire has been increased by his more recent work, "Patrons are requested not to tip the waiter," which appeared anonymously a few years ago.

Again, a lamentable majority of our best signs have about them the stilted atmosphere of decadent Europe, but strangely enough some of the best signs have a distinctly American flavor, suggesting the wide

plains of Kansas and the pines of Michigan. A noteworthy example of the American style is, "Open all night!" by Rector Hesperus.

There is in "Open all night!" a spirit of hospitality and good cheer that seems typically American. Two other signs by the same author serve to fortify his claims as a writer of great heart and buoyant good nature. They are "Walk in!" and "Push!" both of which have been deservedly popular, the latter having been published in the Square-Meal Magazine, then syndicated in forty different newspapers. It has also been dramatized, running in New York for six hundred consecutive nights, and in Chicago for double that number. Several other cities have greeted these plays with large bouises. However, "Push!" has not yet reached most of our American cities.

It is regrettable that there is not somewhere a regular "Who's Who" of legend writers, a sort of sign manual to give us the information that clusters about this important branch of literary endeavor. Perhaps some day a modern Bartlett will leave his pears long enough to collate the various sign-board inscriptions and place them in poetic classification, with biographic accounts, for the adulation of oncoming generations.

□ □ □



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine

Back to earth!



Copyright, 1918, by John T. McCutcheon

McCutcheon in Chicago Tribune

A game two can play

We Have Met the Hun-ems

What happened to the recent German drive should teach Germany not to burn her alibis behind her. It was to be a *friedensturm*, or peace drive; it was to be the smash that would open the gates to the march on Paris; it was not a mere diversion, but, coordinated with a drive against the English line held to the north by the army of Crown Prince Ruprecht, of Bavaria, it was to be the stroke that would end the war.

The stage was all set for the action that began early on the morning of July 15th. The people at home were to be enheart-

ened, since the situation at the front was particularly favorable to a final action. The American army existed only on paper, while the Foch strategy was strategy only in name. An article that appeared in the *Berlin Vössische Zeitung*, written by Eric Salzmann, contains the elements of the sort of stuff that the German government was feeding its people—through an inspired press—representing a delusion in which the German government indulged even itself.

"The Americans will not come in full strength," said Salzmann. "They are, indeed, the heavy thunderstorm, the black cloud



Rogers in New York Herald

Standing him on his head

may look threatening, but it is often only a threat and in the evening the sky is clear. Just as a storm is temporary, so is American aggression. We must meet it quietly. America can do nothing in spite of her numbers."

Salzmann asserted that America had prolonged the war with speeches and counsel, and by strengthening the morale of the European enemy. This, of course, must not be underestimated, but the Americans had not been able to help Foch regain an atom of initiative.

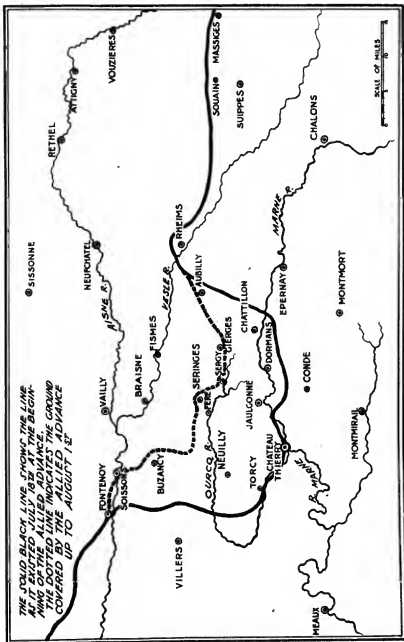
The American and Italian armies, according to Salzmann, have only enabled Foch's force to become mobile. Foch could also fill up gaps, but has hung to positions merely for reasons of prestige in the same manner as in the Verdun battle. As to the matter

of saving men and becoming mobile, Salzmann says, Ypres, Arras, and Rheims are today man traps and entente points of honor. They eat up divisions, but holding them is militarily useless, as Germany soon found out.

"There is no reason," Salzmann goes on to say, "to take these places by force. They (the Germans) could do it daily. The French with their tactics have run into a blind alley. The French army showed itself incapable of big decisions, and was afraid to make a big move on account of public opinion, and had not means or men to undertake an important counter offensive."

Salzmann asserts that the German General Staff can make free decisions for pure defense or offense, and that although neutral countries may be impressed by the "small"

THE SOLID BLACK LINE SHOWS THE LINE
AS IT EXISTED JULY 18TH AT THE BEGIN-
NING OF THE ALLIED ADVANCE.
THE DOTTED LINE INDICATES THE GROUND
COVERED BY THE ALLIED ADVANCE
UP TO AUGUST 1ST





Racey in Montreal Star

THE VIGOROUS YOUNG EAGLE'S FIRST BAG

Winning his spurs over there

allied attacks of the last few weeks, they do not count. He says it is astonishing that all neutrals are convinced that the Entente is unconquerable, and claims that this idea must be shattered, but not by propaganda. "We are in a good position," he asserts, "through the successful offensive of the first half year."

Salzmann declares that the French are bound and must stick to the certain program. They cannot allow the line from the northwest to the southeast to be broken, which was in peril from the crossing of the

Marne. Paris must be defended as the heart and soul of the whole military defense of the country. The whole French, English, Italian, and American defense is so rigid, he proceeds, that a wavering in one spot must endanger the whole front, and "here lies the difference of our western defense, since Ludendorff and von Hindenburg took command."

All the Berlin comment previous to the drive, and even during the first hours of the drive, had to do with the disparity between the American claims as to the number of

Yankees in France, and the forces actually there. German critics had it that at most there were but a few hundred thousand Americans in France.

Then came the morning of the 15th, and the blow by the Crown Prince, which fell from Chateau Thierry on the Marne, where earlier in the month the American Marines had covered themselves with glory, to Main de Massiges, east of Rheims, a battle front of sixty-five miles. East of Rheims the attack was a complete failure, but the fighting of the first day carried the enemy across the Marne in several places, including the front held by American troops east of Chateau Thierry. The Americans, however, organized a counter attack, and drove the enemy back across that portion of the Marne held by them, capturing fifteen hundred prisoners, including an entire brigade staff.

The German lunge across the Marne was directed primarily at Epernay, and then Chalons, but it was effectually stopped within the first thirty hours by the French, American and Italian troops, and by the 21st a fierce counter drive had got the enemy back to the right bank of the stream, and driven them out of Chateau Thierry.

By this time the Franco-American forces had made great headway in a drive begun the 18th against the German line, beginning at Fontenoy, to the north-west of Soissons, to the Marne as far east as Jaulgonne, the drive carrying the allied troops as far east at one point as the gates of Oulchy (which fell the 25th), and threatening Fere-en-Tardenois, the key to the salient, which fell the 28th.

On the 24th there had appeared a new force west of Rheims—British divisions released from General Haig's forces by the discovery that certain German divisions opposite him were being sent east to the assistance of the Crown Prince. The British began a movement that had as its objective the city of Fismes, which is a center of rail arteries that are vital to the movement of German troops and their supply—but, what is more important, both to the allies and to the enemy in the present phase of the battle, the city is a vital factor in any plans of the enemy for escape from the pocket in which it finds itself.

At the present writing, July 31st, the position of the enemy is precarious, inasmuch as the continued nibbling of the Americans on



Orr in Chicago Tribune

Germany: Poor Wilhelm! He has von another "victory"!



Horney in St. Joseph News-Press

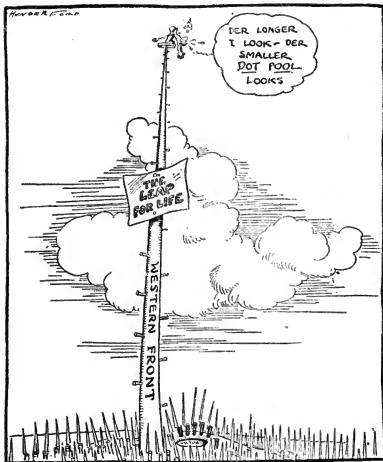
Snagged

the west side of the salient, with the forward movement of the British on the eastern side, and especially so long as progress is made in the direction of Fismes—the position of the enemy, we say, is precarious, inasmuch as this two-fold movement by American and British troops has the effect of pulling together the strings of the pouch that threatens to entrap the German troops, estimated to be no less than half a million men.

The enemy can undoubtedly extricate himself, with a large part of his army, provided he is willing to sacrifice the required number of troops to combat the vicious rear-guard actions which characterized the last few days of July, under the tremendous pressure that is being exerted on all sides of the pouch.

By the 25th the entire salient had come under the fire of the heavy artillery of the allied armies, and terrible punishment was

being meted out to the enemy. All the lanes of supply were being attacked, and German troops were going for days without food; the allies had complete control of the air; the enemy was being attacked with gas, his own favorite weapon; the drive was being pushed with a ferocity and a spirit that the enemy had never experienced before—these things were sufficient to lower the morale of the German troops to the breaking point—so much so that machine gunners were found in some instances chained to their guns. Comparatively few German prisoners were taken—when the magnitude of the operations is taken into consideration. So impetuous was the allied rush, once it got under way, that time was taken merely to send to the rear men who readily surrendered, and to put down every show of resistance by the quickest measures possible.



Hungerford in Pittsburgh Sun

Evidently the high diver is becoming slightly nervous

The drive has been fruitful in the destruction of enemy artillery. At the time of writing the counting of guns and other equipment has not been completed—but the number of field guns taken runs past the five hundred mark, while machine guns captured or destroyed mount to more than a thousand.

The important question, from the standpoint of future fighting, has to do with the new line which the army of the Crown Prince will occupy. If the enemy can hold Fismes, there is a bare possibility of his being able to occupy a line formed by the

Vesle river, running from Soissons in almost a straight line to Rheims. With Fismes lost, he would be obliged to fall back to the Aisne. Here the next few months he will have to be occupied in pulling himself together again, while other armies, practically intact, keep the allies occupied elsewhere—probably in Picardy.

The encouraging feature of the struggle, from the point of view of the allied command, is the manner in which the American troops have made good. They have behaved like veterans; always they have done the right thing; and if they have displayed what

Tuthill in *St. Louis Star*

Laughing last

amazed the Germans as a fiendish display of "pep," they were at the same time in perfect discipline, going out after the Hun with just one determination, to get him—if not alive, then dead—it mattered little, in the excitement of the drive, just so they got him. More than a quarter of a million of them were in action, giving the kaiser and his crew just a sample of what they may expect next summer in the nature of a fight to a show down.

And now is seen the importance of keeping one's alibis intact. During the first few days of the fighting, so great was the desire of the German command to enhearten the

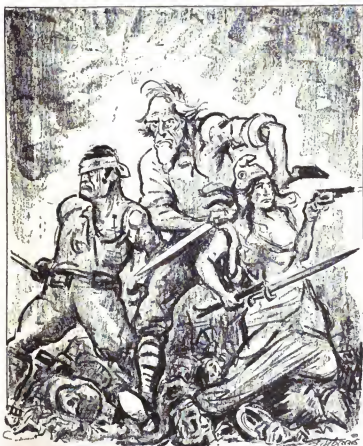
folks back home, that they announced that hundreds of thousands of Americans had been taken prisoners. This statement was sent out by the official Wolff Bureau. But apparently there would be difficulty in capturing hundreds of thousands of troops, when only a handful were over. To set matters right, therefore, a correction went out through the Bureau to the effect that the report should have read that tens of thousands of Americans were captured. Thus by its foolish and useless policy of belittling American efforts in the minds of the German people, the high command was obliged to deprive itself of the most satisfactory alibi

it could have found,—American might and enthusiasm,—and to say that the allied victory was possible through the treachery of a German soldier, who had betrayed to the French commanders the plans of the impending German drive, with the consequence that the allies were all set for a counter drive.

This mistaken attitude toward American effort has reacted in another way; it has not only made Germany ridiculous and thus lowered her prestige, but it has compelled a lessened respect for German military judgment

among both her allies and neutrals. Already there has been a distinct change in public opinion in Spain, for example, while it has been difficult for Holland to restrain its mirth at the difficulties in which a short sighted military policy has placed the kaiser.

Von Hindenburg and Ludendorf are compared to Foch, always to the advantage of the latter, especially as it becomes more and more apparent that initiative has passed entirely out of the hands of the German command to the allied leaders.



Morris in New York Evening Mail

"I'm a little late, but I'll make up for lost time."



Donahy in Cleveland Plain Dealer

The land army gets its first lesson in the eradication of the potato bug

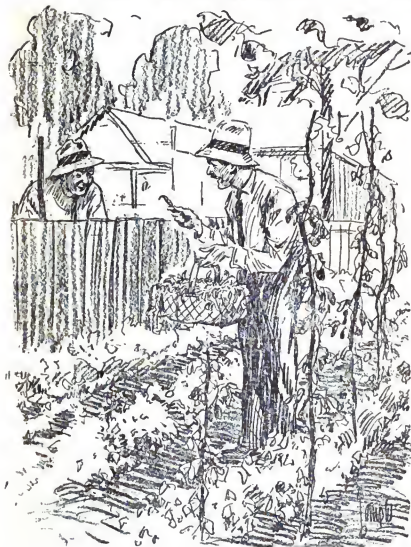
How Does Your Garden Grow? By Douglas McFee

(Douglas McFee's garden came out alright in the end, for Wilkins moved out of the neighborhood a few days after the cat fight. The tomato crop, as you might imagine, was a failure in a way, and the potatoes never recovered their accustomed vigor, but the onions and beets were good. We have asked his permission to publish these notes from his journal—because they illustrate how a man can be a gardener and still retain a spiritual, as it were, way of looking at things.—THE EDITOR.)

I did not write the following paragraphs with the thought that they would ever see print. I do not wield a facile pen, any more than I manipulate a skillful hoe, but the editor, beguiled perhaps by a mess of greens that I sent him, wanted to go a step further and sample the notes that I inadvertently informed him I had made from day to day, with the following result. I give them just as I wrote them, fresh, as it were, with the aroma of onion tops about them, and with all my colons and semi-colons invio-

late. I begin in mid-summer and select at random.

August 2nd: Up at five and collecting potato—er, beetles. The question rose in my mind, which came first, the potato or, as Wilkins, giving the beetle its Latin name, calls it, the "pompidiculus hookomosus." Or in plain words, was the beetle made for the potato, or the potato for the beetle? Anyway, my pity for Adam has subsided to the congealing point. Any man with a



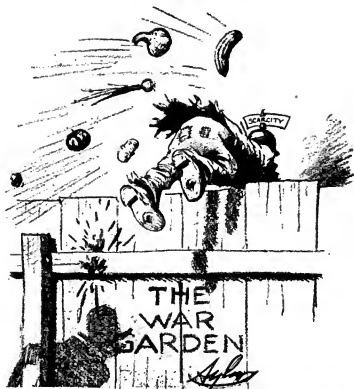
Temple in Cleveland Plain Dealer

"Got all my seed back anyway."

hookomosusless garden who talks about work and the sweat of his brow is a piker.

August 9th: Discovered a new kind of beetle—its habitat the shady side of my cucumber leaves. This, Wilkins [Wilkins I neglected to say above lives just over the

fence] tells me is a cukomosus, a first cousin to the hookomosus. The hookomosuses, by the way, do not eat the leaves of the potato, Wilkins tells me, but feed upon tiny insects that fly close to them, just as frogs snap out at the flies that happen within their reach.



Sykes in Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

Copyright, 1918, by the Public Ledger Co.

With the compliments of the season

That may be true of Wilkins' hookomosuses, but over the fence in my garden they eat anything, even to the leaves of the plant—for when I went out this morning I found the plants stripped.

August 10th: Wilkins tells me instances are on record of beetles eating the potato plants, and says I should put some arsenate of lead on my potatoes.

August 13th: Used the arsenate yesterday. The hookomosuses must have got sore about it, and turned around and stung the plants or something, for they (the plants) are dead—as yellow as a Hun. Wilkins says the hookomosus will do that, it is that temperamental.

August 15th: A new devourer—a green sausage-shaped worm that eats whether it is hungry or not. Asked Wilkins about how

to dispose of it and he says that a well aimed shot from a BB rifle is the surest way—that pinching them between your fingers, or clubbing them to death, and methods like that are too messy. One cannot dig in a garden and see nature in all her manifestations of beauty without becoming spiritually minded. Those darned cukamosuses have gnawed a hill of cucumbers dead. Wilkins says to use ether on them. This is an operation he says that never fails to work. Tried the BB stuff on the tomato dragons; after a half-dozen shots succeeded in potting one of the seven-horned beasts, but in the act I also succeeded in clearing the stems of five of my biggest tomatoes and in giving the dog a wallop in the eye that may cost him his sight, the veterinarian says.

August 16: Ether may be allright for

some bugs, but not for the eukamosus. Ether is the eukamosus equivalent of root beer. It makes 'em feel good and perky, and they tell jokes among themselves—nothing rough, but just jolly. This war garden stuff is making a new man of me—better color, better sleep, better nerves. And my outlook upon life is taking on a spiritual tinge.

Must ask Wilkins about cabbage worms. My cabbages are full of 'em, and something

tells me they are full of cabbage. They are the handsomest of all my pet pests—long, silken creatures, green as the cabbages upon which they feed, and of a temper and poise that nothing seems ever to disturb. Of them and their serenity it can be said sure enough that here is a worm that does not turn.

August 16: Wilkins says that the cabbage worm changes, in time into a yellow butterfly, and that the best way of dealing with



Finch in Denver Post

And they used to kid their wives for gossiping over the back fence

them is to wait till they flutter forth in all their canary-like glory and then as they leave the home cabbage capture them with an entomologist's net.

August 17th: The potatoes show signs of recovering from the arsenate shock—there are faint touches of green about the netter stems. Examined my onions to discover if they have any pet bugs. Wilkins insists they haven't; but somehow I suspect Wilkins' judgment. He is a decent soul, and a good over-the-fence neighbor, but he believes too thoroughly in bugs and things. He's like one of these poor duffers that read about neurasthemia and St. Vitus dance, and immediately sets about making a collection

of symptoms—all tagged and labeled, and dusted off and polished every morning till they shine like a set of new year's resolutions.

August 19th: I'm surprised I never took up gardening before. It has brought out a new side of me, a more gentle side, I might say—this reverie was broken into by a terrible snarling and hissing in my tomato bed, which proved to be Wilkins' cat and our gentle pussy in a ten-round cat-as-cat-can wrestling match. I'll not be troubled any more with tomato—er worms—it's all off—every tomato knocked to the ground and ready to be picked. The harvest is a bit premature, but thorough.

□ □ □



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by William Worthen

AND WATERED FROM THEIR SPRINGS, PROBABLY.

"Aw, come on oow—you needn't tell me they plant lettuce in beds!"



Copyright, 1918, H. T. Webster

Webster in Cincinnati Times

"They also serve"

Doing Without Will Win It

One of the most important of America's victories has been a moral one—by which we mean the readiness with which we have learned to do without things. Strange as it may seem, it was taken for granted that we would give up husbands and fathers and sons and sweethearts without a great deal of sorrow, but that there would be another story when it came to parting with the luxuries that we had grown accustomed to.

But we have surprised ourselves and our allies. Our men and women have submitted, gladly, to every war-time restriction that our officials have imposed upon us;

where these restrictions have taken the form of requests, where doing without has been made voluntary, we have done without sugar and without meat; we have eaten tasteless bread and called it good; our men have economized on smokes in order to send them to the Sammies; we are doing without accustomed new suits, or where new suits were imperative have bought low-priced ones, in order to save money for bonds and thrift-stamps—all because everyone feels that if he cannot fight he can at least save, as a part of his bit.

Before we got into the war we frequently



Reynolds in Portland Oregonian

Speaking of new war taxes

heard this argument, that Great Britain and France would be quite as willing to have us remain neutrals as to see us in the fight—because as an important food producing nation, without the sustenance of huge armies of our own to be concerned about, we could render the greatest service to the allies as a granary, a sort of international larder. In other words, we could not feed the world and fight too.

But we have demonstrated that we were capable of doing both. We have been enabled to get more than two million men under arms, while at the same time we have fed the allied world and made it possible for Mr. Hoover to say, as he did recently in London: "We can say emphati-

cally that all anxiety as to the great essentials of food is now past. While the Germans are suffering with hunger, the allies are safe from famine."

"It will be the joint conclusion of my colleagues in the European countries," he went on to say, "that we can get along with a less moderate mixture of other cereals in the loaf and thus provide better bread for the 220,000,000 people who are opposed to Germany."

Mr. Hoover said that the allies' food administration for the next harvest takes on a new phase and that the submarine menace no longer threatens the day to day supply.

"Taking a broad view," he said, "one outstanding and dominating fact is perceived

within the enemy lines—namely, hunger. The conquered people, already hungry, are being slowly but surely starved and their loss of life through starvation during the period before the next harvest will be far larger than all the casualties on the western front."

This is not to be taken as a blanket permission for everybody to end his economies, but rather as an assurance that our efforts are yielding practical results; and as an encouragement therefore to continue.

The newer aspects of conservation have to do with prohibition and saving at the garbage can. A dry America is certain to come if the war continues; the coal operators of the country have gone on record

to the effect that we must choose between coal and alcohol.

The efforts to reduce the contents of the garbage can will, if successful, effect a veritable revolution in American eating habits. Food that formerly went into the American garbage can would alone support a small army in France.

The habit of throwing away perfectly good food had the further disastrous effect that it discouraged thrift. People who threw away good food would with as little thought throw away good money. But war is having a corrective influence, and the habit of thrift and saving, it is to be hoped, will be so firmly implanted in our minds as to long survive the war.



Tutthill in St. Louis Star

The merry monarch

THE LITTLE MAN AND THE WAR



By A. H. FOLWELL
Drawings by Ralph Barton

I am not a demonstrative man. By heredity, training and environment, I am meek and, I think I may say, mild. I have come to middle age by way of the side paths of life, leaving the center of the road to those pushing, breezy fellows who have confidence in themselves. I am not warlike, even in war times.

I have read of men so soldierly that the martial nature of their calling was apparent to all in the flash of their eye, the squareness of their shoulders and the swing of their gait, even though at the time they were clothed in citizen's garb. The reverse is descriptive of me.

Not even a general's uniform could make me look the soldier. In it, I should suggest

nothing so much as a singularly ungainly and uncomfortable character at a masquerade. Up to the present, Grant, I think, has been my favorite military idol, and vaguely for the reason that Grant made such a poor figure in uniform, judged by the standards of men's clothing advertisements.

And yet, in spite of my unwarlike appearance I am nothing of a pacifist. I doubt if in all the United States there is a more earnest, if quiet, supporter of the war than myself. Hints of peace find me totally unresponsive, even hostile. Rumors of negotiations rouse me to protest in a way that surprises me, knowing myself as I do. I know—perhaps I should whisper it—that I shall regret the end of the war.

Having started, I may as well keep on. This is in the nature of a confidential monologue; not one of those tense, terrible narratives such as Bastile prisoners used to write on fragments of their ragged linen; but the sober, unemotional confession of a little man, who sets it down soberly and unemotionally on a typewriter, of after hours. In that trio of words, "a little man," you have my starting point, and the rest is readily summarized. Formerly I was Nobody; along came the greatest war of history, and gradually I have become Somebody. Very gradually, I may say, but surely and unmistakably. Just between ourselves, I don't mind saying that for years I have regarded myself as the human embodiment of the figure of "The Common People" which used to be shown in the cartoons. True, my eyes are not crossed, and I do not wear foolish little side whiskers, but in all essential respects I have pictured myself as the flesh and blood counterpart of this pen and ink person. It has seemed as if I must have posed for it, so strong has the impression been. My daily rut was deep—so deep that I early despaired of ever seeing over the top. My daily life was to move back and forth in it—slow or fast as necessity pulled the string.

Then, as I have said, came the war. You will pardon me if I repeat myself; repeating myself day by day has been more than a mere habit with me; it has been the essence of my existence. Then came the war—and one day, on a very busy business street, a woman smiled at me and spoke. She was a very pretty woman, young and richly dressed, and naturally my first thought was that she was addressing some one else, some one just behind me, and my second thought was that she had mistaken me for somebody she knew. But no, her words were meant for me. They were few, but cordial without restraint. She said:

"Won't you buy a Thrift Stamp, please? I just *know* you will."

But even this extraordinary incident—extraordinary in a life such as mine—might have passed out of recollection had I not observed in my paper next morning a snapshot portrait of this very same young lady at her work of selling Thrift Stamps. I recognized her instantly, and with what a start! Her name was one which I had frequently come across on the Sunday Society pages while "reading from left to right." Sometimes it had been in bathing groups at Palm Beach. At others, in luxurious lounging attitudes under a sunshade at Pinehurst



"A very pretty woman smiled at me and spoke."

by my trolley in their motor cars, I formed quite naturally in my mind messages of fellowship. They, too, were going out into the open for a brief respite from the penalties of prominence.

But for me the respite was not to be. I left my trolley at a shady sidepath and, strolling parallel to an impressive fence, studded at intervals with curt "No Trespassing" placards—it was the suburban home of a family most noted in society—I came in a few minutes to a lodge gate and the parking space of a number of expensive motor cars. There were several young ladies about the Gate, and I recognized them at once. They were my friends. Two of them fairly ran to me, competing in laughing rivalry for the privilege of reaching me first.

"Red Cross lawn fete, right through the gate," they cried in unison. "Tickets only fifty cents! Thank you!"

For of course I bought one. Luckily, it was Saturday, and pay day, for sometimes I have only lunch money and carfare with me. But I did not enter. I felt that I needed repose and privacy more than ever, and I faltered some excuse about being glad to contribute, but not having time to stay. I

remembered that a year previous I had presumed to enter by that same gate, while out for a week-end walk, and that a lodge-keeper, an under gardener, or some other menial, had shouted at me: "Get—out of here! Get out! Yes, I mean YOU!" A year ago a minion had ordered me out as he would a poacher. This year, the daughter of the mansion, herself, had urgently asked me, ME, in. The war had done this thing. I walked on rapidly, beset with emotions that fought with one another.

And so it is, and so continues. I am the same person I used to be; my name, address and circumstances are the same, and yet I am different. My mail is increasing; it has trebled. I have been asked to sign petitions. I have been asked even to help in a "drive."

But what of the end? Day by day, the war draws nearer to its close. When peace comes, what will it do to me? Have I a future? Or will it be but a resumption of the past? Who knows? Can you wonder that my quiet little voice is for war? It is pleasant to be Somebody, and to feel that the glad hand and the glad smile of society—yes, and of Society—are for me!

□ □ □

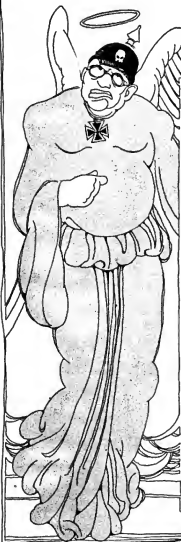


Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Charlotte Misk

Plumber (to girl who has taken up plumbing to release a man for the front): Well, whatcha forgotten?

Girl (proudly): Not one thing!

Plumber: You ain't? Well, by crickey, I ain't surprised! I told the boss a woman couldn't never make good at this business.



Gott & Co.

Gott

*I am der Gott,
Der Gott of der Supernien,
(Sometimes called Germans)
Der Gott who iss ever
Mit dem und mit W'ilhelm.
My hands are dyed red
Mit der blood of der women
Und children und old men
Of Frounce und Belgium.
My weapons are mean
Und my warfare iss cowardly.
I am der Gott,
Who is never too tired
To loot, sack, und murder,
To plunder or pillage.
I kill der wounded—
My own und der Allies'—
Who lie sick in buildings
Mit Red Crosses flying.
I am der Gott,
Who iss not above anything,
From cutting up babies
To poisoning water-wells.
So forward to conquer
Mit Me und mit W'ilhelm!
I am der Gott!*

Two Poems
by James F. Ring
Decorations by Ervino Metz!

Der Kronprinz

*I am der Kronprinz,
Friedrich Wilhelm;
My daddy's der kaiser,
Der king of der Germans.
He gives me an army
Of men for a plaything;
I wasted a lot
In der battle of Verdun.
I think I'm a nut,
For der squirrels all chase me
When I go out driving.
I would like to have Belgium
For valor in warfare.
Papa said I could have it
The day that I sent him
A telegram saying
I'd massacred ninety
Old women und children;
Und bombed a hospital.
I wish der old allies
Would kindly stop fighting;
Because I am tired
Of this bloody warfare.
Why don't they surrender,
Und let me have Belgium?*





Morgan in Philadelphia Inquirer

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After the war—marooned

When Peace Comes to Stay

More than a year ago a Peace League, with a nucleus of six entente nations and two neutrals, was formed. This league has continued to grow, until today there are twenty-four nations actively represented, all working toward the formulation of plans which, put into service, will "make the world safe for democracy."

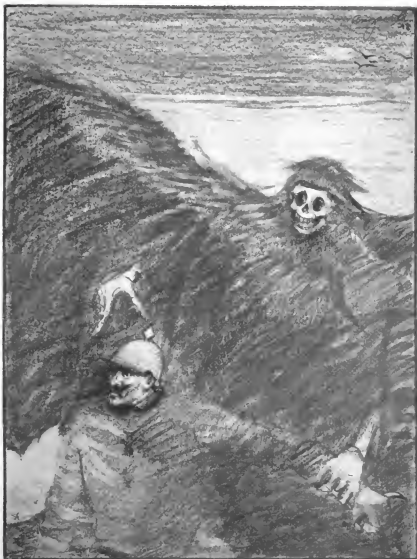
The formation of this league began with the principles laid down by President Wilson: the mutual establishment of laws governing natural racial and national growth of all states; the regulation of economic development for the benefit of all mankind; and the mutual acceptance of means whereby all important disputes arising between two or more states would be arbitrated and settled.

These comprehensive and humane principles, appealing as they do to all civilized peoples, were accepted by the London Inter-Allied Labor Conference, and have formed

the basis for the peace program of this representative world conference.

A constructive proposal of the first magnitude submitted by this conference provides that there shall first be established an international high court, the members of which shall be composed of proportional representatives from each nation by men qualified to act in the capacity of international judges. In order that this international high court shall enforce its decrees, there has been tendered for consideration the proposal that any nation or nations refusing to submit to this court disputes for arbitration or settlement shall be considered as deliberate transgressors of the world peace, as having forced the other nations to the position of using every means—within their power—military, naval or economic—to keep the world peace secure.

To forestall the inclination of any nation to use its military or naval strength as a



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Anthony Angerola

A LEAGUE OF PEACE WILL PREVENT A LEAGUE OF DEATH

Never again, if the allied statesmen have their way, will it be possible for any ruler to have it in his power to make of the entire world a shambles. Prussianism could do this because it was irresponsible and was answerable to no authority above it. A league of nations will impose such an authority and thus forever poll the fangs of the hideous reptile of militarism.



Lindsay in Sydney Bulletin

"I will avenge!"

sword to be hung over the neck of another nation, the league has taken under advisement a plan whereby, through mutual agreement, all naval and military armaments beyond a certain specified strength are to be abolished, this plan presupposing the control of all war manufactures and thus destroying profit-making armament firms whose pecuniary interest lies always in war scares and in the progressive competition in the preparation for war.

A further provision will undoubtedly be added to the program, that nations being armed solely for self defense and for such action as the League of Nations might ask

them to take in defense of international right, should be left free, under international control, either to create a voluntarily recruited force or to organize the nation for defense, without professional armies, for long terms of military service.

A word as to the economic problems growing out of the establishment that might be derived from a league of nations. First of all it must be borne in mind that this league does not intend that there shall be no protective tariffs or trade competition after the war. Its aims are rather to stimulate liberal intercourse, each member contributing to the needs and development of

the other members, and also to prevent any wealthy nation from monopolizing necessities, and thus pauperizing nations financially weaker.

That Germany has no patience with any plan tending to mutually regulate world economic development as opposed to uncurbed greed, is to be seen from a statement made by Herr Havenstein, president of the Imperial Bank, in the course of a speech at Munich in behalf of the new German war

loan, "There is one thing that we must recover," said Herr Havenstein, "and that is freedom of competition, a free road for German work in the world and security for our free economic development. German work is inimitable, and in the long run everybody finds it indispensable. We shall master the future just as we have mastered the past."

This statement, together with the opinion voiced by former foreign Secretary von



Darling in St. Louis Globe-Democrat

THE BUTCHERS OF POTSDAM

Never again must this be possible



Rogers in New York Herald

A THOUSAND YEARS LATE

"Governments clothed with the strange trappings and the primitive authority of an age that is altogether alien and hostile to our own."—President Wilson.

Kuehlmann—namely, that a league of nations meant nothing more nor less than an attempt to isolate Germany's inconvenient upward strivings and the accomplishment of her economic strangulation—should leave no doubt in any one's mind just where Germany stands upon this most momentous of all post-bellum problems.

Economic independence and commercial freedom are not Germany's ideas of international relationships—and that this is not a surmise but the plain truth is evidenced by the commercial treaties she has made with conquered peoples. Lord Cecil Roberts put the whole thing in a word when he said that Germany's systematic looting of weaker nations is well illustrated by her "lawless plundering in Poland, in the Ukraine, and elsewhere. Now everywhere she has legal-

ized this plunder by placing the weaker nations under onerous commercial tribute to herself.

"On Lithuania she has imposed her coinage. From Roumania and the Ukraine she has exacted a guarantee of supplies irrespective of their own needs, and at flagrantly unjust rates of compensation. She has appropriated the natural resources of Roumania in the form of a lease to German corporations. On Russia, Finland, and the Ukraine she has imposed unfair and one sided tariff arrangements. The people of Finland, in fact, find now that their liberties have been bartered away in an agreement signed secretly in Berlin, and it is actually being proposed that thousands of Finns should be deported to work for German masters."

This shows how diametrically opposite are the aims of the league of nations and the attitude of the Central Powers toward the needs and economic development of nations.

Her conception of international intercourse, together with her avowed purpose of creating a huge military machine with the help of Austria, as covered in the recently twenty-five year treaty with that nation, renders Germany, as now constituted, an outcast from the society of na-

tions. When the eyes of the German peoples are opened to the machinations of her "ambitious and intriguing masters," as President Wilson has worded it, and they rise in their ire and throw off the yoke of imperialism, creating of themselves democracy whose efforts shall be directed toward the establishing of a lasting peace and the securing of mutual world economic welfare—then and then only will nations of the world consent to Germany's inclusion in this world representative body.



Tuthill in St. Louis Star

Beginning to see things

In the Hands of the Receiver

By Max J. Herzberg

(We don't suppose it is very polite, to ring in ahead of Herzberg's story with a note like this, but we wanted to tell you about our own way of getting around these telephone troubles, without getting red in the face and losing our temper and collar buttons and everything. It's as easy as getting married when you've had a little practice—and it's simply this, to let the wife do it. We know this rather takes the wind out of Herzberg's sails, but he has been so deucedly good about writing the stuff that we'll let it ride.—THE EDITOR.)

If your name is Joh, and you pride yourself on your even temper, call up a firm with an intricate office organization and a thrice-intricate telephone switch-board, and see what happens:

You: Is this the Complicated Gas Company?

It: Yep!

You: I desire, if you please, to make a complaint about a gas range I bought last week. Will you be good enough to connect me with the proper department?

It: Gas? Un-huh! *Buzz-s-s-s!*

In a little while a still, small voice comes over the phone.

The Voice: H'llo. Whatdyewant?

You: I should like, please, to make a complaint about a gas range I bought last week. I—

The Voice: Gas range? You're on the wrong switch. Wait a minute! *Buzz-s!*

In a little while another voice emits this:

"Well?"

You: I want to make a complaint

about a gas range. Will you kindly—

The Voice: Complaint? This ain't the switch y'want. Hold the wire.

Buzz-s-s-s-s-s! Grrrrrr! BANG! Buzz-s-s-s-s-sZZZZZZZ!

After an interval another voice.

The Voice: What's that?

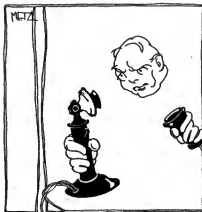
You: I've got a complaint to make. I thought a gas range—

The Voice: This isn't the department for complaints about gas ranges. I'll give you the sales department. *Buzz-s-s! Clang! Silence!*

There follows a pause of three minutes and fourteen seconds. You wonder if you're cut off. You jig the receiver-hook up and down for a while. At last you hear a voice—the first voice that you first heard.

The Voice: Complicated Gas Company.

You: I want to make a complaint. Now for goodness' sake don't give me the gas department or the gas range department or the complaint depart-



"About the gas range I bought last week."

ment. I want the SALES DEPARTMENT! I—

The Voice: Whom do you want to speak to?

You: Some intelligent person, if possible. I want to make a kick about a gas range. I—

The Voice: Just wait a minute. I'll connect you.

You don't have to wait more than about three minutes this time. Then another voice, highly excited, starts in at a mile-a-minute gait before you can make your get-away.

The Excited Voice: Now, see here, I don't intend to have any dish-danged gas company tell me what I can or can't do.

A sudden hush ensues:

You: Hello! Hello!

No reply. You wait. Then you wait some more. At last a voice—it is voice number one again.

The Voice with exasperating sweetness: Complicated Gas Company!

You: I want to—

The Voice: Complicated Gas Company! You: Connect me with—

The Voice: Complicated Gas Company!

Bz-z-z-z-z-z-z!

You: Gas range! Gas range!

The Voice: Yes, this is the Gas Company!

You: Connect me with the sales department!

Then you succeed in getting in touch with the sales department, with the following highly valuable result:

You: Last week I bought a gas range, which has proved to be entirely unsatisfactory, and I wish to have it exchanged.

Then you become conscious of the fact that before you had got three words spoken you had been disconnected from the department.

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Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by C. D. Small

The first liberty bond



From the Boston Globe

The new Czecho-Slovak flag

The Birth of a New Nation

This is bolshevism as a guarantor of liberty; during the course of the war the Russian armies had taken from the Austrian armies Czecho-Slovak prisoners to the number of two hundred thousand or more—made up of Bohemians and Slovaks. When the revolution broke upon Russia these men received permission from Kerensky to organize a Czecho-Slovak army to fight against their former masters, the Austrians. This was done, and permission given in time by the bolshevists to transport themselves to the western front, by way of Siberia. Unmolested passage was promised, and the movement of the 100,000 men who had joined the unit was begun.

When the troops, many of them, got as far as Vladivostok, they began to meet with

harassments by soviets. The situation was the more intolerable because German and Austrian prisoners in Siberia have been permitted by the bolshevists to meddle in the situation, if, indeed, the political latitude which they have enjoyed has not been the acute cause of all the disturbances. Just to what extent blame attaches to the German and Austro-Hungarian prisoners, or to the bolshevists, is a point yet to be made clear.

In the meantime a provisional Siberian government, Cossack in nature, has been formed for Siberia, with M. Horvath as president. M. Horvath has given his pledge that the new government will work in co-operation with the Czecho-Slovak army, permitting it to pass on unmolested.

So much, briefly, for the situation as it

exists today. The story of the movement that brought into existence this new nation, sovereign, but as yet without a home, deserves a word.

The narrative begins with the escape from Austro-Hungary, in November, 1914, of Professor Thomas Masaryk, a profound philosopher, scholar, statesman, and Bohemian patriot. A member of the Austro-Hungarian parliament, Professor Masaryk understood the imperial politics and policies as perhaps does no other Bohemian of his day.

At once after his escape Professor Masaryk began a movement looking toward the coordination of the various Czech patriotic bodies scattered about the world,

and in 1915 issued, with his associates, a Czecho-Slovak declaration of independence, pledging the sympathy and assistance of Czecho-Slovaks, wherever they might be, to the allied cause, for the reason that the allies stood for right and justice.

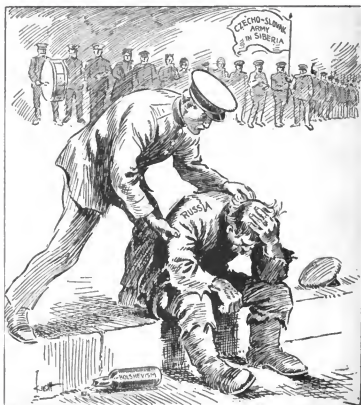
Then in 1916 was formed the Czecho-Slovak National Council, with Professor Masaryk as its president. This Council is provisional head of the new nation, thus brought into existence, homeless as yet, but fired with the intense spirit of nationalism that has characterized the Bohemians since the Germans first began to meddle in their national affairs way back a thousand years ago. Its authority is acknowledged by revolutionary Czecho-Slovaks throughout the world who have not already become citizens of other peoples. Professor Masaryk as president is commander in chief of the present army in Siberia and so long as he retains office is head of future armies that may be raised.

In the meantime, Bohemia itself seethes with rebellion. The nationalist spirit manifests itself openly and with the utmost boldness, and without any interference whatever on the part of the imperial authorities. A



Czech the giant killer!

Rogers in New York Herald



Knott in Dallas News

The Salvation Army

celebration in Prague of the fifty-years' jubilee of the opening of the Czech national theatre was recently held and assumed a decidedly nationalist tone. Slavs of all nationalities took part—Poles, Jugo-Slavs, and Czechs, with a number of Italian and Roumanian representatives. At a special meeting in honor of the Czech guests, Doctor Kramarz, a great nationalist, made this statement:

"There is no worse policy," he said, "than that which gives in before danger. I am sure that our people will not give way. We have suffered so much that there is no

horror which could divert us from the path we follow.

"Happily enough, we see that what we want is also desired by the whole world. We see that we are not alone. Today the representatives have come to us of all nations which have suffered in the same way as we have. Of course, they did not come to us to take part in our festivals, but to express, on the soil of Bohemia, their determination that their nations should live in freedom. We are united by the same interests. Our victory is theirs, and theirs is ours."

The gathering, which the Bohemian papers characterized as "The Congress of the Oppressed Nations of Austria Hungary," adopted a set of militant resolutions, almost defiant in their challenge to the militaristic policy of the Hapsburg empire.

"The representatives of Slav and Latin nations who for centuries past have been suffering under foreign oppression, assembled in Prague, this seventeenth day of May, 1918, have united in a common desire to do all in their power in order to assure full liberty and independence to their respective nations after this terrible war. They are agreed that a better future of their nations will be founded and assured by world democracy, by a real and sovereign national people's government, and by a universal league of nations, endowed with the necessary authority."

Then comes a ringing assertion of the principles of freedom that made America a free nation: "They reject emphatically all steps taken by government without the consent of their peoples. They are convinced that the peace for which they, together with all other democratic parties and nations are striving, will only be a just and lasting peace if it liberates the world from the predominance of one nation over

another, and thus enables all nations to defend themselves against aggressive imperialism, by means of the liberty and equality of nations. All the nations represented are determined to help each other, since the victory of one is also the victory of the other, and is not only in the interests of the nations concerned, but in the interests of civilization, of fraternity and of the equality of nations, and of true humanity."

In the meantime, the wandering units in Siberia are pressing on, as rapidly as they may, to the east, with the promise of joint armed assistance by our own country and Japan. If this seems to the bolsheviks a challenge to their sovereignty, they will have to make the most of it. So far as regards the argument that intervention by America would be sufficient to turn the bolsheviks to Germany, it is sufficient only to remind ourselves that, according to Professor Masaryk, a project actually to organize an army of bolsheviks for Germany is on foot. The reason that this treachery is not accomplished is, not that the bolshevik leaders await an excuse, but that too great an expenditure of time and energy and money would be required by Germany for equipment and training.



Denazey in Cleveland Plain Dealer

THE PERILS OF FARMERETTING

"Don't worry about Jim 'over there'; something might happen any time to us right here at home."



Drawn for *Cartoons Magazine* by S. Delevante

A sailor-maid suit



Listen to 'em squeal

Below the Rhine Belt

Back in our youthful days a familiar figure on the banks of our old swimming hole was a big bully, one Bill Mason, whose specialty was pelting the little fellows with pellets of blue clay as they came out to don the hickory shirts and blue overalls that were there the vogue. The length of time which elapsed between our first attempt to get out unseen and dress behind a bunch of red willows and the actual accomplishment of the feat, depended upon the humors of Bill for the day. He had prodigious staying qualities, we ourselves

often going through as many as a dozen ablutions, representing as many peltings, before Bill had got tired of his sport and departed.

One day Bill was engaged in his usual good time when Joe Turner, a boy of his own size, appeared on the scene and with a ferocious windup gave Bill a wallop under the seventh rib with an egg-sized piece of clay that laid the bully out. He picked himself up, only to get another under an adjoining rib. Then he began to beg; he would call the stuff off forever if Joe would



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

The inventor of air raids

lay off him. Which sign of yellow only enraged Joe to the breaking point, so that he turned in with his good young right and spilled Bill's features all over the Mason face, stopping only when the rest of us pleaded for the poor wretch.

Whenever we think of the Hun we think of Joe and what he is doing to the Fritzies if he is over there. Anyway, the spirit of contempt that had Joe in its grip that day is making it mighty hard going for those Huns who have plead, first for the disuse of gas, and now for the mutual suspension

of air raids back of the actual battle areas. What Joe did hack on the banks of the Big Salt that day Sam, a quarter million of him, is doing along the banks of the Marne today. The Huns have complained of the roughness of his methods—those self-same Huns who invented poison gas, and liquid fire, and bombing of Red Cross stations, and the shelling of populous cities, and the sinking of passenger ships with women and children aboard—in every case against its pledged word, and in every case with the enemy unprepared and helpless



The Rhine whine

Finch in Denver Post

against the dastardly methods employed. For four years our men have seen this going on from a distance, and now a million of them are seeing it first hand—until the hatred of it all, of its cowardice, of its wanton uselessness, has got the nation aroused to white heat. And the boches wonder why we fight so roughly!

This last demonstration of yellow comes from the cities along the Rhine where night raids by the British air squadrons have been not only frequent but deadly. The same worthy burghers who for four years have chuckled among themselves whenever reports came in of the bombing

of English and French cities, who slapped one another's fat backs with glee at the merest mention of these brave methods of fighting, have suddenly discovered that after all it was not a holiday pastime—and are begging for mercy.

It is of a piece, this plea, with the dirty fighting that has characterized the German side of the war from the very first. Germany has played the bully's game, from the day she tried to over-awe Servia through the medium of Austria, to the present time; and, with the true bully's spirit she begs for mercy when the tables are turned and she gets paid in her own coin.

□ □ □

The FarmerETTE and The FARMERette



Lemen in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

As Lemen says, you can't be a success on the farm just by wearing a costume that makes you like the sub-debutante sister of Flora Dora. You've got to be there with the goods.



"The soft shadows in the branches above you."

Forgetting It

By T. C. O'Donnell

Drawings by Alice Harvey

I ran out of reasons for refusing to join the memory class that Beekins and his friends were organizing. There were nine of them, and they needed a tenth to secure the services of Professor Gunson, a memory expert who had secured a considerable reputation among folks who breathe, or aspire to breathe, the rarified air of mental efficiency.

Beekins saw me falter, and offered the argument of an ancient friendship.

"You know, old man, a thing wouldn't seem right without you in it! After the things we've been through together—motor trips, golf tournaments, bridge contests; come, you've got to come in on it!"

This speech saved me. It gave me time to frame up an objection.

"But what do I want to remember?" I asked. "What do you want to remember? And why?"

"Well, put it that way of course, I don't know. Only the fellows are all going in for it. Jones, over at the Tubular Steel, has joined, and Brown, of the Peninsular—why, there must be something to remember! Brown tells me that the men he is paying ten thousand dollars to are the men with big memories. What do you say?"

"I don't want ten thousand dollars. I don't want to be efficient. Awfully sorry. Good bye, old man!"

Which meant, he knew, that I would look into it at once and see him later.

Any day on our streets you may see a

tall, erect man, in the process of graying, who, his wife likes to say, has two hundred and fifty thousand hobbies—the quarter of a million species of diptera that flutter away a life that is tensely if not wisely spent. He is in charge—"curator," I think they call him—of a museum that has carried the fame of my town far beyond the banks of the Yangtse. He is a philosopher in his way—an eminently useful combination of Solomon and Thoreau, in which capacity I had consulted him on sundry occasions. I recall now that I never sought his advice but he gave it so quaintly and with so genuine a sympathy that I completely forgot the problem that perplexed me.

I decided, then, to get Whitcomb's ideas on this business of memory. I found him bending over a caseful of brilliantly decorated beetles that I asked him the names of—a request that curiously enough drew the old man out on the very subject of my errand. For to my surprise he told me he would have to consult the catalogue. He knew the names, he said, some of them, but was constantly getting them mixed up. He was just as apt to speak of a *bachinus* as a *gyrinus borealis*, or of a *megilla maculate* as a *macrodactylus subspicuosus*, as to call these beautiful creatures by their correct names.

"Why," I said, "can one be a good naturalist without having a good memory?"

"One can be a good anything without a good memory—that is, without the usual kind of memory," he replied. "A memory that forgets easily the frivolous things—such as the conjugation of Greek verbs, the axioms of Euclid, Adam Smith, railway time tables—oh, trivial things like that!"

We had turned now and stood, hands in pockets, looking out over the grounds that comprise a small wooded area about the museum.

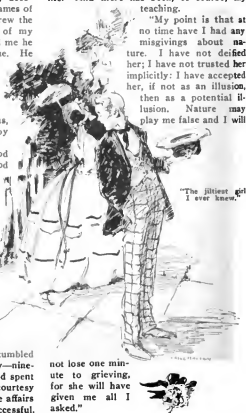
"Do you know," he went on, "I stumbled upon a piece of wisdom when a hoy—nine-teen or so. I was a solemn ass, and spent most of my time writing what by a courtesy title I called 'love sonnets.' My love affairs were numerous—and highly unsuccessful.

I had been jilted five or six different times—three times by the jiltiest girl I ever knew.

"My father one day heard me say what every unhappy youth says, that I had lost my illusions. And the good man (the wisest I ever knew) told me that to lose one's illusions was the surest road to happiness: provided—provided one gets new illusions."

The effect, the old man said, was immediate—"I had retained my senses to that extent at least. The world of people had played me false, so I turned to birds and insects and flowers—particularly to insects, in which I had been interested during my high school days. I made a collection of wasps so complete as to get me an appointment on a government expedition, and have written, as you know, a book or two on insect life. And there has been, of course, my teaching.

"My point is that at no time have I had any misgivings about nature. I have not deified her; I have not trusted her implicitly: I have accepted her, if not as an illusion, then as a potential illusion. Nature may play me false and I will



not lose one minute to grieving, for she will have given me all I asked."

I suggested the possibility of one being disillusioned with regard to men and women, and taking them back again on the same basis of illusion that he employed in substituting Nature for women.

"Just so," he said.

"The sudden and complete change of mental attitude—that is what I lay stress upon. Losing the intellectual baggage that one comes into the world with, and—hard part of it—*"My telephone rang."* having to make the best and quickest shift possible for new equipment. The doctors talk of a substance in food that 'activates'—that is their word for it—the digestive fluids. That is just what the experience does that I speak of—it activates or stimulates the thinking processes, so that the vision is clearer and straighter.

"Whether one chooses to find his new illusions and enthusiasms in Nature or among people is another matter. I prefer Nature because Nature is not always talking about her ancestors. She has no Mayflower to drag into her conversation on the least provocation, no first family connections to boast of. There are no political beliefs to adhere to just because your father's father before him adhered to them. The fields and woods entertain no historic religious faith to remind you constantly of the past.

Life with the outdoors is always gloriously present and future. The sunset that stirred you to silence last night will come again tonight, and tomorrow. That is the thing that awes me—not that the sunset came, but that it will come again; not alone that I enjoyed it last night, but that I shall enjoy it even more tonight, and yet again tomorrow."

Whitcomb has a thin face, high nose, and black eyes that snap at you and twinkle as he talks. His voice is not altogether pleasant to an ear accustomed to drawing room accents. But in communion about the outdoors you would not have it

one whit more cultivated. It carries you along, whether or no, so that I was on the point of forgetting that I am a practical individual and want to put things to some kind of use. I pulled myself together and asked him what part this sort of thing could be made to play in the affairs of daily life.

"Or can't it?" I asked.

"If by affairs of life you mean coming to an office at nine o'clock and leaving at five, it can play the star part. Forget now and then to come at nine and instead come at ten—or seven. Office discipline might not be elevated, but you yourself will be the better off. But forgetting, remember, is only half the process. For everything you forget there must be something to take its place—the more radically different the better.

"Supposing, for example, that you forget to come to the office and instead lie a half hour under a convenient and adequate shade tree. Relax and crowd that half hour full—crammed, jammed full—of reactions to the feel of the soft, cool earth on your back, and to the touch of the soft breeze on your cheek. The soft shadows among the branches above you, and the delicate scent of the grasses and trees—react keenly to these things and your salary will be raised, or your employer is not a practical man."

"At least," I said, "it's an idea that can be put into operation on rent day. Only what would you substitute for the thought to give my landlord his sixty-eight dollars?"

He hesitated a moment, and then a whimsical look came into his eye:

"Well, I'm not highly in favor of the institution of landlords, and maybe in forgetting to



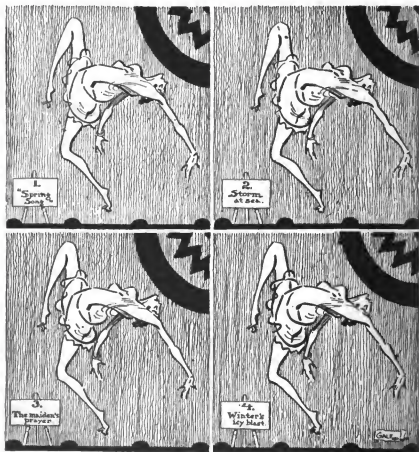
"It was Beekins."

pay my rent I would indulge in a delicious day-dream—of a home of my own—the grounds of it very much hedged against the noise and publicity that make of most houses little more than taverns, and with grass in every conceivable spot where roses

and holly-hocks and other flowers were not in monopoly.

The good man failed to take one thing into his reckoning—that until that delectable moment arrive my landlord still remembers my rent.

□ □ □



Gale in Los Angeles Times

The interpretative dancer



Thomas in Detroit News

Can he remove the bray?

How Politics Adjourned

There is one thing to be said for the present political campaign—it has got into general circulation 17,369 new Ford jokes, by actual count. There were three other allusions to candidacies, divided equally between Chase Osborne, aspirant for senatorial honors or something in Michigan; Senator J. Hamilton Lewis, of Illinois, who wants to succeed himself; and Medill McCormick, who hopes to succeed in supplanting J. Ham.

From which you will gather that President Wilson erred on the side of moderation when he said that politics is adjourned. Politics is not adjourned; it is dead; it is

not even in a state of coma; it is as flat and lifeless as a punctured ten-dollar tire.

What is needed is an issue. A fortune awaits the man who will invent a genuine twin-six, ninety horse-power issue for the Republican managers. A classy appearance is not essential, provided it has speed and can stand the gaff. No freaks will be accepted, such as steamers and electrics—no issue will be considered that does not run on gas.

Any number of issues have been tried out by the Republican managers, but a Democrat is always hanging around with a tack, which he deftly inserts in the tires,

whereupon the machine rumbles away on its rims. There was the rain-coat contract scandal, which threatened to become an issue, only some ornery Democrat with a leer in his voice recalled the embalmed beef scandals of the Spanish-American days, and that went flat. The shelving of General Leonard Wood promised well as an issue—it was a classy looking affair, with stream lines and everything. But the administration folks had General Pershing and his achievements to point to, with the implication that, Democratic judgment had proved itself pretty sound so far—and there you were. The administration's aeroplane program seemed also to have a future—but before they could arrange for a public

demonstration of this new issue the war department was shipping liberty motors to France in sizable lots, and the thing proved the veriest flivver.

And as a sort of background to all the administration rebuttals is the fact that an army of a million and a quarter of men are on French soil, half of them either fighting like demons or ready for action—an army assembled and trained in scarcely more than a year and transported across the sea with the loss of less than three hundred men. You can see for yourselves that to demolish a defense such as this record affords demands an issue with more than ordinary speed and staying powers. If we ourselves were planning such an en-



Kirby in New York World

Taking his dust



Thomas in Detroit News

G. O. P.: I enlist as a mule skinner.

gine we would plan it in terms, not of twin-sixes, but of a battery of twin-six motors, with a wheel base of half a block.

From the standpoint of the spectator and the student of politics the most interesting feature of the campaign has been the tactical struggle between the Republican and Democratic managers of Michigan. The Wolverine state is very much committed, you are to know, to Republicanism. It is one of the half dozen states that claim to have given birth to the party. Accordingly, no matter how roughly other states may handle her child, Michigan holds out a parental protection with touching solicitude.

The Michigan Democrats, firm in the conviction that a Democrat senator is impossible, staged a little game for the foisting

upon the Republicans of a senatorial candidate of their own choosing. Henry Ford, Republican, was chosen to carry out the idea. The Democrats got a tremendous Ford boom started, on the principle that every Republican farmer who owned one would pull for Henry; that his interest in the welfare of labor would get the lad with the dinner-pail; that the raucous clamor of the two would constitute a demand that no party management could turn down; and that Ford's sense of honor, as summed up in the spirit of the Ford joke, would make of him as good a Democrat as a Republican when it came to the business of being a senator.

In Illinois the preliminary skirmishing has had to deal chiefly with attempts to keep off the Republican senatorial ticket



Rogers in New York Herald

A FOOL FRIEND

An invitation to monkey with the buzz-saw

Mayor Thompson, of Chicago, whose Americanism has been called into question, to put it with extreme mildness, on several occasions. This has also brought forward a great deal of bitter recrimination within the party, charges being bandied about that alone should make interesting ammunition for the Democratic candidate, who, as indicated above, is Senator J. Hamilton Lewis, a man with a set of virile pink whiskers as an aid—or as a handicap, according to your personal attitude toward pink whiskers—to his candidacy.

The Republican Committee, in the mean-

time, is manifesting a spirit of detachment that is as wise as, according to the Republicans, it is patriotic. A cool head is in charge in the person of Will H. Hays, chairman of the committee. He is something of a philosopher, is Hays, and a quipster as well—as witness the following epigrams:

"There is no twilight zone in politics—right is right and wrong is wrong.

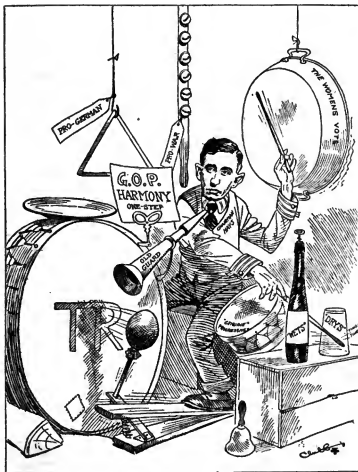
"To which party young men may belong is of less importance than that they seek the truth, and then act accordingly.

"There must be less profiteering and more volunteering."

All this in the belief, probably, that epigrams will win the Republican war. Epigrams, of course, may not help much in the 1918 struggle—but if Hays has his eye on the 1920 presidential campaign his strategy is sound.

We are at war, and people will have little enough patience with politics of the convention and conventional type as long as our chief concern is with the Hun. But if the party can mark time to the tune of

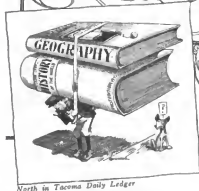
an epigram; maintain at least the spirit (and if possible the substance) of self-abnegation in their desire to hold up the hands of a Democratic war president—if the party can do all this against the year 1920, when the war may be ended, and when the problem of a third term for President Wilson will solve itself, the strategy will be of the soundest—and the spirit of self-abnegation of parties may become a tradition for them to live up to.



Clubb in Rochester Herald

The jazz band

Just Thirty Days Hath September

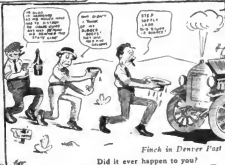


but Gosh! They're Weird Ones



Bushnell in
Central Press
Association

When father
was a boy



Finch in Denver Post

Did it ever happen to you?



Rehse in New York World

"Say, mister, dig us a canful of worms
and we'll give ya a Rab, if we get any."



Prof. Wormwood always did make blunders

Donahay in Cleveland Plain Dealer



Stanley in Central Press Association

School days

Story of the Other Hun

It is hard to tell whether it is because the Turks are such good learners, or because their German allies have proved such excellent teachers, that the Turks have acquired so readily all the arts of chicanery at which the Germans are adept. The promotion by the Turkish government of a conference of Jews!

Is it possible to conceive of anything more thoroughly Teutonic, first in the duplicity of the thing, and second, in the naive belief that it would not be perfectly transparent to Jewish leaders? To this meeting are to be invited Jews from neutral countries, as well as representative Jews from the central empires.

It is true, of course, that members of the chief committee of the Zionist World Organizations have already arrived in Constantinople, but a committee of orthodox Hungarian Jews have declined the invitation to attend, while the Allgemeine Jüdische Zeitung, which is published in Budapest, sees through the move, claiming that the meeting is called solely for reasons of tactics, to formulate proposals and arrange concessions as a counterprise to the hopes held out by the allies for the establishment of Zionism.

The whole proposal is so thoroughly German in its clumsiness as to suggest the complete delivery of Turkey to the kaiser. The new sultan, indeed, Mohammed VI, is nothing more than a pawn in the kaiser's international chess game. His sympathies are strongly pro-German; in his younger day he was a frequent guest at Potsdam, where he was treated by the Emperor and the Empress as one of the royal family. More than this, he has been the consistent friend of Enver Bey, the leader of the young Turks, whose influence in Turkey has been baneful, and who was largely responsible for Turkey abandoning

its neutrality and casting in its lot with the central empires. This in view of the fact that the downfall of his father, Sultan Abdul Hamid, was also largely the result of Enver Bey's scheming designs. The subservience of his uncle and predecessor, Mohammed V, was complete enough; but to the inheritance of a subservience based upon mere political chance, the new Sultan has added the evil influence of a personal attachment for the worst political influences in the empire.



From London Opinion, London

Hun-pecked

To this representative of Turkish power the Austrian kaiser sent a felicitously phrased letter of welcome to the family of emperors on the occasion of his ascension to the throne. Karl the Sudden, as some one has dubbed him, assured Mohammed that the "unconquerable bravery of our armies and the steadfastness of our courageous peoples have strengthened our alliance with Germany and Bulgaria," and reminded him of the iniquity of an enemy who "quite openly wishes to destroy or to disintegrate our states."

At the very beginning of his reign Mohammed finds himself confronted by a problem that has the elements of

disaster in it. We refer to the controversy that has

arisen with Bulgaria, over Turkish ambitions in Dobrudja, and which will not be put and stay put.

This province, it will be remembered, was ceded, in a manner of speaking, to Bulgaria at the time of the recent peace with Roumania.

But the cession has never been carried out, owing to a growing desire on the part of Germany to heap favors upon Turkey, at the expense of anyone, even of her other allies. The trouble really goes back to 1915, to a bit of

territory awarded



From the Bystander, London

A rift in the loot

by Turkey that year to Bulgaria, as compensation for Bulgarian participation in the war, Turkey to compensate itself by territory carved out by Greece. This was a sort of Indian gift, for now Turkey wants it back, intimating that after all it is practically worthless to Bulgaria. This, as might be expected, caused the Bulgarian press to express itself with great force—to what extent its comments were inspired by government influences it is hard to say—but certainly they spoke with the utmost plainness. The Preporetz, for example, takes up the principle of the "Balkan equilibrium," which forms the basis of Turkey's claims to the territories ceded in 1915:

"Why does Turkey ask us to make territorial sacrifices? Is it to assure the equilibrium of the Balkans? This is an argument that could be advanced with reason only by a Balkan nation—and Turkey is an Asiatic people. Could we not as well speak of an equilibrium in Asia? Turkey must really understand that all parts of our territory are equally valuable, and she must be made to understand what the coast of the Aegean Sea and the road that leads to it mean to our economic life.

"It was for that reason that Turkey voluntarily gave up this territory in 1915, and the men who agreed to the cession are still in power. They surely cannot wish to undo what they have done and expose to danger the cause which inspired them in the past."



From London Opinion, London

—Or one wife too many



Racey in Montreal Star

WHEN THIEVES FALL OUT

Tweedledum and Tweedledee
In wordy warfare clinched
For Tweedledum said Tweedledee
His Balkan spoils had pinched.



From Punch, London

THE NEW ORIENTATION

Kaiser: Our future, my dear boy, lies in the east!
 Crown Prince: Well, father, from what I've seen of the west, I think you may be right.



Butcher in New York Tribune

"Declaration of war on Turkey would jeopardize American missions and hospitals there."

The Voenni Izvestia, which is the junker organ of Bulgaria, under a smile has hidden a threat. "Turko-Bulgarian friendship," it says, "is destined to a long life" but—! "It was for this friendship that Bulgaria broke all her traditions with the past. We feel certain that the wise Turks in Constantinople—those Turks who keep their pledged word—will bring this to the attention of those noisy journalists who, in an exhibition of temperament, forget Turkish nobility and are blind to the perils of this agitation. The Bulgarians know the Turks, those Turks of Byzantine manners, who have nothing in common but the name with the real Turks, the upright, straightforward Turks. We

know that to bring the former to reason we have only to show our teeth, as we surely shall."

In the whole affair Berlin is playing a Machiavellian game—the interests of her allies are merely the cards with which she hopes to build up an undisputed political and commercial supremacy, not only in Austria and the Balkans, but also in Asia. The friendship between Austria and Bulgaria is traditional; secret pacts have been entered into between them; Bulgarian desire to gain the favor of the dual monarchy has been more powerful than the racial pull toward Russia. Berlin is willing that this should be so, provided its allies do not be-

come too clubby; to prevent this Germany is willing to keep Constantinople and Sofia suspicious of each other's designs. Germany's interests will of course be identified with a Germanophile Turkey rather than with a strong Bulgaria, since it is in and through the Turkish Asiatic dominions that she hopes to find her loot.

The attack on the American consulate and hospital at Tabriz, of course, is peculiarly Turkish, just as it is so characteristically

German as to indicate a complete understanding between the two nations in the matter. It is this latter fact, and not the attack itself that is vital to America.

Can we afford to remain at peace with a nation that is little more than an outpost of the German nation?

Most missionaries—and their opinion is worth consideration, since as a body of men and women on the ground, they have had wide opportunities for studying political



From the Bystander, London

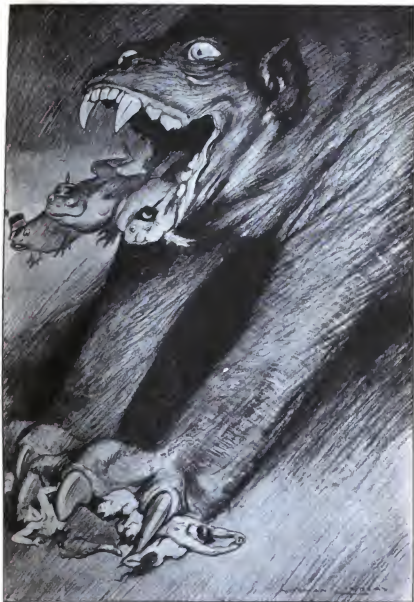
Bulgaria: I wonder what Wilhelm would say if we were to use our Stepory—and
go home?
Turkey: Allah knows!



Cesare in New York Evening Post

Copyright, 1918, New York Evening Post

The cross and the crescent



Lindsay in Sydney Bulletin

ARMAGEDDON

"Three unclean spirits came out of the mouth of the beast, . . . the spirits of devils."—Revelation.

conditions in Turkey first-hand—most missionaries, we say, favor continued neutrality, for reasons which have been well set forth by Rev. Abraham M. Rihbany, now of Boston, but a native of Syria:

"If this country could back up a declaration of war against the Turks by vigorous and effective military operations, then I think it would be criminal on her part to refrain from such action. But the serious question is, 'Could she?' It would be hazardous for a civilian who is not admitted into the war secrets of the administration to undertake to answer this momentous question. What I feel warranted in saying, therefore, is that a mere declaration of war

by this country on Turkey, just for 'moral effect' would increase and intensify the evils which we are seeking to do away with."

Advocates of a declaration of war against Turkey base their arguments on the fact that Turkey, as also Bulgaria, for that matter, constitute a window through which Germany may look in upon our internal and international affairs, and study our military preparations. Furthermore, Turkey is quite as culpable as a neutral as was Austria-Hungary, with which nation we are at war. Also, the weight against Turkey in the final peace conference will be greater with America's influence thrown against her as a combatant than as a neutral.



Evans in Baltimore American

When we fight the wolf we must fight his breed



Brown in Chicago Daily News

Anticipation and realization

The Finish of Finland

Whether the present "white guard" government continues, or whether the red guard attains supremacy in Finland, matters little, so far as the achievement of freedom is concerned. White guard government, unless Germany exhibits a strange spirit of renunciation, means economic and social enslavement to Germany, while bolshevism means anarchy of the Russian kind.

To understand the situation in Finland, we must go back to the days of the Kerensky government in Russia. One of the first acts of the Kerensky régime was to restore to Finland complete autonomy under the Russian provisional government. Kerensky went a step further and ousted the old Finnish government, which, contrary to the constitution, was made up of Russians. At the time, the socialists were in a majority in the Finnish Diet, and were therefore asked to form a government, but declined, whereupon a coalition government was formed, with a socialist majority, and with a socialist premier.

Things proceeded apace, and then came a request for complete independence from

Russia—which the Kerensky government refused, dissolving the Diet and issuing a call for a new general election. In the polling the socialists suffered a reverse—from a majority, with 103 votes out of 200, becoming a minority party, with but 92 votes.

Came a day, as they say in story books, when the bolsheviks gained the ascendancy in Russia and recognized the independence of Finland. They went a step further and issued an order for the return of all Russian soldiers stationed in that country. But the minority socialists and the bolshevist element in Finland were stricken with sudden dismay. Since Finland had no native soldiery upon whose treachery the socialists might count, it remained for them to keep at hand the Russian troops, now thoroughly permeated with the bolshevist spirit. With such a weapon they might convert the republican government into a government of soviets. It was, on a miniature scale, precisely what was taking place in Russia on a much larger scale—the foundation of a constructive republican government, devoted to the establishment of peace, but suspected by

the bolshevists of leaning toward conservative and, as the radicals sneeringly called them, "bourgeois" methods and ideals. It was the demonstration, in an acute form, of the spirit of class consciousness that makes the bolshevist prefer despotism of a class, whether that class be his own or a privileged class, to the prosperity and happiness of the mass. The bolshevists simply could not bear to see government control pass into the hands of the people—unclassed and unclassy, according to socialist standards—and therefore petitioned the Russian government to rescind its order for the removal of troops from Finland. Then came open revolt by the bolshevists, aided by the troops, and fully countenanced by the Leningrad government, which sent the following

dispatch to the military leaders: "Collect fifteen thousand men at Helsingfors. Arrest the government. We promise help."

This from a representative socialist government! No act of the Russian government has more clearly displayed the claws of the beast than the sending of this telegram. In Russia so many elements have entered into internal conditions that it has been difficult always to judge of the intent and purpose of bolshevism. But in Finland the issues have been clear cut; there has been no background of intrigue and politics to confuse the mind in seeking to arrive at judgments. It was up to the people to have a representative, democratic government, or to accept a government representing a minority class. No conditions



Gibbs in Baltimore Sun

Orders from the boss

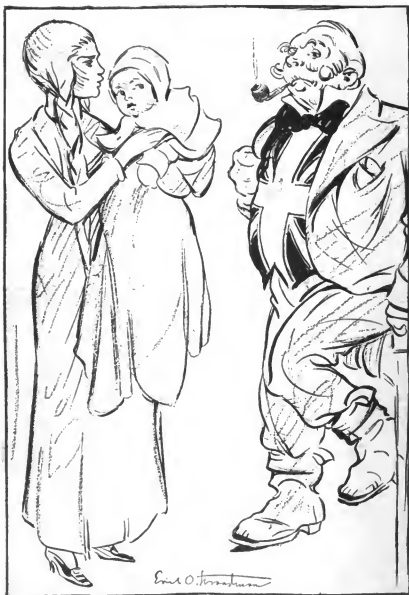


From De Nieuwe Amsterdammer, Amsterdam

The Finnish peace well illustrated, as De Nieuwe Amsterdammer artist points out, the kind of democratic no-annexation peace that Germany believes in,

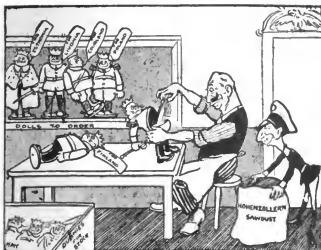
whatever were imposed; the slate was absolutely clean; there were no politicians or political alliances hanging over from the old régime to complicate the situation. The

bolsheviki, absolutely without regard to the well being of the people, with a callous contempt of the principles of democracy, instituted civil war, and in the struggles



From *Sondags Nisse*, Stockholm

Finland: Will you stand sponsor to our little new-born child?
 John Bull: Hum! Ha! How can I do that? I don't know whether it is
 legitimate!



From Manchester Dispatch

Who says the German toy trade is defunct?

that ensued, between the red guard, or bolshevist forces, and the white guard, or government forces, thousands of people were slain; property was looted, and everyone suspected of being a "bourgeoisie" was subjected to insults and calumny.

Now comes a chapter in the history of the past six months that is confused, and that will probably remain so until after the war and time have made possible a more impartial investigation than could obtain now. The Finnish government (the white guard government, of course, for there were now two governments in Finland, the red and the white) first appealed to Sweden for help against the reds. That is, the government *says* it appealed first to Sweden, and, Sweden failing her, then turned to Germany. This is denied by all Swedish authorities, among them Herr Branting, who, probably the greatest figure in European socialism today, certainly would be as little inclined as anyone to mis-state the facts. This is what he says with regard to the incident:

"It is important to emphasize that when the Finnish representatives in Stockholm say that their government first appealed to Sweden for an armed intervention this is in direct opposition to the actual facts. We have reason to believe that the Finnish rep-

resentatives, in Berlin asked for a German intervention long before Finland appealed to Sweden. The Finnish government informed us later, when it made its official proposal for a Swedish intervention, that it had simultaneously asked in Berlin for a German armed intervention. You will thus see that Swedish intervention would have meant not only a risk, but an absolute certainty of our being dragged into military co-operation with Germany, as *Finland had already invited Germany to intervene*, and nobody can imagine that Germany would have refused an offer so favorable to her policy of hegemony in the Baltic. But by being dragged in as the third party of this German-Finnish combination Sweden would also have been inveigled into the great war on the side of Germany. Fortunately our government saw the danger."

Thus Herr Branting asserts that it was Germany, and not Sweden, whom the whites first invited. The bolshevists assert all of this to be true, and also the further fact that the Finnish "dictator", the most influential man in Finland, is pro-German.

Thus has the white guard government played directly into the hands of the German government, the kaiser having gone so far as to nominate his fifth son for the Finnish throne, while German commercial

influence is rapidly being spread over the country. The white guard officials and sympathizers deny that a monarchy will ever be set up, that one has ever been contemplated, and they are ingenuous to believe that German influence will be withdrawn the moment the situation has become stabilized; on the strength of this confidence they have sent a mission to our own country to gain recognition for their

government, at the same moment that a red guard mission is on our shores seeking a recognition for their government of sorts.

Both governments hold possibilities so dire, from the standpoint of the allied cause, and from the standpoint of the ideals for which America is fighting, that there is little to choose, as we pointed out at the beginning of this article—in either case there is in sight a finish for Finland.

□ □ □



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Franklin Hogue

Doing his bit

Eggs and Near Eggs

by Hamilton Craigie
Decorations by Josephine McCully

(There's quite a good deal to eggs, when a connoisseur like Craigie unscrambles the stuff for you. There's a lot that is white about them, in spite of the well known yellow that's in 'em. Craigie gave us some inside facts one time, about an egg leading a strenuous existence, and sometimes cracking under the strain. In this condition they are beaten into unconsciousness and made into nogs. Or when they are not en-nogged they are kept for cakes and things.—THE EDITOR.)

Eggs are born without hair, like billiard balls. Thereafter they masquerade under various aliases, too numerous to mention. For this reason chicken inspectors are generally bald, and have pink chinchillas.

Eggs are caught usually at early morning. They have sense enough to run only when it is too late, and then into the frying pan.

Eggs are frequently in hot water before they are knocked on the head, and from time immemorial have proved the truth of the adage that one may not count his chickens before they are hatched.

The question as to the prior arrival of the hen and the egg has agitated the minds of our scientists for generations, and is no nearer solution to-day than the problem of making your chicken feed cover the rise of the high cost of living.

There is really nothing distinctive about an egg—from surface indications — whether hatched from an incu-

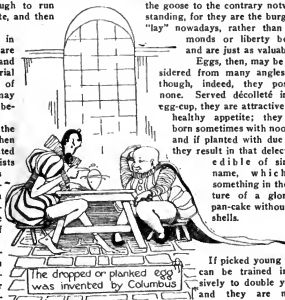
bator or from a hen. This problem must have been on Hamlet's mind when he inveighed against the political conditions in his father's kingdom after he had broken the ice—I mean the shell.

Nest-eggs are the real golden specimens, the goose to the contrary notwithstanding, for they are the burglar's "lay" nowadays, rather than diamonds or liberty bonds, and are just as valuable.

Eggs, then, may be considered from many angles, although, indeed, they possess none. Served décolleté in an egg-cup, they are attractive to a healthy appetite; they are born sometimes with noodles, and if planted with due care they result in that delectable

edible of similar name, which is something in the nature of a glorified pan-cake without the shells.

If picked young eggs can be trained intensively to double yolks, and they are never



beaten for being fresh.

Eggs are served in various styles—shirred, knitted, poached, and purloined, for example.

The dropped or planked egg was invented by Columbus for the Spanish Diet, and the first poached egg was snared by one of Ham's original descendants, who carried in his vest pocket the left-hind-leg of a graveyard rabbit, shot in the dark-o'-the moon by a red-headed coon with an egg-shaped cranium.

To shirr an egg you first baste it with No. 60 thread, and then drop-stitch the yolk after hemming the guimpe. This last is most important.

The history of mankind is the history of the egg. Evolution owes much to the industry of the hen, and while, of course, we



refer principally to the domestic product, we must not overlook those wild specimens, occasionally met with in classy cafeterias, which run on the slightest provocation.

Returning to antiquity, in the perennial argot of the quick-lunch, we find "Adam and Eve on a Raft," which, for the benefit of the uninitiated, may be translated as "Two—poached—on toast." Shakespeare has left us the phrase "Good Egg!" to show that he must have appreciated them that way, and, as one of our own immortals has it: "What is so rare as an egg too soon? From hens, if ever, come perfect lays."

And even nowadays—cavil as we may at the inexorable logic of the high cost of living, we are forced to the conclusion that a rare egg is always a cheap one.

Thus even is logic scrambled.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Norman Anthony

Seven ways for Sunday

Cartoon



RAMPANT
The Germanophile germ

From Campaña de Gracia, Barcelona

Spain Stakes all on Neutrality

Germany, with her heavy handed diplomacy, is doing yeoman's service to the allied cause in Spain. King Alfonso once said to a French journalist—so at least goes a story that has gained credence in journalistic circles: "Only I and the rabble are with you. All the rest of Spain is for the Germans."

If this was true at the time it was spoken, it is no longer so. The situation it describes made it easy at the time for Spain to be on the diplomatic fence, with the influence of the king and the rabble on the one side offset by the influence of general opinion on the other.

But times have changed. The continued sinking of Spanish shipping, utterly without respect for the rights of neutrals, and the personal influence of the King, who is easily the most popular man in Spain—these

things have had their effect on public opinion, and in the recent elections the pro-entente groups brought through a decided victory over the pro-German elements. This fact, together with a re-formed ministry, which includes one of the staunchest friends of the allies, Count Romanones, augurs well for the future.

A word by way of history will perhaps make the situation in Spain clearer, so far as public opinion is concerned. In January, 1917, came the German announcement of unrestricted submarine warfare. Count Romanones, who was prime minister at the time, wrote a reply to Germany that fairly bristled in the independence of its tone. But the German minister to whom it was delivered transmitted it to Berlin with the suggestion that the German foreign office call Spain's bluff. Germany "called," according



From *Esquivel, Barcelona*

Spain: Well, that's a consolation—I have one submarine more, even though I have one merchant vessel less.

to instructions, and lacking clear evidence of the support of the country, Count Romanones resigned in April, and the task of forming a new ministry fell to Garcia Prieto, who, in his reply to Germany, made a complete backdown from the position taken by his predecessor. This very backdown, however, coupled with increasing sinkings of Spanish shipping, had a salutary effect on public opinion, for from this time the sympathies of the people began to swing toward the allies. In the months that followed public meetings were held in all the larger cities of Spain. There were few parts of Spain that did not hear Germany and her barbarous methods denounced in violent fashion by Spanish orators—and always without disorder. Before the royal box in the building at Madrid, for example, tablets had been erected bearing the names of forty Spanish merchant ships sunk by German submarines, the last being the *San Fulgencio*. Here twenty thousand people gathered and listened to socialist, reformist, radical, and republican orators, and here they passed with a mighty demonstration these resolutions:

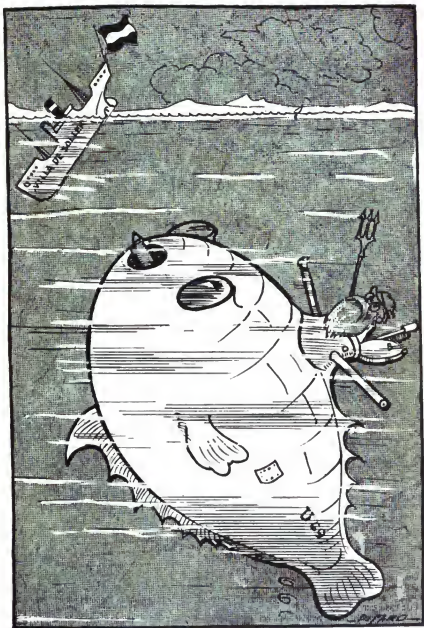
1. Spain cannot remain indifferent to and isolated from the European conflict.

2. Spain must decide upon her international policy toward Great Britain and the other allies.

3. Owing to the outrages committed by Germany upon Spain's neutrality, Spain must break diplomatic relations with that nation and accept all the consequences which may arise from the attitude which Spain finds herself obliged to adopt in defense of her dignity.

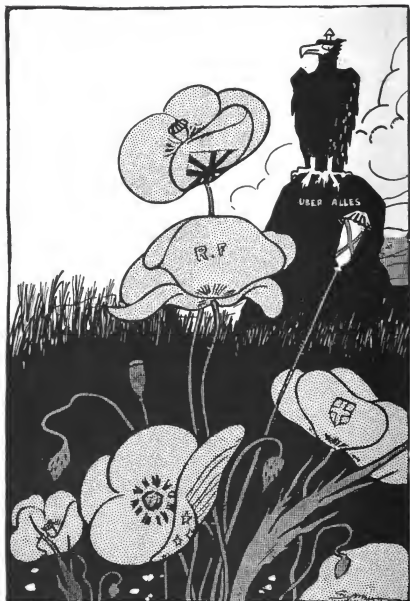
Then at this point began a period of German machination and intrigue that were quite as foul as that carried on in this country by Bernstorff and von Papen. One Captain von Krohn, and another rogue, Dr. von Stohrer, were the operators. Through a series of clumsy operations they sought to get the army and labor influences supreme in Spain, the army naturally sympathetic toward Germany through admiration for her military genius; the labor groups sympathetic toward Germany for the reason that labor groups in so many countries were pro-German at the beginning of the war—through a perverse tendency perhaps to be against their own government, and through the camouflage by means of which German socialism had been given the appearance of thriving in Germany, when as all the world now knows it had no independence of its own, was the expression of no organized body of dissent.

Be that as it may, the labor organizations or *juntas*, especially those in Catalonia, were Germanophile, along with the



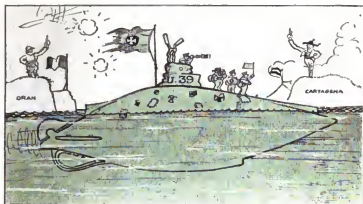
From Esquella, Barcelona

"Oh, don't bother. It's only Spanish."



From Esquella, Barcelona

"And just when I thought I had desolated the fields I see those strong plants blooming fresher than ever."



From Campana de Gracia, Barcelona

CONTENTED SPAIN

Welcome! A damaged submarine is some compensation for sunken merchant vessels!

army, and at the instigation of the German agents began a movement that had as its object the downfall of Prieto and the call to power of Antonio Maura, whom they believed they could use—at least whose neutrality they felt they could rely upon.

On June 1st the Barcelona Junta de Defensa, one of the most important labor units in the country, published a manifesto of serious import. It summoned the Prieto government within twenty-four hours to recognize the legal character of the military committees and to do justice to their demands. The government telegraphed to the captain general of Catalonia, to dissolve the juntas and to imprison insubordinate members.

The situation then became serious. The whole Spanish army, the navy, and the gendarmerie, made common cause with the juntas and demanded the release of the prisoners. The King caused the request to be acceded to, the prisoners being released promised that his Majesty would give his personal attention to the reforms asked for. The Prieto cabinet, thus disavowed, resigned on June 9th. Three days later a conservative ministry headed by Señor Dato was in the saddle.

This is just what the Germans did not want. Nor had they wanted army reforms. They had wanted Maura. And now Dr. von Stohrer brought his work to a head, and on July 3rd thirty-nine Catalan senators and deputies assembled in the town hall of Bar-

celona and passed a resolution demanding home rule and the reorganization of the entire nation on the basis of local autonomy and setting July 19th as the date for a parliamentary assembly to meet at Barcelona in order to carry the resolution into effect. When the government prohibited the meeting a general strike was called for July 13th. The government countered by proclaiming martial law on the same day. On August 13th the strike began in most of the great industrial towns of Spain. Barcelona saw her economic life paralyzed and her streets and open places converted into fortified camps. From the windows and roofs of houses strange men fired on the troops and police. The Barcelona workmen and Catalan politicians, however, were not those who took part. They were content to wait upon events. They had faith, too, in the same power which had intervened in the case of the military committees—the King. Who, then, had murdered soldiers and policemen before they themselves were shot down or captured?

When the riots had been quelled and the men who had faced death in duty were called up to receive the reward of merit, Señor Guerra, minister of the interior, in a speech which stirred all Spain, said pointedly: "Those men were not patriots, like the old revolutionaries, nor were they Spaniards."

At Rio Tinto three armed German miners compelled two thousand to quit work.



From Esquella, Barcelona

GIDDY HEIGHTS

"Yes, Germania! After the Spanish government nothing is so exalted as you."



From Blanco y Negro, Madrid

STREET SONG—NEW MEANING

"I cannot eat! I cannot drink!
I needs must think of thee!"

The troops came and arrested the Germans, but stayed to protect the manager from the anger of the others, who declared that he had instigated the act of the culprits. And now comes a chapter in the story that is of special interest in view of the recent revelations of the intrigues by which Germany acquired ownership of a prominent New York paper. Just before the strikes broke out the semi-clerical paper, *La Voz de Valencia*, had been put on the market for twenty-five thousand pesetas.

Soon after it was sold to an unknown purchaser for nearly double—for forty-five thousand pesetas, or nine thousand dollars. Together with the proved pro-German papers, it began to print stories of how all honest, wage-earning Spain was starving because the government was illegally facilitating the export of enormous supplies of corn and chick-peas to England. (The Spanish wage earner makes his chief meal of a soup prepared with chick-peas—the garbanzo.) The situation, with sporadic disturbances, was rapidly becoming serious, when Señor Dato met the intrigue by cut-

ting the duty on foreign wheat, hitherto heavily taxed. Thereupon thousands of sacks of garbanzos were suddenly thrown on the market, hoarded by Germans and their Spanish friends with the double idea of producing riots and making fortunes afterward.

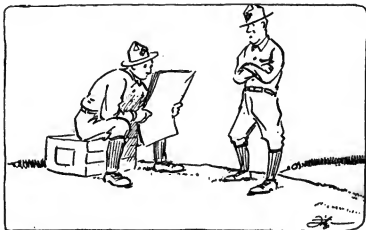
Thus has the German policy of trickery and intrigue come to naught, and today an official inquiry is being made into espionage methods.

An important feature of the revelations thus far made is that a naval lieutenant, commanding the port of Palamos, is accused of having relations with German espionage chiefs, resulting not only in ships of belligerents but Spanish vessels being torpedoed also.

Patriotic Spaniards throughout the country are now asking emphatically how much longer these things will be permitted.

It is no longer the King and the rabble against the rest of Spain. The rest of Spain is being rapidly won over, with the exception of army circles, and if Spain casts her lot with the allies, forced perhaps even against her will, Germany will have only her own stupidity to thank.

□ □ □



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"This paper says Hindenburg is dead."
"Which one of the marines got him?"

The marines in France have lived up to the best traditions of the service. Where valorous deeds have been performed, you will usually find that they have been mixed up in the fray. No wonder that the boys in Fitz's cartoon naturally conclude that their mates, if anybody, would have "got him."



Thomas in Detroit News

Bringing up father

Ireland's In-growing Troubles

When several years ago the business of settling the Irish problem was entrusted to Lloyd George the paragrappers around the country had a lot of smart things to say about letting George do it. George has tried it, and apparently has decided to pass the buck and let time do it. In other words, the premier has transferred to Ireland the policy that in Mexico we dignified by the mellifluous phrase of "watchful waiting."

It may be said, indeed, that if the British premier ever grabs any Irish bull by the horns it will be when said horns are attached to a stuffed head and hanging on the walls of his Downing street office. This is not saying that the peppery little premier is afraid of a fight, for he has never yet been known to back away from any ordinary danger, and if he seems to procrastinate in the matter of Ireland, it is because



From The Passing Show, London

The Briton of fifty: "Well, Pat, your time's come too, now."

Pat: "Taims for phwat?"

The Briton of fifty: "To fight for the empire that feeds you—or prove yourself its enemy!"



He is rooting the wrong way to suit us

Ireland in Columbus Dispatch

his first thought is for the conduct of the war, and does not want his attention distracted too much by internal problems; and also because he is highly sensitive to one condition that most Morris-chair statesmen seem to forget, that the business of settling Ireland involves the re-adjustment of relations between two distinct races, two races that are utterly opposite in temperament and in political and social ideals.

In forming judgments pertaining to the Irish question we should not lose sight of the fact that the present world conflagration grew out of the irreconcilable aims and ideals and mutual jealousies of the various peoples that occupy the Balkan peninsula. There were elements that never could be harmonized, even to the extent of loose confederation, and it needed only a spark kindled by a pan-slav agitator to set the

whole world afire. And yet amateur strategists tell glibly of the ease with which the Balkan problems could be solved if the thing were got at in the right way.

The same conditions obtain, in a simpler way, of course, in Ireland, and it is futile to discuss Ireland except in terms of a Scotch-Anglo-Saxondom in the north-east of Ireland and a Gaelicism in the rest. This has nothing to do with the question of the means by which the Scotch and the English got into Ireland. The practical fact is that they are there and have been there for four hundred years, and that in that time they have taken political and social root. And more, they have never merged, to any degree whatever, with the Irish; the two races are as hostile today as they were when English colonization in Ireland began, and when home rule is imposed upon all of Ireland



Cenre in New York Evening Post

Copyright, New York Evening Post

What of home rule?

*Ireland in Columbus Dispatch*

He is not throwing at us, but he is hitting us

there is going to be trouble—and no one senses this better than Lloyd George. Loose talk is heard about Ulster bluff; but this is the sheerest nonsense. Anyone who knows Ireland from first-hand experience knows that neither side will back down.

Another example of loose talk in this country has to do with Ireland's objection to conscription. Before jumping hastily to formed conclusions, one should remember that in spite of the fact that after a home rule measure had got onto the statute books and the Asquith government had refused to put it into operation, Irish reënlisting got under way with enthusiasm, but that Irish efforts were received with the utmost coldness by the army leaders. Nationalist Ireland will not soon forget the treatment accorded by Lord Kitchener to John Redmond, Dillon and Joseph Devlin, who went

to the war lord and offered, in all sincerity, one hundred thousand members of the nationalist volunteers, a body that had sprung into existence in the south of Ireland as a counter to the arming of the Ulster men. Lord Kitchener turned them down cold. "Give me three thousand men from Ireland," he said, "and I will say 'Thank you!' Give me five thousand and I will say 'Well Done!'"

More than this, regiments composed wholly of nationalist troops were offered almost entirely by anti-nationalists, many of them men who, officially credentialed by the Ulsterites, had gone up and down the counties of England "reviling the country of their birth," as T. P. O'Connor, the most moderate of all the nationalist leaders has put it, "and attempting to poison the English mind against giving her liberty."

It is vastly to the credit of the English people, we might say at this point, that the great majority support the Irish in their desires for home rule, but they, like most Americans, look on with amazement at passions that run so high as to make it impossible for a land to accept home rule when it has been freely offered them.

Irishmen, of course, owe a great duty to civilization; it would be the bigger part, in the face of her disappointments to accept even conscription, but this requires a greater spirit of self-abnegation than most people we believe are capable of. Even English conservatism, the stronghold of opposition to home rule, was outspoken in its surprise that any responsible government would consider for a moment imposing conscription upon Ireland without first carrying out its promises in the matter of home rule. Sir Mark Sykes, for example, said:

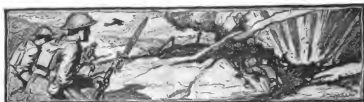
"If the Administration by this measure precipitated a catastrophe it would only be a fitting pinnacle to the monument of folly we built up in the last few years."

In the House of Lords there was a protest. Lord Crewe, the liberal leader in that body, said he "could not forget that in the earlier stages of the war the relations between Ireland and the army were grossly and wilfully mismanaged; neither could he forget that the aspirations of Ireland for self-government had been deferred." In his judgment the wiser course for the Government would have been to have kept Ireland out altogether. Lord Buckmaster, recently Lord Chancellor, said conscription in Ireland "might prove a grave disaster." Finally Lord Lansdowne, the last of the great Tories, thought it "doubtful wisdom" to apply conscription to Ireland.

The fact is, notwithstanding the very natural desire to put decision off, that the Irish plea, "Freedom first and conscription afterward!" is the only wise solution of the problem; Ireland may be bitter and bigoted in demanding this kind of a settlement—but it is one of the truest things of this strange war, that the allies' problems in the final peace settlement are going to be complicated to the utmost by an unsatisfied Ireland. The allies cannot talk with conviction of self-governing Poles and Jugo-Slavs so long as the destinies of three-fourths of the Irish people are controlled by one-fourth, backed by a minority of the English people. American opinion, as some of the cartoons reproduced with this article indicate, has rather swung away from its historical sympathy for the Irish cause, and is inclined to take Ireland to task for its failure to forget all in the common purpose to win. But when we get a better perspective on the question we shall see that we have asked too much of a people whose mental picture of the typical English government, formed by years of procrastination and submission to Ulster, is of a group of well-meaning, but weak-willed politicians. Unless we get this view of Ireland our view of the situation will be as distorted as the view of those Nationalists, perhaps, who cannot grasp the world issues at stake because British policy has kept her preoccupied with the smaller one of Irish home rule.

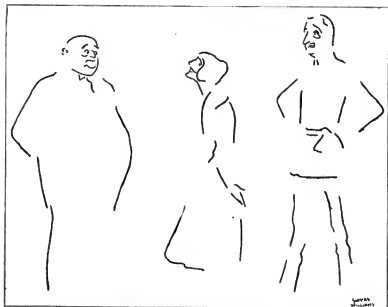
Watchful waiting, of course, is in one way the easiest policy with regard to Ireland; for the premier in power it may save gray hairs and many headaches, but it is exhausting upon the empire; it is trying to cure a sore tooth by means of hot-water bags, when an operation offers the only relief.

□ □ □



Butcher in New York Tribune

"With the help of God!"



Thomas A. Wise, Carleen Nesbitt, and William Courtenay, in "General Post."

Of How Gluyas Williams Lets the Line Tell it by T. C. O'Donnell

If the restrictions of space had not forbidden I would have lengthened my title to read, "Of how Gluyas Williams lets the fewest possible lines tell it." But from this prefatory suggestion you will derive, I think, what I want this article to say, namely, that when Gluyas Williams caricatures a person he uses no superfluous lines in getting the essential qualities of that individual down on paper. The caricature of William Hodge is particularly a case in point: Hodge is there in all his long, lithe languorousness. A line more, a line less,

one feels would somehow have unhodged him.

Before proceeding to Mr. Williams' philosophy of the caricature we wish to give a word or two by way of biography, although he insists that there is nothing to say. This, however, is the merest modesty, for he was born in San Francisco in 1888. It is a fact worth noting to have been born in San Francisco in any year in the eighties; for it was in that decade, and the years following, that California gave to the country so many men who have done big things in

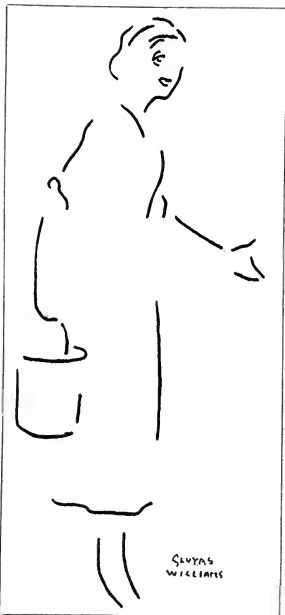
the cartoon world—Fisher, and Goldberg, and Ripley, to mention just a few. The years preceding college were pretty well occupied by travels in France, Switzerland and Germany; then came Harvard, where he spent hours doing things for the *Lampoon* which the dons thought he should have devoted to Ovid.

A year's study at Cota-roni's, in Paris, followed Harvard, and then free-lancing in Boston, except for his caricatures, which appear regularly in the *Boston Transcript*. We might add a fact of which Mr. Williams is justly proud, that he is a brother of Kate Carew. "It was undoubtedly watching her work that made me want to be an artist," he says.

And also this further fact belongs in this biographical part of my article, that the Widener Library, at Harvard, has recently bought ten of the caricatures for its dramatic collection.

And now for Mr. Williams' work and his theory of caricature. "In my very first work," he tells me, "I tried constantly to reduce a drawing to the simplest possible form, to eliminate every unnecessary line. When I started doing the caricatures it occurred to me that I might go a little farther and leave out some more lines. I try now to leave out every line that doesn't really do some work in the drawing; on the other hand I put in every line that in any way possible characterizes the subject of the picture."

This point of characteri-



Laurette Taylor in "Over There."

zation Mr. Williams lays special stress upon. The test he sets for his own things is first that they must be a good likeness; that is, the subject must be instantly recognizable; and secondly they must have what the French call *esprit*—that is, they must be done cleverly or brightly.

"I think those two tests apply to caricatures in general," Mr. Williams will tell you. "No matter how smart or humorous a caricature may be it falls flat if it has not caught the likeness of the subject. And so, too, it fails if, even though it has the likeness, it lacks the snap that raises it from the commonplace."

It isn't always easy to combine the two, I can assure you. Sometimes Mr. Williams labors long over a drawing in which the likeness is elusive; and when he finally catches it he wonders why he's not satisfied with the thing. It is usually because in working over it so long, the artist loses all the swing from the lines, and the drawing just looks commonplace.

Mr. Williams' conception of the caricature is by way of being new enough to deserve special mention—the fact, as he says, that a caricature should cover a man from the top of his head to his toes. "Often," he says, "little tricks with his fingers or a way of standing, are as characteristic of a man as a beaklike nose. So in studying my subjects at the theatre or elsewhere I try to crowd into my mind as many facts about them as I can possibly remember—how they walk, talk, stand, laugh, smile, and so forth. Then when I come to make the drawing I forget as many of the things as I shall not actually use—they have served their purpose, for they have gone to shape the character of the person in my mind."



William Hodge, "long, lean, and langorous," as Mr. Williams calls him.



That alliterative pair Bernard and Barrett as the perturbed Potash and the petulant Perlmutter.

And a word about character study that I want to pass on to the young artist contemplating caricature: "Character," says Mr. Williams, "is really the whole thing in caricature. It is difficult, and the results are never very satisfactory, to make a caricature from a photograph, or from a person posing specially for you—if you know nothing about the subject. You really have to see people in action and long enough to catch something of their character in order to caricature satisfactorily."

This indicates how well the Williams style is adapted to this conception of character study. With a minimum of lines he does not have to exaggerate to emphasize these characteristics. When the artist uses many lines to indicate unessential qualities, it is obvious that he must exaggerate those lines that express extraordinary qualities.

This fact explains those weird noses that one sees in most caricatures, with legs that reach from heaven to earth, or

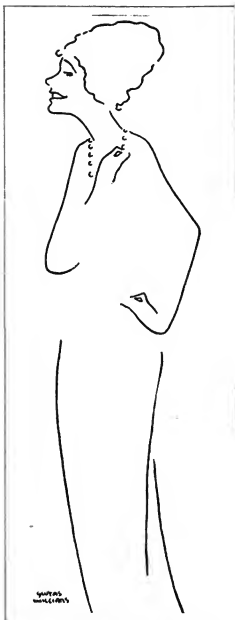
huge bodies with tiny stumps like legs. This is the only means of expressing big noses or long legs, when the artist has consumed his supply of ordinary lines upon unimportant features.

In this connection one observes the absence, in Mr. Williams' work, of any attempt at being funny merely for the purpose of being funny. If there is humor in one of his lines it is there because it is in the subject.

This attitude of Gluyas Williams toward caricature raises it out of the comic strip class and makes of it a serious medium, along with the portrait, for bringing out what the camera seldom gets—subtle qualities of the spirit that reveal themselves only to the artist who searches for them.

And in caricature of the Williams kind I find another quality that, to my own way of thinking, caricature should always have, and that is an intimate touch that gets you acquainted right off with the subject. As timid as I am in the presence of actors, those Thespian gods, the caricature on page 377 gives me the feeling that I have chummed with Hodge all my life, calling him "Bill," asking him about the folks back home whenever we met, and all that. I have, of course, the same feeling about the caricatures of Miss Taylor and Miss Ferguson, but the timidity I feel in the presence of actors is deepened in the presence of Thespianettes, and the clubby feeling I mention has evident restrictions.

Just how Mr. Williams' drawings of few lines makes for this intimate quality I leave the aesthete and the artist to thrash out. In the case of Miss Ferguson one might say that it is the emphasis which the simple lines places upon what we have come to know as the Fergusonian characteristics—the Elsie Ferguson pose of the head, the Elsie Ferguson poise of the head, and the unmistakable smile. But we should have



Elsie Ferguson, as "Shirley Kays."

that same feeling of friendliness even if the caricature were of the Duchess of Nova Zembla. Scotti, for example—as close to Scotti as I have ever come is the seventeenth row, and that only on two or three occasions, so that how he looks, what of the characteristic Scotti poses and mannerisms I have no conception, and yet this caricature of Scotti in "Tosca" fills me with a profound desire to slap him on the back with a fervent "How goes it,

old scout?" I have no illusions, of course, concerning the manner in which Scotti would come back at me, but I am speaking now of the effect which these caricatures produce upon one. And the effect is due, one is bound to conclude, to the beauty of the lines just as lines; and to the fact that no details are present to disturb our enjoyment—our conscious or unconscious enjoyment—of Mr. Williams' skilful use of outline.



Scotti, as Scarpia in "Tosca."



From De Nieuwe Amsterdammer, Amsterdam

The price that Poland had to pay for peace—the loss of the province of Cholm.

How Peace Came to Poland

It came as peace comes to all lands which Germany has occupied as conqueror—as no worse, no better, than the terror which came with invasion and the devastation of war. Poland has lain directly in the path of some of the most horrible military campaigns of the present war. First had come the Russian drive into the west, and then in turn the German drive into the east. In the German drive in the autumn of 1916, more than a million people were rendered homeless in six weeks, four hundred thousand dying as they fled before the Huns.

Into refuge camps the Germans gathered three hundred thousand survivors, representing broken families that would never again be united—lodged in the flimsiest of unlighted, unwarmed barracks, even in the dead of winter. There were no sanitary provisions, and infection from filth and ver-

min caused great havoc. And to add to the misery, the sufferers were given a daily ration of a cup of soup and a small piece of bread. In Warsaw, which contained in peace times a million inhabitants, the people starved, thousands dying from hunger and want.

Then came a proclamation from the German commander requiring that every able-bodied Pole should work. Any man refusing to work was to be deprived of food; penalties were imposed upon any Pole giving him food, and a state of the most abject slavery was inaugurated. Mr. F. C. Walcott, who was sent as a relief agent into the stricken country, has told us of what he saw of official Germany at work:

"When a Pole gave me that work proclamation," he said, "I was boiling. But I had to restrain myself. I was practically



From Mucha, Moscow

AT GERMAN HEADQUARTERS

Crown Prince: What's the matter, father?
Wilhelm: Why! Are you blind? I signed the independence of Poland with
tears in my eyes.



The fate of Austria

Evans in Baltimore American



From Simplicissimus, Munich

POLISH THANKS

German soldiers, who, at any rate, must be allowed to remain in Galicia—an example of Germany's habit of blaming her troubles upon others, no matter to what extent they themselves have been the aggressors.

the only foreign civilian in the country and I wanted to get food to the people. That was what I was there for and I must not for any cause jeopardize the undertaking. I asked Governor General von Beseler, 'Can this be true?'

"Really, I cannot say," he replied. 'I have signed so many proclamations! Ask General von Kries.'

"So I asked General von Kries. 'General this is a civilized people. Can this be true?'

"Yes," he said, 'it is true'—with an air of adding, Why not?

"I dared not trust myself to speak; I turned to go. 'Wait,' he said. And he explained to me how Germany, official Germany, regards the state of subject peoples.

"Even now I find it hard to describe in comprehensible terms the mind of official Germany, which dominates and shapes all

German thought and action. Yet it is as hard, as clear-cut, as real as any material thing. I saw it in Poland, I saw the same thing in Belgium, I hear of it in Serbia and Roumania. For weeks it was always before me, always the same. Officers talked freely, frankly, directly. All the staff officers have the same view.

"Let me try to tell it, as General von Kries told me, in Poland, in the midst of a dying nation:

"Germany is destined to rule the world, or at least a great part of it. The German people are so much human material for building the German state; other people do not count. All is for the glory and might of the German state. The lives of human beings are to be conserved only if it makes for the state's advancement, their lives are to be sacrificed if it is to the state's advan-

tage. The state is all, the people are nothing.

"Conquered people signify little in the German account. Life, liberty, happiness, human sentiment, family ties, grace and generous impulse—these have no place beside the one concern, the greatness of the German state.

"This country is meant for Germany," continued the keeper of starving Poland, 'It is a rich alluvial country which Germany has needed for some generations. We propose to remove the able-bodied working Poles from this country. It leaves it open for the inflow of German working people as fast as we can spare them. They will occupy it and work it.'

"Then with a cunning smile, 'Can't you see how it works out? By and by we shall give back freedom to Poland. When that happens Poland will appear automatically as a German province.'

"In Belgium, General von Bissing told me exactly the same thing. 'If the relief of Belgium breaks down we can force the industrial population into Germany through starvation and colonize other Belgians in Mesopotamia, where we have planned large irrigation works; Germans will then overrun Belgium. Then when the war is over and freedom is given back to Belgium, it will be a German Belgium that is restored. Belgium will be a German province and we have Antwerp—which we are after.'"

Then came a Polish peace in the form of a settlement imposed by the Huns; an elective monarchy, with complete independence, and the promise of sympathetic cooperation

by the German government. She was even promised that her wishes would be consulted in the negotiations that went on between the German government and Russia, following the downfall of the Russian imperial government, but was flatly ignored when those negotiations were held. At Brest-Litovsk a treaty was entered into between Germany and Russia whereby the independence of the Ukrainian republic was recognized—and Cholm, a Polish province, was bartered away, in the most callous indifference to Polish wishes, or even Polish interests.

The peace is a mere settlement; even the most militaristic of the German papers acknowledge as much, the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, for example, speaking editorially of the Brest-Litovsk treaty and the Polish fury that it aroused, saying:

"Assuredly it is not permissible that decisions which upset everything which went before shall be taken without a fixed plan or without being in accord with the feelings or need of the moment. The peace with Ukraine appears to furnish proof that from this vast wreckage even the greatest diplomats are unable to rehabilitate a single piece of the shattered world, and that only the conclusion of a general peace, with guarantees from all can offer any safeguards."

But the settlement of the Polish question at the conclusion of the war, as of all questions growing out of the rights of self-government among small people, will take a turn little to the relish of the boches, unless they see a sudden light.



THE FASHIONS IN PARIS, AND—IN BERLIN.

The French artists are never happier than when taking sly thrusts at the German feminine figure and apparel. This delightful satire is by Marek Trick, in the *Paris La Baionette*.



"Whenever I approach a group of men in ardent conversation they become suddenly silent."

Gumming Up the Gum-Shoes

by Raymond McLeod

Drawings by Constance Oehler

The war has elevated into a weird importance strange behaving creatures like myself, whose every bearing calls up long, jet black moustachios, wigs, and other trappings that go with the business of uncovering dark plots and solving mysterious disappearances. I myself am tall, thin, bordering slightly on the cadaverous, and have the unfortunate habit of gazing into the faces of people I pass, and peering over fences and hedges to see what of flowers and cabbages my fellow citizens are raising. Among my immediate neighbors I pass for a harmless citizen enough, but once I venture outside my own precinct I am a secret service man, a detective if you please, and dark doings are afoot.

It was bad enough before our country became a belligerent. Then I played the

rôle, all unconsciously, of a German spy. I judge sentiment in my city to have been intensely pro-ally from the start, for whenever I approached a group of men in ardent conversation they became suddenly silent until I had passed well by.

This state of mind reached its most grotesque form when a friend of mine, a cadaverous, deep eyed person who should have known better, wandered into a book store and asked for a certain volume on Germany, in which the author flayed the Germans for the inhuman atrocities that go with their notion of war. He bought the entire stock, consisting of three copies, to give as a tonic to some of his too Teutonic friends. Immediately word got out that German spies were abroad, buying up every available copy of the aforementioned book,

as being the simplest and quietest way of ending the dire influence of the writer. The enterprising bookseller at once ordered fifty copies, displayed a huge placard setting forth the Hohenzollern attitude toward the book, and sold them all.

In passing I might suggest the war as an opportunity for patriotic team work between invectively inclined authors and thin men of serious mien. I myself will undertake, with the assistance of a pair of furious moustachios which I once wore at a masked ball, to set on the road to competence any writer who on his part will write an epic of hate.

My own experiences as a spy suspect were confined to attempts to write and do sketching out of doors. To the south of my modest municipality rises a high hill, surmounted by a grove of old oaks and maples, reminding you from a distance of a huge umbrella. Hither I was so injudicious as to conduct myself on several occasions for the solemn business of writing. But the frequenters of the place would have it that I was a German spy making maps and elevations of the city as indicating possible sites for cement gun foundations. Once a heavy policeman stole up behind me and scrutinized the sketch I was doing of a harmless beech which stood a dozen yards away. He apparently was so

unconvinced of the innocence of my diversion that, I suppose to beguile me into betraying my true inwardness, he began talking about the war. I agreed with every word of his attack upon the Germans, and even ventured a few choice sentiments of my own.

My enthusiasm must have served only to arouse his suspicions still further, for ten minutes after he had disappeared, a second colleague, or brother, or whatever it is that policemen call one another, came upon the scene. I adopted a new set of tactics, devised on the spot. Instead of agreeing with him I disagreed on every count, and gave the Huns a thick coating of white-wash. This I suppose completely confused the police force of my city, for I have not been advised of any charge of treason brought against me.

It was an agreeable change that our entry into the war brought about. A secret service man (for some reason we no longer raise detectives) is a man of importance. The destinies of nations are in his keeping. And the more ominous the aspect he wears, the greater the chance that these destinies will go through unscathed.

My first appearance as a secret service man occurred the day after the sad affair of one Carl Kolb, whose grandfather was born in Berlin. Carl had been navigating



"Three small boys in my wake—"



"I became aware of an advanced case of freckles at my side."

his dignity along our main street, and said, ingenuously, to his companion, "To — with the flag!"—a remark inspired by beholding a huge flag which a grocer had fashioned in his show window, and in the argument that ensued Carl's figure and features were sadly altered.

The next day business took me into the Kolb neighborhood, past even the Kolb door. My presence created nothing short of a sensation. I was a federal agent or something gathering evidence that would mean the incarceration of Carl. Men and women watched my progress through the street with a respect of attention that I was little used to, while young ladies gazed at me from behind parted curtains. Word seemed to pass telepathically from house to house that a detective was in the offing, and when I turned off the street I observed on looking back three small boys in my wake, sliding as inconspicuously as possible along the inside of the walk.

My most recent adventure is not concerned directly with the war, but it illustrates the jumpy state of the public nervous system, even in small towns like my own. I was in the neighborhood of a man whose capacious grounds are abloom with peonies of every hue and texture and shape. Now a man who peonizes should be above the sordid business of posting his property.

A man who loves flowers of any kind should be incapable of threats of prosecution against folks who chance to love his flowers more than he himself does. This man, I say, has put up, here and there, signs that warn of sad punishment to be meted out upon the man who is depraved to the depth of laying hold of his peonies.

I meditated upon these things as I passed the place, when across the street I observed the fair occupant of a porch hammock studying me from between the meshes. This rather set my heart upon the business of fluttering, for I am not a man whom the ladies are wont to look upon at all.

I stopped in a position that permitted me to have one eye upon her and one upon a sign that stood near me, when I became aware of an advanced case of freckles at my side. How the little fellow got there I do not know. Anyway, he was there, and said to me in a burst of confidence:

"I know who took 'em, but I said I wouldn't tell."

"In that case, my laddie, I wouldn't. However, I don't know what you're talking about in the least."

"Why, the kid who took Mr. Taylor's peonies, and then Mr. Taylor put up all them signs. I told Sis" (the identity of

"Sis" he revealed by a thumb pointed toward the girl behind the hammock) "I wouldn't."

Then it came to him that something was wrong.

"Ain't—ain't you a detective?"

"No!" I regretted having to tell him, "I

am not, and go and tell Sis I am not. And mind you—don't tell who took the peonies!"

Which must have brought relief to Sis, for as I passed out of the street I looked back at the hammock and was rewarded with a smile. Which is better reward than sure enough detectives sometimes get.

□ □ □



Tuthill in St. Louis Star

ANOTHER GARABAD MOTOR

Remember the garabad motor, that was going to pick perpetual motion or something out of the air? Well, it has been pronounced N.G. (pronounced "enn gee")—quite as much of a flivver, thinks Tuthill, as the German war machine.



From *The Passing Show*, London

ACTIONS SPEAK LOUDER THAN WORDS!

The "Neuts": Why can't we buy goods at this store?
 John Bull: Because we must consider our friends first.
 The "Neuts": But we are friends.
 John Bull: H'm! Whose friends?



Williams in Indianapolis News

The hand that fed him

Can The Kaiser Create a Hundinavia?

The danger of Scandinavia being reduced to a state of vassalage to Germany is not so remote as it might seem to be. German domination of Finland is now an accomplished fact, with the kaiser's fifth son being groomed for the throne—and precisely the same elements that brought about German ascendancy in Finland are working toward German dominance in the Scandinavian countries.

The first element in the situation is an intense Germanophilism among the upper classes. This is a fact that is often scouted in this country, but that is admitted freely enough in Sweden itself. The Dagens Nyheter, of Stockholm, for example, says that "it is a literal fact that in certain Swedish

quarters there is to-day being expressed a grateful admiration for everything done by Germany's leaders which is not even felt without qualification by Germans themselves.

"The part of the Swedish press of which we are speaking also watches more rigorously over Germany's interests than does Germany herself. These Swedes are even approving thoroughly of Germany's acts in Belgium, although in Germany no really intelligent person takes seriously Germany's excuse that there were incorrect actions and provocations from Belgium's side."

The writer goes a step farther and analyzes this case of extreme love of things German—the real cause being this, that



From *De Nieuwe Amsterdammer*, Amsterdam

Here is the true situation with regard to the neutral

Sweden is itself not democratic. Therein lies the difference between Sweden's and Norway's attitude towards the war. Norway is a thorough democracy; and her democratic peasants cannot feel admiration for Prussian ways. "In the country of Ibsen and Bjørnsen, people cannot feel satisfied with the position which Germans give to their wives and daughters. A German

expert tells us that our overflowing Germanophile tastes come from the fact that we, too, were once a great power with unhounded aspirations. But the main reason is simpler. The reason why Sweden is Germanophile is the reason why she is undemocratic. These are two different names for the same thing. When Prussia proceeds from words to deeds; that is, when the irre-



From Söndags Nisse, Stockholm

NOW IT'S THE CLOTHING CARD

"His name is 'Need,' but he always leaves a different card."

sistible democratic movement has permeated all her politics, it is likely that we shall by no means find so much Germanophilism in Sweden."

This natural affinity for Teutonism has been deepened in Sweden by a Germanophile press. Until recently all news coming from the central empires by way of Stockholm came through the Swedish Telegraph Bureau, and was notoriously colored by Swedish sympathies for Germany—when, indeed, it was not dictated by Germany. The allied news-gathering agencies, such as Reuters, the Associated Press, and the French Havas agency, have counteracted this influence by severing their relations with the Swedish agency. The establishment of an independent agency will probably be accomplished.

So much for the ground work of possible German control in Sweden. In Norway and Denmark, German sympathy, as the



From Söndags Nisse, Stockholm

PITY THE NEUTRAL—SWEDEN'S PLIGHT

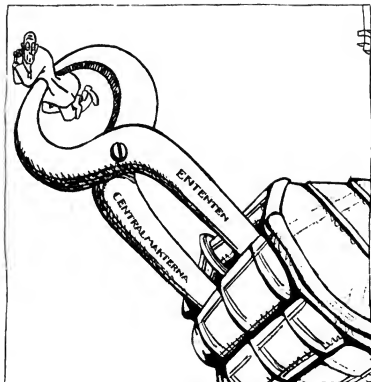
"No milk, no potatoes, no fruit, no meat, no fish, no butter, no friends!"



From *Vikingen*, Christiana

GERMANY: COME TO MY ARMS, BELOVED, AND LET ME KISS YOU.
NORWAY: KISS ME! TO HELL WITH YOU, DEVILISH MURDERER!

(The bottle at Germany's side is labelled "Poison")



From Soudags Nisse, Stockholm

THE POSITION OF THE NEUTRAL

"Our policy shall be to preserve an impartial neutral policy, without favor to either side."

Dagens Nyheter points out, is less rampant, a fact emphasized by the Norwegian cartoons presented in connection with this article, and which accurately reflect the popular feeling with regard to Germany.

But just because Swedish sympathy was so strongly pro-German on the one hand, and because side by side with this Germanophile spirit bolshevism had grown to serious dimensions—just because of this combination of conditions, Sweden seemed to constitute an ideal ground for the fastening of German political influence.

Now as for the facts: Last spring there was held in Helsingfors, Finland, a conference of Swedish and Finnish bolshevists, at which plans were laid for a revolution in Scandinavia, to be put under way as soon as conditions in the bay of Bothnia would per-

mit of navigation. The revolution was to start in Sweden, and to extend on to Norway and Denmark. The Finns pledged the assistance of the Finnish and the Russian red guards, while the Swedish delegates pledged the help of the Swedish army, whose ranks were permeated with bolshevist propaganda.

The revolution was launched, beginning with a noisy demonstration in Stockholm, but got no further, in the main for two reasons: first, because of the influence in Swedish socialist circles of Herr Branting, who is out-spoken in his pro-allied sympathies, and who occupies a commanding influence among his fellow radicals; and second, because of the fact that Sweden was becoming worried over the German seizure of the Åland Islands, under her very nose,



From *Fikingen, Christiano*

"THE GERMAN OFFENSIVE SPIRIT YOU SEE HAS LOST NONE OF ITS POWER."

The biting satire in this cartoon has reference to an incident in the North Sea, when a number of Scandinavian merchantmen, escorted by two small British naval craft were attacked by German battleships. The British ships were destroyed, as also most of the merchantmen. On one of the Norwegian boats were left a few women, who waved a white flag, and implored mercy, only to be shot down like dogs. Gloating over the incident a German paper commented as above.

and also by disclosures which showed that German plans for Finland included the development of a "Greater Finland," through which Teutonism was to be fastened upon the entire Arctic region, a direct menace to Swedish interests.

These two influences caused the revolution to fall flat. In the event of success this is what would have happened: the revolutionary scenes enacted in Finland would have been re-enacted in Sweden, with the consequent carnage and looting and slaughter—in short, utter chaos. It would have happened because it has happened in Russia and it has happened in Finland; it is a definite part of the bolshevist program. Whether the bolshevists are German agents does not enter into the question at all; whether they are German agents does not affect the results one way or another. Out of the pillage always comes the need for order, and the appeal to a stronger power for help—and the natural power in this case, owing to pro-German sympathies, would be

Germany. And help in the German sense of the term means occupation—commercial, social and economic occupation. Then with Sweden under her thumb, German domination of the smaller Scandinavian countries would be a mere matter of time; the assistance of the bolsheviks would not even be necessary.

That is a clear picture of the Scandinavian situation as it exists today. Scandinavian freedom from Germany depends almost wholly upon the curbing of the bolshevist power. There is enough pro-ally sentiment in Denmark and Norway to serve as a neutralizing agent against pro-German intrigue—and even in Sweden there are signs that indicate a growing consciousness of where Swedish influences lie. For example, the new agreement between Sweden and America—by which we gain control of four hundred thousand tons of Swedish shipping—was sufficient to serve notice upon Germany that Swedish affairs were as yet in Swedish hands.

There is no denying the fact, of course, that Scandinavia has suffered as no other neutrals, with the possible exception of Holland, have suffered. Living costs have increased more than one hundred percent, with a heavy diminution of living standards, so that on the basis of his former standards of living, the man on the street is paying three hundred percent above former times for the privilege of keeping alive. Many of the commodities of life, of course, are unobtainable. There is talk even of adopting a shoe ration. The situation is rendered the

more acute, of course, by the fact that the German markets draw abnormal quantities of foodstuffs out of the Scandinavian countries, while shipments of foodstuffs and other supplies have practically ceased from the entente countries into Scandinavia. The result is that hunger stalks abroad in the land, with actual famine in the offing.

But this is one of the penalties of neutrality, a penalty that is to be preferred, according to Scandinavian diplomacy and statecraft, to the penalties that are exacted by war.



Copyright, New York Evening Post

Cesare in New York Evening Post

GERMANY TO SWEDEN



Types of the American army and navy, at home in the "Eagle" Hut, London, as seen by Helen McKie, in The London Bystander.



From *L'Homme Libre*, Paris

Get down, brother, and let me up there.

That Million Air

By James Douglas

(Since announcement came that one million American men were in France, there has reached us this story by James Douglas. It appeared first in the London Opinion, and aimed to give our British cousins a "close-up" of our Sammies; to show up the human side of the boys—for if we do say it ourselves, we were in sad danger at one time of being deified by the appreciative populates of France and England. And you know how it is—when a person or persons reaches the point of being deified, it is "good-night" to any appreciation of the human side of them. And Douglas' article shows up this side of the Yanks.

Is pride and the million air we are wearing to be wondered at, with all these nice things being said about our boys? And there are millions more where these came from.—THE EDITOR.)

During the past few weeks I have seen many American friends, some of them journalists, some of them soldiers, some of them sailors, and some of them airmen. The more I talk with them, the better I like them. I wish all our people could get as close to their hearts as I got. We are

stolidly and stoically bearing a heavy burden, and we are at times in need of comradeship. It would lighten our burden if we could all shake an American hand, hear an American voice and look straight into an American eye.

The first thing that startled, astonished,



From London Opinion, London

The Kaiser: I'm smashing this Christopher Columbus. He is the Schweinhund who discovered America.



From Il 40, Florence

WHEN THEY THOUGHT THEY HAD WON

German: We have conquered Russia, Roumania, Belgium, Montenegro and Serbia. Now to settle with the entente.
Wilson: But wait half a moment. What about this?

and flabbergasted me was their terrible modesty, their tragic humility, their desperate self-deprecation. It made me laugh when it did not make me want to cry. The spectacle of the greatest democracy on earth humbling itself like a little child in its stark determination to learn the new trade of war, is to me the most wonderful product of German brutishness. If the Germans could only see the grim modesty of the Americans as I see it, they would fear it as heartily as I glory in it. It is not easy for the New World to sit at the feet of the Old World and take lessons in the awful art of beating the Boche. But the New World is right there right now. We are not teaching it. It is teaching itself at

a rate that will force the Kaiser to regret that he was ever born.

The Americans are as keen as mustard and as hot as pepper. They say very little, but their ardour is indescribable. They are all alike in this, from the admiral to the sailor, from the general to the soldier. They are enthusiasts to a man. There are no cynics among them. It refreshed me to talk to the soldiers and sailors. Their blazing idealism took my breath away. It is like the first fresh flush of our own idealism in August, 1914. They feel now what we felt then. The broad nobility of their outlook, their unselfish spirit of sacrifice, their grasp of the spiritual meaning of the war—these things filled me with new faith in



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

The kaiser: Can't we make some of that American "Pep"?
Chemist: Not in an imperial laboratory, your majesty.



Wm. Johnstone of New York Evening World

The spirit of '76

the coming triumph of the embattled good over the embattled evil.

We shall all get closer to these splendid comrades of ours. We shall learn to know them better. We shall grapple them to our souls. Out of our warfellowship, a great world's wonder is being brought to birth, the wonder of an English-speaking union against the things that kaiserism means. This union is not going to end when the war is won. No. It is going to begin just then, and it will make and keep the earth sweet and clean and merciful and free. It is our job to go out the whole way to weld ourselves into this knightly chivalry of a great nation.

I proclaimed my faith in the Americans when some of our pessimists failed to read the heart of President Wilson. I predicted that he would do the great thing in the great way. My faith was justified. He has

done, is doing, and will do the great thing in the great way. The half of what he has done has not been told and cannot be told. I wish I could tell half of what I know. But we don't know half of what we ourselves have done. The Germans know our other half and they know the American half. And they are very mad Germans.

One little fact let me hammer home. Few of you suspect it. When America came in she found the whole world skinned and bled by the allies—including the United States. All the war stuff on earth had been grabbed by the allied agents. She had to equip herself with our leavings. She had to go gleaning in a field of stubble. She did not dispute our priority anywhere. She knew that we were fighting for our lives and she rightly refused to butt in. She set to work to develop new sources of supply. In a year she has worked miracles. The "big



Sydney in Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

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LIGHTNING TRAINED YANKEES ARE RIGHT!

It will be recalled that the German high command sneered at our men as "lightning trained Yankees," but they know better now.

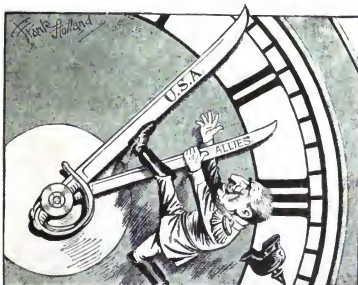
From The Fading Show, London



Yankee: Sey, boys, I brought in a couple of Huna last night on the end of my bayonet.

Skeptical Tommy: Yer quite certain there was two of 'em?

Yankee: Betcher life, bo'. I heard one of 'em say, "Move up a bit, Fritz, I'm slippin' off!"



From John Bull, London

FIGHTING AGAINST TIME!

The big hand advances

freeze" strangled her transport for months. There were other innumerable and incredible obstacles that nearly broke her eager heart.

An eminent American said to me the other day: "There were too many promises. Promises are all off. We're out for performances. We're more impatient than anybody. Our heart is in this business. Trust us to make good." They are making good. America is one big fiery furnace of passionate energy. I can feel the glow of it across the Atlantic and it warms my heart. A Virginian colonel tells me that Hampshire is like home to him. His long face lighted up with passion as he denounced Bernstorff and his Mexican plots against America. "Sir," said he, "that got inside the American lining."

"We Americans used to picture a Britisher as a fellow with a monocle in his eye and spats on his boots," said another. "You used to picture an American as a cowboy who galloped about with a gun shooting

up a town. We know each other now. At first your Tommies and our Sammies used to stare at each other like strangers. Now they mix with each other. You'll see them going off for walks together, going to the theatre together, seeing the sights together. They're going to scrap together and die together. It's the biggest partnership on earth, and we don't know how big it's going to be." My Virginian colonel saw a vision and dreamed a dream. I thought that the vision was "bon," and that the dream was "bon." Believe me, everything is "bon," no matter what the battle news may be this summer.

Some of us may be war-weary, but if we keep our eyes fixed on America, we will not lose heart. "Westward Ho!" There are a hundred millions over there who are with us. They are sending us the flower of their manhood. All heaven is in a rage against the Thing that murders dying men and their nurses in hospital tents. Can that Thing prevail?



From Manchester Chronicle

THE NEW STAR

Paris Children in Fight against Waste

Being three posters on French food conservation by Paris school children. That on this page is by a young lady whose modesty prompted her to withhold her name from the poster, but which, in its original coloring is a beautiful specimen of the poster art.



DO NOT WASTE BREAD—THIS IS OUR DUTY



EAT LESS MEAT, AND SAVE OUR BEEF SUPPLIES

Mlle. Marthe Picard, sixteen years of age, thus pleads for a wider use of fish.

VILLE DE PARIS

ÉCOLE COMMUNE Rue Camille

ECONOMISONS

le pétrole. l'essence



SAVE OIL AND GASOLINE

Drawn by Mlle. Marie Louise Jeanningron, thirteen years of age.



ARE THEY EXTINCT?

Has any effort been put on foot to save our sea horses? Evidently the submarine warfare or some other malign agency is killing them off, for not one, we believe, has been reported the present season. We are not claiming, of course, that sea horses will win the war; we are rather firm in our conviction that they will not; but in peace times we shall need them to build up our languishing summer-resort business. A vacation on the shores of a horseless sea is utterly unthinkable; instead of to Jersey people will get the habit of journeying to Kokomo, where at least the woods run wild. Then those reels of picturesque fishing nets, hung out to add flavor to the little village and to lure young school teachers, and those hotels which all summer long hum with people and buzz with flies—all these things will fall into decay and the investment they represent will be lost, while the old village cap'n will sit on the deserted pier and pine away.

Cannot something be done to woo them back, these horses of the sea? And if they are succumbing to the submarines, cannot they be equipped with nets or something that will protect them from the deadly onslaughts of the torpedoes?



YOU MAY HAVE HEARD THE ALIBI

The bolshevist sympathizers in this country have reached the alibi stage. They will

tell you with unction that bolshevism has not had a good test in Russia because of the extraordinary conditions under which it has had to function.

And yet bolshevism felt so competent to govern Russia! It was so ready to demonstrate the marvelous virtues of the new economic panaceas! Getting a nation out of its wallows was so simple a matter when you had absorbed the wisdom of Doc. Marx!

Just give it a frequent dose of bitters, varied with a tincture of iron (made in Germany) and there you were.

No man or group of men is fitted to govern anything who approach the assumption of authority in that spirit. Bolshevists who talk flippantly about rule, and assume authority in a holiday mood, are going to be flippant when they come to juggling with my liberties. It is the first test of a man's capacity to rule that he should sense the responsibility placed in his hands. And the bolshevists have yet to show, by word or act, that the rights of the Russian people were anything more than a bunch of toy balloons, gaily colored, for them to amuse their clownish fancies with.

The reason for the bolshevist flippancy is not far to seek. Two-thirds of the world is a closed book to them. They think only in terms of economics and property. They seem to have a bizarre fancy that the sun and stars are kept in their places by economic rather than physical laws; that life,

evolved from simple to the complex forms that it has reached in man, because economic rather than biologic laws were at work; they have no conception that the relations of men, one to another, are based on laws infinitely more subtle than any law of economics can possibly be—the laws of psychology; they do not consider that human happiness and pleasure are quite as dependent upon esthetic as upon economic laws, that if people are content and satisfied and "bourgeoise," as the bolshevists say they are, it is because life is giving them their moiety of beauty and pleasure.

In other words, the bolshevist is a man who sees only the hole in the doughnut, not because he chooses to, necessarily, but because faulty vision makes him incapable of seeing the rest. The myopic or other visual disturbances from which most of the leaders suffer is symbolic of the intellectual myopia that prompts them to try resettling upon an economic basis a world that has already settled itself upon a physical-biological-psychological-aesthetic-economic basis. Failure to grasp this fundamental principle is to declare oneself unfit for leadership.

But then, to the radical mind it is a mere matter of detail. If you insisted, the bolshevist would no doubt excuse himself for five minutes, retire within the folds of his brain, and bring forth a system that would readjust the world quite as quickly in the departments of biology and psychology as in economics. Such is the facility of the bolshevist mind!

□ □ □

PANELS

We have heard no dissent from the awarding to Sara Teasdale of the Pulitzer Prize for the most eminent work of the year in journalism and letters—based on a volume entitled "Love Songs."

Sara Teasdale's craftsmanship satisfies

the most exacting critic, in witness whereof, we cite the Pulitzer Prize, which she won hands down; while just folks, like you and me, eat up her verse, because we can tell what she is getting at. Of course the poems in her fragile volume are not what the old poet would have called Poems of Passion; nobody is killed in them; no bosoms heave with the mighty torrent of feeling that gushes beneath them. For this sort of thing you will have to go to Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Dick LeGallienne. It is the pastoral sort of thing—this of Sara Teasdale's. Pau is hanging around the corner somewhere, and satyrs not far away, though they have the good sense, poor duffers, to stick in the background these decadent days, when nobody believes in satyrs, least of all the satirists.

I am passing on three of the poems from which you will agree with me, I think, that something new can still be said about love.

□ □ □

FIDDLING WHILE
CIVILIZATION
BURNS

Nero, the bad boy of the Roman empire, who played a hornpipe while Rome was going up in smoke, had nothing on those parrotty persons of our own day, who, while the whole struc-

ture of civilization is being gutted, cannot keep their minds off the foolish fads and theories that engaged them during the peace times, when nothing mattered much anyhow. The fiery flames come as a light from heaven, enabling them to be seen for the one time in their little lives. For to be seen, to be heard, they reason, is to get your propaganda across; always some silly people will be gullible enough to swallow your guffe, no matter how foolish it is.

Vegetarianism was that way. Nobody knew what it was all about, except that George Bernard Shaw had contracted it in an acute form. But then, as Shaw is always contracting something or other, nobody stopped to inquire what this particular affliction might be. Obviously the propaganda

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PIERROT!

*Pierrot stands in the garden
Beneath a waning moon,
And on his lute he fashions
A fragile silver tune.*

*Pierrot plays in the garden,
He thinks he plays for me,
But I am quite forgotten
Under the cherry tree.*

*Pierrot plays in the garden
And all the roses know
That Pierrot loves his music—
But I love Pierrot.*

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was making little headway, even with the magic of George Bernard Shaw's name as a peg to hang it on.

But war has come as a salvation to vegetarians. Everybody has got to talking about food, and you have only to mention beets and carrots to get an audience hanging upon your words. At the merest mention of beets they are rooted to the spot. What William Jennings Bryan and his platitudes used to be before the war, when two-thirds of the time he had 'em out of perfectly good seats that had cost 'em two bucks per, the meatless fiend has become, now that fate has at last given him a chance to be seen and heard. Red Cross campaigns, war savings campaigns, liberty loan campaigns, recruiting campaigns—nothing needs his help half so much as the Cause, and if at last the war is lost it will be because the nation did not eat enough calories of something or other!

The anti-smokes for Sammies lad is another fiddler. He usually fiddles on one string. It is the only tune that he can play. The fact that much of color, romance and flavor may gather around a pipe; that a smoke between friends has a cementing and a hallowing influence; that even the cigarette may be the one thing that will relax taut nerves; and above all that to be a chronic agastner and reformer is a sign of a diseased mind—none of these things ever get home to the consciousness of these strange birds.

In peace times people paid little attention to their wearisome squeak, and little enough now, but so long as vegetarians and the other folks are at it, why he might as well add his string to the cacophony.

Sometimes the vegetarian and the anti-tobacconist are combined in one, and the result is almost as bad as the professional prohibitionist, who, unlike the other fiddlers, is infinitely worse than his creed. We are all for the results desired by the prohibitionist; most of us will go the entire way

with him in achieving those results, while all would go part way. But everybody would be a prohibitionist if it were not for the prohibitionists. There is something coarse and repulsive in that type of mind that seeks to regulate the conduct and morals of other men down to their own, and that repulsiveness deepens in intensity at a time like the present when the rest of us are indulging ourselves in the supreme pleasures of sacrifice—and the prohibitionist refuses to sacrifice his hobby.

The socialist is a one-string fiddler, too, in a way, but he is rather more tolerable than the other types, since he varies the monotony of his tune with blowing up bridges and shooing up those of the bourgeoisie who chance to disagree with him—and poisoning people who hate the huns.

◆ ◆ ◆
EBB TIDE

*When the long day goes by
And I do not see your face,
The old wild, restless sorrow
Steals from its hiding place.*

*My day is barren and broken,
Deft of light and song,
A sea beach bleak and windy
That moans the whole day long.*

*To the empty beach at ebb tide,
Bare with its rocks and scars,
Come back like the sea with singing,
And light of a million stars.*

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GERMAN TABLE
LINEN GOES BY
THE BOARD

If you are of a fastidious turn of mind and meditate a journey into Germany, you will do well to take your table linen with you, for July first there went into effect an order forbidding the use of this pleasing, but dispensable household supply. This will not work as

great a hardship as might at first seem, for I dare say almost any German can remember back to some patriarch who had it from somebody's great-great grandmother that she could almost remember the time when table linen first came to Germany. It's just a matter of reversion to type. What worries me is this—what in the absence of table cloths will they have to wipe their hands on?

□ □ □

JOHN PURROY MITCHEL

With John Purroy Mitchel there passed one of the most brilliant of the younger generation of Americans. He gave New York City the best administration it has

ever known; he was as honest as he was fearless, and as fearless as he was tireless in the discharge of duty.

It was the call of duty that led him into the aviation service; and while that call is never to be denied, yet the question arises as to the advisability of permitting proved men like Mitchel to engage in service so hazardous as flying. There is the younger blood to draw upon for this kind of work—men in abundance, men who are eager to get into the service.

In contemplating the processes of political and social reconstruction in America that are certain to follow the signing of peace, one always reverted to Mitchel as one of the men whose courage and integrity would fit him for high tasks. There are others, too, in America, men in whom the country has implicit confidence—and the death of Mitchel should cause us to redouble our efforts to save them for the struggles of peace times.

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HELP!

Now that the government has decreed that paper will win the war, and therefore must be saved, we want to enter a protest against the publication, in news sheets of one kind or another, of puzzle pictures. The old fashioned rebuses were bad enough—those patch-work effects got by mixing a lot of lifted eye-brows and potatoes and bungalows and cabalistic words into a map-like effect, from which, if your brain stood up under the task, you made rather coherent statements. But rebuses are passé, and the new idea is for an artist to draw a picture, while you are to discover what is wrong with it. The caption assures you that the artist has purposely made a bad break, and that you are to hunt it down. But presently you hit upon a more exciting sport, trying to pick out the mistake the artist purposely made from those he was unconscious of. When one eye looks like an almond suspended from the young lady's

forehead by a silken lock, with the other resting upon her cheek; when one ear is in the latitude of seventy degrees north, and the other just south of the equator; when the lover whom she is orbiting is standing on end as to his hair, and seems on the point of beating it in spite of the casual circumstance that he has only one leg—consider minutely a picture of this kind, and you will come always to just one conclusion, that it is the artist's little joke—that he himself is the mistake.

But on your way home in the street car the very next puzzle causes you to furrow deep crevices in your gray matter, when you could easily be reading about Saskatoon or something. You can't keep away from them, these puzzles, and hence our plea, that in the interests of the conservation of paper and brain cells alike they be interned for the duration of the war.

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POLITICS

Politics did not become adjourned merely by virtue of President Wilson's pronouncement. It was adjourned already, and the presidential statement was just by way adding emphasis to the fact. Democracy in Michigan tried to mess up the Re-

publican party fold, let the Republicans tell it and to force Ford upon an unwilling party. Henry's candidacy, however, seems unable to get out of low, while Illinois Republicans cried "Fie!" at the President's letter of endorsement of James Hamilton Lewis for reelection as Senator from that worthy commonwealth. But save from this part of the country little is heard of politics, and unless the war ends pretty soon politics will be ready for early internment.

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SMART YOUNG FELLERS

The day before the Crown Prince's great July drive broke loose the evening papers in America carried a quotation from the

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THE RIVER

*I came from the sunny valleys
And sought for the open sea,
For I thought in its gray expanses
My peace would come to me.*

*I came at last to the ocean
And found it wild and black,
And I cried to the windless valleys,
"Be kind and take me back!"*

*But the thirsty tide ran inland
And the salt waves drank of me,
And I who was fresh as the rainfall
Am bitter as the sea.*

◆ ◆ ◆

military correspondent of the Berlin Lokal Anzeiger, in which that gentleman gave his estimate of the American troops on the western front: "They are smart fellows, but only when they like to be." The Anzeiger insisted that Secretary Baker was all wrong, that not more than three hundred thousand Americans, including working squads, were at the front.

If the German war correspondents are still unsatisfied as to our helligerent intentions, just let them start another little drive, and they can get it again in the same spot.

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DISTANCES

At that, Secretary Baker was not so far wrong as he might have been when he talked about the war being three thousand miles away. For distances are wholly relative, as I discovered from a friend whose week-end hospitality I recently accepted. His bungalow, he informed us on setting forth on our journey, was exactly a cigarette from the station. And sure enough, just as we swung in at the gate the last glow disappeared from the long, graceful holder which he carries.

On one occasion, he told me, he forgot the holder, whereupon his cigarette fell

short and came to an ignominious end out where the blackberry patch begins.

And that is a whole lot cozier bungalow for being a cigarette rather than sixty-seven rods from the station.

□ □ □

WE WANT TO PARADE

There is always a suggestion to be made, we suppose, about one thing and another, and ours this month is for the perfection of some means whereby people standing on the side lines can get into the parade. Parades somehow seem disappointing; they are never half as long as they ought to be to suit the curbsters, half of whom themselves just long to get in behind the band and march their heads off. I am perfectly aware that little Sallie Jones, with her flaming red tunic, would hardly fit into the section occupied by the Grovesnor Park Rifles, and also that Professor Brown, from the girl's seminary, would make a poor showing even in the Red Cross platoon. But surely some place could be found in the parade for Sallie and the Professor, and all the rest of us folks who are doing little toward winning the war besides shelling out our shekels, but who feel somehow that we are entitled to march on occasion.

T. C. O'DONNELL



From St. Louis Globe-Democrat

"Mercy, what a silly looking thing!"



Strictly fresh



Contains no alcohol



Guaranteed not to shrink



Keep it in a cool place



Handle with care

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Norman Anthony

NATIONAL LABELS



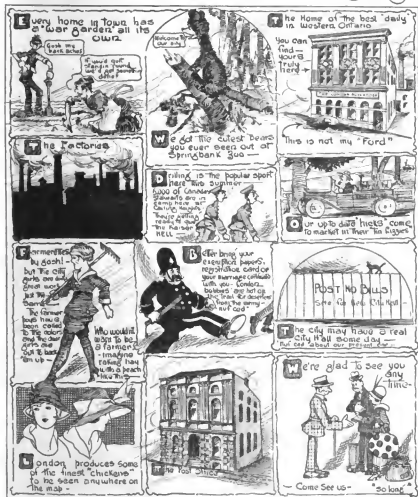
London, Ont.



CROSSING THE LINE

Haviland Nash is a Baedeker and a Burton Holmes in one. We have been in London a heap o' times, and we declare, we never saw all that Haviland shows us. That shows the importance of being personally and properly conducted. When the city fathers get out the next guide book they will miss it a mile if they don't let their artist do it. And if Haviland gets all those bathing beaches down, and their contents catalogued after the fashion of these two pictures, we predict a sudden increase in the city's immigration returns.

Canada. By Haviland H. Dash



MAPLE-LEAFING

These pictures, we might add, while the adding is good, mark an innovation in this feature of CARTOONS MAGAZINE, inasmuch as we have not hitherto gone out of America for illustrations for our "Seeing the Cities" series. But that old international boundary line has become pretty badly battered up during the course of the war—so much so that it is scarcely visible, unless someone points it out to you and tells you where to look for it. Wherefore London fits in the series just the same as any other place.

With the CARTOONISTS



LEMEN, OF THE POST-DISPATCH

Remember the cover on the July **CARTOONS MAGAZINE**? You know, the young lady at the *Business* end of the plow, with a bunch of birds about her—fellows that without this attraction would bit it for town, get in a deferred classification and do the Harold and Clarence stuff along the Rialto. But the presence of the dainty farmerette held 'em fast to the soil, and solved the problem of the labor supply and other things.

Well, J. R. Lemen did the picture for the woman's page of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*—and he is contributing a lot more of them that are equally good. On this page you will observe a photograph of Lemen, and by a lot of careful maneuvering we have succeeded in getting the reluctant cartoonist to pass on for the benefit of **CARTOONS MAGAZINE** readers these facts of a biographical nature:

"I went to the *St. Louis Art School* for two years," he says, "most of the time studying painting. That was not the beginning of my

art education, however, as I can remember feverishly drawing battleships and soldiers during the Spanish-American war, although I was only seven or eight years old at the time.

"I assure you I never did a bit of work at school, but spent my time decorating my books with handsome illustrations.

"After leaving school I worked in a real estate office, a jewelry house, and a brick plant. Bricks, however, didn't seem to be to my tastes, and I entered art school.

After about two years I married, and needless to say started looking for a job. I landed on the *Post-Dispatch* where I have been about five years.

"My favorite sport is going to the theater or any other place where I can study human nature. I am also very fond of reading, and must confess I enjoy a good book more than a baseball game."

H. L. WATEROUS IN SERVICE

Herbert Lake Waterous, the cartoonist, has joined the service and is located now at the



Lemen

Naval Reserve school, at Pelham Manor Training Station, City Island, studying for the United States merchant marine. After his enlistment in the Naval Auxiliary Reserve, and a couple of training voyages, he showed so much aptitude for the service that he was given credit for seven months' work and sent to the training station school to prepare for advancement.



Robert Lee Eskridge

GOING OUT AFTER 'EM

"Bob" Eskridge via **CARTOONS MAGAZINE** was flirting with cartoonism when he joined up last month, in Chicago, and was sent to Camp Jackson, South Carolina. At last accounts he was subsiding into the uniform which our Uncle Samuel supplies to his warriors. At first, though, "I felt as though I were in a diver's uniform the first two days I wore the outfit," he says, "but I am told I now look quite debonair—a sort of burlesque on Harrison Fisher's stringy, languid soldier boys."

The drawing which accompanies this article was made by Eugene DeVol, Mr. Eskridge's studio partner in Chicago.

INTRODUCING ART MANAGER SHUMANN

Ray Schumann, who was doing delightful round-about-town features for the Chicago

Examiner, was appointed art manager for the Herald and Examiner under the merger of those two papers that was formed recently. Mr. Schumann came to Chicago two years ago from the San Francisco Examiner, and has attracted wide notice by his whimsical rendering of "town topics," as also by the illustrations for Ashton Stevens' dramatic reviews in the Sunday Examiner.

THE PASSING OF JOHN AMES MITCHELL

The world of American humor has lost a friend in the death of John Ames Mitchell, founder and editor of *Life*. It has always been an achievement, a young artist breaking into *Life* under his editorship. He was quick to recognize talent wherever he found it. Himself an artist of no mean talents, he was a splendid judge of the work of others, and to break into his pages was a sort of guarantee of merit.



John Ames Mitchell

It is interesting in this connection to recall the names of men who appeared in the early numbers of the magazine. There was Oliver Herford, for example. His "Absinthe Makes the Heart Grow Fonder" appeared in the first issue. Charles Dana Gibson was also one of the earliest contributors, while W. A. Rogers, now cartoonist of the New York Herald, was its political cartoonist. Among the managing editors were the late Henry Guy Carleton, John Kendrick Bangs, Frank Marshall White, James S. Metcalfe, now dramatic critic, and Tom Masson. These and other names really compose a roster of the ranks of American humor, and illustrate well one of the outstanding features of Mitchell's character—his capacity for drawing to him men of distinctive ability in a wide variety of fields.

YO-HO-HO AND A BOTTLE OF INK

(From our Special Correspondent, Back from the Front)

Editor Cartoons Magazine:

Dear Ed.—I came up to see you the other day when you was out & I guess you must be a mind reader or something for I didn't phone I was coming & it was an hour yet of quitting time, even for a magazine editor.



Garrett Price

Anyway I left that picture of Garrett Price on your desk & cautioned the girl not to swipe it but when she took a look she said it would be perfectly safe anywhere so I guess you got it all right o. K.

You see, Ed, the reason I want this picture back is not so much because I'm a big grouch or on acct. of its good looks but this bird quit a swell job in the Chicago Tribune art department the other day to go out & tie himself up at the Great Lakes training station, so you see, if he ever becomes a hero & the city Ed. is running around some night half crazy for a picture, I can flash this one on him.

I know you'll laugh your head off when I tell you that the subject of this sketch, as they say, came from Wyoming, for I'll bet nobody ever heard of a cartoonist coming from there before, & supposed the natives just formed in posses & worked for the pictures, but this guy Price says that's all wrong, and why shouldn't he, the lucky stiff? You've noticed how those newspaper birds out there reprint all of his stuff—even poetry—and he's only a commencer yet, you might say. Why, my native state wouldn't hand me a bouquet like that if my tongue was hanging out.

This kid is only 21, & it sure is tough luck to have a war come along just when a guy is going good, but to keep his hand in he will make cartoons for the Great Lakes Bulletin, & maybe you can swipe some of them for your magazine.

Well, Ed, this is about all for this time, but I might say that in spite of the fact that the boss had to scout around for three good men to take his place in the department, we all hope Garrett won't fall overboard and dampen his patriotism.

Yours truly,

E. E. Lowry.

(With apologies to Ring W. Lardner.)

K. K. K. ROTARIANIZES

When the Evansville, Indiana, Rotary Club delegation went to Kansas City to attend the annual convention of International Rotary Clubs they took along K. K. Knecht, cartoonist of the Evansville Courier. That they used him to advantage was shown by the publicity and comment they received. K. K. K. took his chalk talk apparatus and "stunted" all week. At Electric Park he

drew sketches in the theater and around the grounds for the movies, and drew large caricatures of prominent delegates as they posed for him. For these sketches donations were made to the Evansville fund for the Red Cross.

At Troozee Park on Thursday afternoon Knecht appeared on a program with Thornton Burgess, author of "Little Bed-Time" stories. A crowd of fifteen thousand children, and parents were grouped on the hillside on four sides of the platform.

Burgess told stories of his many characters, and Knecht drew pictures of them—turning his easel from side to side so that all could see. The cartoonist was also on the "Stunt Night Vaudeville Program" at the Empress theater, where a fifteen act program by talent with various delegations was given.



C. D. Batchelor

ABOUT BATCHELOR

You can look your head off for C. D. Batchelor's drawings in the Hearst papers and you won't find them, for the reason that he resigned his former position on June 18th and is now doing political cartoons for the New York Tribune. We shall all miss the young ladies which we had come to associate with Mr. Batchelor; but at the same time all cartoonists will congratulate him on the opportunity that the new connection gives him to get into the general field. He brings to the political cartoon a fresh point of view, with a splendid technique that has already attracted wide attention to his work.

Mr. Batchelor was born at Osage City, Kansas, in 1888—April 1st, to be exact. "I attended school in the usual fashion," he tells the present writer, "and with the aid of a pony finished high school. I attended the Chicago Art Institute two years, then went onto the Kansas City Star."

Then after a period of railroading, in New Mexico, being located at Las Vegas, he went to New York and took to free-lancing, doing work for Life, Colliers, Judge, and other journals. In 1913 he formed a connection

with the New York Journal, that, with a month on the New York Evening Mail, lasted on and off up to the time of the Tribune change.

This paragraph was not written for publication, but we are taking the liberty of quoting it, because it indicates so well the spirit that Mr. Batchelor is giving expression to in his new cartoons:

"Certainly the cartoonists collectively have been a strong factor in propaganda incident to the war, and when victory is attained, as indeed it will be, they will have little enough of glory, but they will have the consciousness of having helped in some measure to form public opinion. And after all, it is public opinion that makes a Marne or a Piave."

STARK IN UNIFORM

Walter E. Stark, formerly of the Rochester Herald and Rochester Post-Express, and still more recently animating in New York, has gone a-sailing. He is located for his training period at the Great Lakes Station, Illinois, in Company B, First Regiment—Camp Dewey.



Ahem!

That spinster has contempt
For dames
With husbands, babes, and house-
Hold aims.

But He Got It from the Bar-ley

O. B. Goode: Isn't it shocking how strong
drink has changed Pepper's countenance.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Dorothy Phelps

A frontal attack

A. Kidder: Yes; you might call it a rye
face.

So There!

That dowager should
Be suppresst
Who will not gossip
Like the rest.

One on the Cabbage

Jones: Ever see one of those caterpillar
trucks the paper tells about here?

War Gardener: No, but I have learned in
my garden a lot this summer about the
truck caterpillar.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Glenn Stewart

Circumstances alter kisses



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Franklin Hogue

Boy (watching military parade): Hey, Missus Jones, here comes da tank.
 Mrs. Jones (busy in war garden): Land sakes! John Henry home an' supper
 ain't started yet.



"His white clothes."

The Sailor

I once knew a perfectly good sailor
Who wore a dark blue suit.
He piloted me around
Beautifully—
Over all the crossings and past the street
cars—
He steered me between the automobiles
And things.
I never got a
Splash.
But now everything is different—
He is wearing his white clothes.
I leap and wade
Among the passing traffic
Without protection of any kind—
He is too busy
Keeping his white clothes clean
His elegant white clothes
To pay any attention
To me!

Oh!

The poet has contempt
For those
Who haven't got the time
To pose.

Good for Evil

When Germans call the British
"Crooks, criminals and cranks,
And demons, dogs, and devils!"
The British answer "Tanks!"

A Frame Up Probably

Artist (to his salesman, who has just re-
turned with the oil painting): You're a rot-
ten canvasser!

Business manager: Well, I may be a bum
canvasser; but I'm not as bum as the canvas,
sir!

Why Mary Was Contrary

Mary had a little lamb—

And here's a new suggestion:

When asked to have some more, she did—
And suffered indigestion!



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by J. C. Curry

CONFIRMING THE HEREDITARY THEORY

"Ah see yo' son has been menashined fo' spicu-
ous bravery in one o' them night raids."
"Yes, that boy sho takes after his ole man."



Drawn for *Cartoons Magazine* by R. B. Fuller

THE DARK SIDE OF A COONTONEMENT



DE BOOK SAYS DAT YOU CANT RE TREAT
BUT ISE GONNA BREAK SOMA DEM
ARMY REGURLATIONS - ME AN DE
GERMANS ALWAYS DID GET 'LONG FINE

TO DO ABOUT FACE. - YOU PUTS YO RIGHT
FOOT BACKA YO LEF AN OOOZZ AROUND
IN THIS MANNAH!



AH AINT HEARD
NOTHIN' BOUT
AT COAL
SHORTAGE
ROUN HEAR



LOOK HEAN NIGGER
DOES YOU SEE DEM
STRIPES ?-ISE YO
SUPERIOR OFFICED



I AINT BOTHERED
THEYS JES
SEWED ON,
THEY'LL COME
OFF

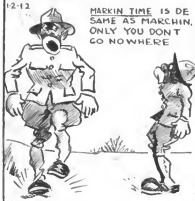
OO MAN! YO MO-RAL IS
GITTIN POWFUL
LOW

UMPH!



12-12

MARKIN TIME IS DE
SAME AS MARCHIN,
ONLY YOU DONT
GO NOWHERE



WONDAH WAT
DAT WORD
DEMOCRACY
MEANS ANYHOW



RAY MCGILL

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Ray McGill

Initials

Mary Pickford's success was predestined, for her initials also stand for her profession, Moving Pictures.

Similarly, Charlie Chaplin, being English, could be described as the Cinema Champion.

And finally, in view of Doug Fairbanks' spectacular stunts, how's D. F.?



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Norman Anthony

The plot thickens

The Sequence

(The hotels in Washington were so crowded that many were unable to find beds. News from the capital.)

But probably, though it might not be known, There was lots of "bunk" about the town!



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by E. K. Messner

Tramp: Why, lady, for a cup of coffee, and a sandwich, I'd saw that whole log for you!



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Jo Fisher

The bureau of inefficiency

In the Dark

A colored minister was about to lead his congregation in prayer when suddenly the floor of the church sank a foot, causing a commotion among the parishioners. The preacher was equal to the occasion and quickly quieted his flock by solemnly saying:

"Stay just whar yo' all is, my people, de Lawd is wif' yo!"

Immediately big Mose Peters jumped upon a pew and shouted:

"Misto' preacher, if de Lawd was wif' me just now, den who all's done took ma fo' bits in dis heah low-down bunch o' black-berries?"



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by J. C. Argens

He: I suppose that my brother was on his knees when he proposed to you last night?
 She: Why, er—no; I was.

In the Van

It was an idle hour in a certain high-class shoe store. A few salesmen were gathered together in one corner of the establishment, discussing the relative values of different kinds of footwear. Said one, proudly: "The shoes that I'm wearing are the best made. They're genuine Cordovans."

A short silence ensued, but it was soon broken by the other salesman who, swinging about on his heels and walking away from the others, said:

"That's nothing; mine are moving-vans."

Try This on Your Zither

Oh! why does Love toss me about hither, thither?

With her I could live—without her I'd wither!

Sock Sequence

(The masculine hose is to blend with the color of the wearer's hair—fashion note.)

M'yes! but the sequence may appal,
For the bald wont wear any socks at all!



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Hubert Whatley

"Do you know, there was something I use to like about you!"

"Yes!"

"Yes, but you've spent it all!"



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by A. C. Hockings

Absent minded bomber: Now let me see—what was it I intended to do?

Try a Rumor Next Time

Snitcher: Listen, Tellitt, I've got to get another room. I don't like the landlady.

Tellitt: Why not?

Snitcher: She asks too much of me. Wanted me to take a room upstairs the other day, when I couldn't even get my arms around her, let alone the room.

Some Germans

Some Germans make the
Kaiser wild:
They've never even stahhed
A child!

Some Germans make the
Kaiser curse:
They've never even shot
A nurse;

Some Germans make the
Kaiser yell:
They've not put poison in
A well!

Those Germans make the
Kaiser mad
Who are not absolute-
Ly bad!

Those Germans make the
Kaiser smile
Who are perverted, base,
And vile!



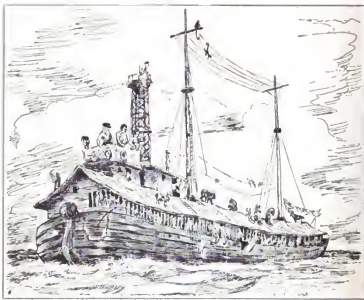
Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by H. C. Hull

"I git bloomin' hungry when I look at them dirgibles! They remind me of frankfurters!"
"Me too! I wonder, is that what them blighters mean when they speak of the 'dogs of war'?"



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by R. B. Fuller

Old Lady: You'll soon have it finished. Then, poor dear, you'll have something to wear.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by J. S. Curry

In these days of Huns and plunder
One is almost lost in wonder
At the chance the boxes lost
When Noah slipped his ark across.

And the Pins Are to the Point

A doctor says there are fashions in medicines as well as in hats. Maybe! Maybe! But we do not wear medicines on our heads, and we cannot swallow some hats we see!

Alphabet of Male Loafers

Astrologers
Baseball-fans
Crap-shooters
Dressmakers
Evangelists
Futurists
Genealogists
Hat-boys
Interior-decorators
Joke-writers
Kaiserites
Lounge-lizards
Milliners
Neurologists
Oboe-players
Palmists
Quack-doctors

Rag-pickers
Society-reporters
Tambourine-players
Ukelele-players
Vorticists
Wire-walkers
Xylophone-players
Yodelers
Zither-players

Girls on Parade

Good girls, bad girls, jolly girls, sad girls!
Rattling, prattling, tittle-tattling girls!
Stout girls, lean girls, mean girls, clean girls!
Smoking, joking, and provoking girls!
Sorrowing girls and borrowing girls!
Airy, fairy, very wary girls!
Dark girls, fair girls, plump girls, spare girls!
Daring, staring, ever-varying girls!
Bold girls, old girls, sweet girls, snappy girls!
Doubting, pouting, wretched, happy girls!
Shy girls, sly girls, moonney, spooney girls!
Dancing, entrancing, and romancing girls!
Beautiful, dutiful, despotic, erotic,
Ever distracting girls!

October-25 Cents

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A. W. SCHULTZ
St. Louis, Mo.

CARTOONS



MAGAZINE



The Lieutenant's
first Smell of Powder

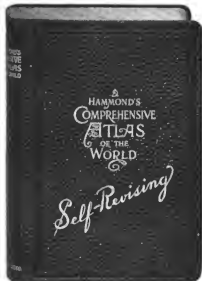


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School News

WANT TO LEARN TO DRAW

OHIO

1918



Think of the publications devoted to automobiles, to motorboating, outdoor sports, advertising, railroading, electricity,—and innumerable other subjects! Not to mention the scores of “house organs” or papers published by manufacturers for private distribution among their own employees and customers.

On top of these are many other opportunities, such as movie cartoons (a growing field) and cartoons for advertising.

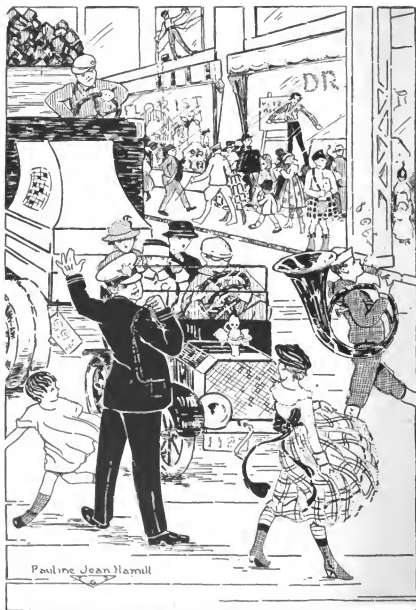
Reports are constantly being received from Landon pupils which indicate the wide diversity of their successes. It is natural that a large proportion of these students should land in newspaper offices, but many others are employed in the other branches of work that have been mentioned.

You will be interested in reading these reports of Landon pupils' success, which will be sent you on request. *They will help you form your own opinion of what opportunities the profession of cartooning holds out to you.*

But they will do more also. They will show you how **thoroughly** and **successfully** the Landon School trains its pupils—by mail. The object of this school is to give a training for *actual work*. It does not make a dabbler out of you, but an *efficient workman* in the kind of work you like best.

That you may receive full information about the course, examples of the work of others, and evidence of what you too can accomplish—just send name and address—and *state your age*—to

The Landon School 1495 Schofield Bldg.,
CLEVELAND, OHIO



"WHEN A MOTORIST DRIVES UP TO A CROSSING THE COP MERELY PRESSES
A BUTTON AND IT HOLLERS, 'WHERE THAHEL YOU GOIN?'"

(See opposite page.)

CARTOONS MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT 6 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO

Volume 15

October, 1918

Number 4

First Aid to Conversationalists

By J. D. M. C. E. Von

Drawings by Pauline Jean Hamill

Inventions that will save time and energy have always appealed to me. For years I have been conducting experiments that have resulted in a good many useful and humanitarian devices.

One of these is a device for crossing cops. When a motorist drives up to a crossing the cop merely presses a button and it shouts:

"Where thahel you goin'?"

Immediately, before the motorist can reply, it goes on:

"Wathahel do you mean? Whothahel do you think you are? Gwan now and don't give me any back sass, and don't do it again! See?"

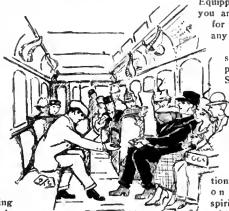
This has been a great boon to the crossing cops, because it says everything that they could possibly say with the same felicity of phrase and the same mellow tones; without sapping their vitality, which is needed for more useful tasks—such as standing in front of

you when you wish to see a parade, and taking all the pretty girls across the street, while the poor old lame women and the blind men are being run over by beer wagons and through-route cars.

But I have just finished my masterpiece. True to the spirit of the times this invention will conserve the time and energy of us who remain at home and run the business while our boys are running the Germans. I call it the "Automatic Conversationalist."

Equipped with this device you are never at a loss for a ready retort to any remark.

As has been well said, the best repertoire is repertoire. So these replies, which are carefully prepared in advance, are always ready and completely fill all requirements. With the Automatic Conversationalist you can carry on a lengthy and spirited conversation with your friends and not let it interfere with any useful work you may have on hand.



Pauline Jean Hamill

"You observe Brown on the car going home."

If you are a slow and indecisive speaker, one who is often at a loss for a quick reply, the Automatic Conversationalist will come to your aid and make you as loquacious as Kaiser Wilhelm. For example, you meet a friend on the street, a friend, say, you haven't seen for several weeks, and he greets you with a snappy "Hello!"

Right away you must have a quick rejoinder. If you are a clever conversationalist you will reply, "Hello! How are you?"

Then he will say, "Fine, how are you?"

This instantly puts it up to you again to frame another come-back. What a drain on your creative ability! What a strain on your mind, which has probably been working on some very important problem that will help win the war! Custom has decreed that you must reply to him. If you walked right on and left him flat it would serve him right, but it wouldn't be clubby.

What are you going to do? Are you going to bandy remarks with him until all your energy has been exhausted? You are—unless you have the "Automatic Conversationalist" to help you. With this, what a difference! You have, at your fingers ends, a complete and formidable arsenal of ready-made replies that will fit any emergency. This ammunition is in the form of neatly printed cards, filed away in your pockets under various classifications—like these, for example: "Upon meeting a friend," "War Argument," "Snappy Dinner Talk," "The Wife," "The Inquisitive Child," etc.

Take the situation



War talk

previously touched upon. Your friend greets you upon the street with a cheery "Hello!"

Instead of wasting your breath and mental energy by thinking up a reply, you reach into the pocket where you keep your material labeled, "UPON MEETING A FRIEND." You hand him the first card:

HELLO! HOW ARE YOU?

The quickness of your reply and the aptness of it will no doubt surprise him but it won't shock him out of his regular routine, which will consist of saying:

"Fine! How are you?"

You take off the next card and hand it to him:

ALL RIGHT! HOW ARE YOU?

He replies, "Fine! Where have you been keeping yourself?"

Your next card has the answer:

OH, I'VE BEEN AROUND.

Then he comes back:

"I don't see much of you lately."

And you hand him this card:

NO?

And then he replies:

"No!"

And then the next card:

OH!

He next asks, "Well, how's everything by you?" and you hand him card No. 6:

FINE. HOW'S IT BY YOU?

And he answers, "Fine. Where you going?" Give him No. 9:

OH, JUST DOWN THE STREET.

That will stop him for a minute and he will say: "Well, guess I'll have to be going along. Glad I saw you. S'long!" Then you hand him No. 10.

S'LONG!

What a vast improvement over the old system! How happy and lighthearted and rested you feel! While you have been handing out these cards you have been thinking out something else, something that means a great deal more to you than any conversation you could hold with this

friend. At the same time you have fulfilled your social obligations and shown him a good time.

Of course that is only one phase of the "Automatic Conversationalist." Take for instance that which deals with war argument. This is a very popular conversation and, like all modern conversations, it follows well-defined lines and never gets anywhere—and, moreover, doesn't mean anything.

You observe Brown on the car going home.

"Why, hello there!" he calls across the aisle.

You reach into your pocket labeled "War Argument" and hand him card No. 1:

HELLO YOURSELF.

"Say," he says, "I guess we ain't gettin' them Germans now!" Hand him No. 2:

I'LL SAY WE ARE!

Brown: "The Yanks sure have them on the run." You reply:

ON THE RUN IS RIGHT!

"Them Yanks are sure some fighters!" Brown observes, and you reply with No. 4:

YOU SAID SOMETHING THAT TIME!

Brown: "You bet I said something."

No. 5: YOU BET YOU DID.

Brown: "They sure are!"

No. 6: THEY SURE ARE IS RIGHT!

Brown: "And them Pollews ain't so worsel!"

No. 7: YOU BET THEY AIN'T!

Brown: "I'll bet that German kaiser will get enough of it before he is through."

No. 8: AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

Brown: "I'll bet he's pretty sick of it now!"

No. 9: NOW YOU SAID SOMETHING.

Brown: "You bet I did!"

No. 10: YOU SURE DID!

Brown: "But them Germans ain't licked yet!"

No. 11: THAT'S
RIGHT,
THEY
AIN'T!



"Who is that pretty young lady you were talking to on your way to the car this morning?"

Brown: "They've got a long row to hoe yet."

No. 12: AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

Brown: "But still, maybe they're all in!"

No. 13: MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT.

Brown: "I bet they're pretty near licked now!"

No. 14: I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT.

Brown: "You're right I'm right!"

No. 15: YES SIR, I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT.

Brown: "But sometimes I don't know, either."

No. 16: ME NEITHER.

Brown: "What do you think of the war?"

No. 17: WELL, I DON'T KNOW!

Brown: "We sure have got them Germans on the run!"

No. 18 (Here you get out your second set, the same answers, and start again with No. 3.): ON THE RUN IS RIGHT.

By that time you have come to your station. Meanwhile you have been reading the paper. You have read all the news, and the

features, including "How to be Beautiful," and "Helpful Hints for Nursing Mothers," and the movie announcements, which show that Theda Bara will appear at your favorite theatre tonight in her favorite obscenarior, "No Children Allowed!"

Don't you begin to see now what a wonderful thing the Automatic Conversationalist is? But we are not finished with it yet.

Under the classification of "THE WIFE" you will find a very complete collection of replies to fit every occasion. We will only illustrate one.

You have come home late for dinner. She meets you at the door and says:

"Well! This is a fine time for you to be coming home for dinner!" You hand to her card No. 1:

YES, DEAR!

Wife: "Do you think this is the right time to come home to dinner?"

No. 2: NO, DEAR!

Wife: "Well, where were you? What detained you?"

No. 3:

Wife: "Well, why don't you say something?"

No. 4: NO, DEAR.

Wife: "Can't you say anything but 'No, dear'?"

No. 5: YES, DEAR.

Wife: "Well, this is a nice time for you to come home. Every man in the neighborhood has been home an hour ago. Dinner

has been standing on the table for two hours."

But you haven't any more printed replies. You don't need them. Even if you had them you would never get a chance to use them.

But it is upon the ease and ingenuity and completeness with which the Automatic Conversationalist disposes of your inquisitive offspring that I particularly pride myself. You come home tired after a hard day's work and Little Useless climbs upon your lap and says:

"Oh, Daddy, tell me where does the wind go when it blows?"

Reach into your pocket and take out the proper handful of cards from the Automatic Conversationalist and hand her No. 1:

I DON'T KNOW.

Little Useless: "Why is the moon round?"

No. 2: I DON'T KNOW!

Little Useless: "Where does your lap go when you stand up?"

No. 3: I DON'T KNOW!

Little Useless: "Who is that pretty young lady you were talking to on your way to the car this morning?"

No. 4: SHUT UP OR I'LL KNOCK YOUR BLOCK OFF!

Your wife will interrupt here and begin to ask a few questions herself. And here comes the only flaw in the Automatic Conversationalist. I can't think of any answers for them.



Louise Roberts in Philadelphia Record



Nobody worries about a forty-fiver

Thomas in Detroit News

The Drafting of Dad

By Forty-Fiver

The man who modestly signs himself as a forty-fiver wishes to maintain the strictest anonymity, and thus we are not permitted to disclose his identity. But we can assure our readers that he is a veteran in the field which he describes, himself a master of fence-hugging tactics. He possesses a croix de bear, and has three service bars—and in every way is thus able to speak with authority.—The Editor.

I don't know why they didn't do it before. The youngsters have been at it over a year, now, and you can see for yourselves. The kaiser is still there on that western front in

the same old way—up-standing mustaches and everything. They have gone over there and managed to get a lot of themselves in hospital from which they want to get out

again and back to the front line trenches so they can do it all over again. But they have not got the kaiser, and I can see that it is up to us married men to turn the trick.

I don't want to be too hard on the boys, however. They have done the best they could, but they haven't had the previous training that a married man from thirty-two to forty-five has had. Talk about universal training. The kind you mean isn't a patching to the universal training a married man undergoes during the first twenty-five years of his life—after that nothing counts. He is proficient in every department of fighting—being constantly on the defensive when at home, what with rolling pins and flat-irons and things like that con-

stantly being lined up in battle formation. Flank attacks are especially popular with the married fighter, the coal hole being the favorite route behind the enemy's lines. When he takes the aggressive and decides to charge, nothing can stop him. He has everything charged, from duds to suds.

The young man, I admit, has dash, but has not half the dash, dash experience that is the married man's specialty—experiences that especially adapt him to patrol work. A man who, on a dark night, can feel his way home from Steve's, carrying a heavy load ("shot up," to speak more militarily), and can get past his wife who occupies an advanced listening post on the front piazza and armed to the teeth—a man who can do this and slip noiselessly into the soft and



Reynolds in Portland Oregonian

Not yet, but soon.

downy will make good in no man's land.

Take the case of Jack Devons, whom I once knew. Jack could hide behind a clothes line pole of a moonlit night, without so much as a shoe-string showing. One night on entering the front gate he heard the familiar swish of skirts on the front porch. He slid silently behind the nearest thing at hand, which chanced to be the shadow of a moonbeam.

Jack used to tell this story on convivial occasions when at least he himself believed

it. Always the boys would ask him how long he stayed behind that rather uncertain bulwark, and always the reply was, until a strong wind came up and zig-zagged the shadow, when he became so attenuated that he was whiffed through an open window as a wrinkle.

A battalion of Jack Devonses would break through those front line trenches of the enemy and get to Berlin before the kaiser knew that there were such things in France as wrinkles.

□ □ □



Thomas in Detroit News

WILLY-NILLY

A Paris dispatch has it that the kaiser has asked the Finns to accept Constantine, late of Greece, as their king.



SOLDIERS DIGGING THE GRAVES OF TWO DEAD COMRADES.

From a drawing made on the spot by Robert Lortac. This rough sketch was drawn in pencil on a sheet of note paper, the crassness in which may be seen. The figure in the foreground is M. Lortac.

Pictorial History of the War

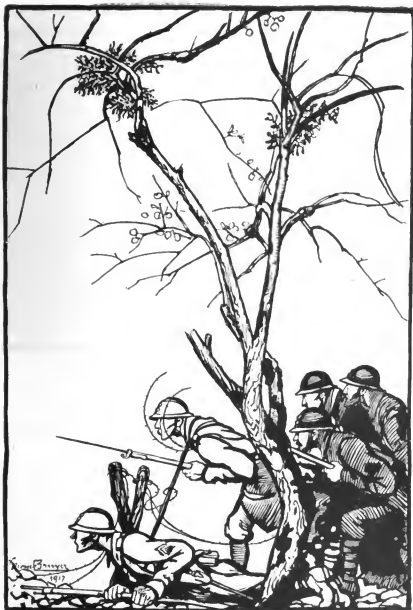
Through the courtesy of M. Ludovic Leblanc and Robert Lortac, representing the French government, we are permitted to present to the readers of *Cartoons Magazine* the following drawings from the most remarkable collection of war pictures that has yet been seen in this country. The collection, containing 2,000 pictures, is being exhibited in Chicago in connection with the government's war exposition, and vividly present every phase of modern fighting and the men who are doing it.

On this and the following pages four of the most eminent French artists are represented: Robert Lortac, Bernard Naudin, Lucien Jonas, and Georges Bruyer. The drawing at the beginning of this article is

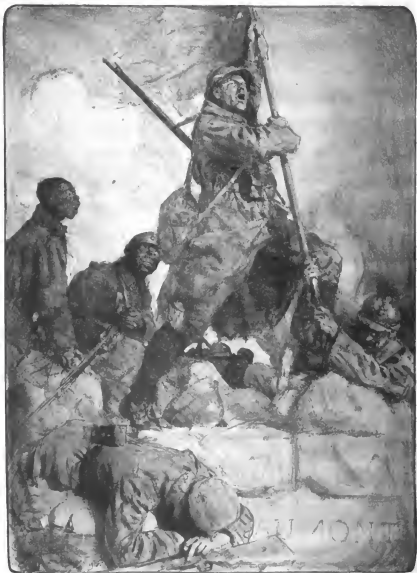
by Robert Lortac, and pictures a touching incident in trench fighting, when the artist (the figure in the foreground) and his companions, seeing two of their fellows fall, climbed out of their trench to dig a grave. The artist, desirous of fixing his impression of the incident, while it was yet vivid, but lacking materials beyond a mere pencil, stooped down and with mud from the bottom of the trench, worked into the picture a tone of remarkable softness.

M. Lortac, a painter and cartoonist of note, is a member of the staff of *La Presse*, of Paris. He joined the army in 1914, being placed in the 352nd infantry, and later transferred to a *Chasseurs* unit. He was

(Continued on page 447.)



THE BAYONETTE CHARGE.
From a wood cut by Georges Bruyer



"FORWARD FOR LIBERTY!"
From a lithograph by Lucien Jonas.



THE SENTINEL.
From a drawing by Lucien
Jonas.

$\frac{1}{10}$
- pour l'œuvre
- pour
la sculpture

Sgt.
 Cpl.
 2nd Lt.

**AMERICAN SOLDIERS AT
 REST.**
 From a drawing by Lucien
 Jonas.



Espinas's article
 2/10

to plan *George*

From studies by
Lucien Jonas.



THE RELIEF.
From a drawing by Ber-
nard Naudin.



made sergeant in 1915, and went through the Artois campaign, being wounded at Notre Dame de Lorette, where the above sketch was made. He wears the medaille militaire and the croix de guerre.

Lucien Jonas needs no introduction to the American public. His heroic posters have been exhibited and reproduced in our magazines until his name is widely known. In the art world he has already won high distinction as a painter and illustrator when the war broke out. He went into service December 15, 1914, and was attached to the 327th infantry, later being transferred to the artillery, and afterwards given an appointment as painter for the French army museum.

Jonas went through the Artois campaign in 1915, fought at Verdun in 1916, and in the battle of the Somme in 1917, and was on the Italian front during the Austrian drive of the present year.

The drawings of American troops represent Jonas in a field that will appeal, not only to Americans, but to all art lovers as well. In the matter of drawing, and in the direct and intimate manner in which he has

caught the spirit of his subjects, he has not been excelled.

Bernard Naudin has used the lithograph to give us in his drawings a work of tremendous power and movement, combined with a softness of line and background that make it represent the very soul of France.

M. Naudin is well known in the world of art as a painter and engraver. He is a member of the Committee of the Societe des Dessinateurs Humoristes, and is illustrator of the "Bulletin des Armees." He entered service in August, 1914, being made sergeant in the 65th infantry. He went through the Marne and Somme campaigns, and was invalided home as a result of sickness contracted at the front, and wears the croix de guerre.

The drawing by Georges Bruyer is a wood cut, in which art he is the foremost figure in France. He entered service in August, 1914, being made a member of the 352nd infantry, and saw fighting in the first battle of the Marne and at Bussy-Crouy, on the Aisne. July 16, 1916, he was wounded by a shell fragment, and was released from active service. He was decorated with the croix de guerre for gallantry under fire.

□ □ □



From La Victoire, Paris

France: They are chict
Great Britain: Yes, they are our children.



From London Opinion, London

"If you cut any more coupons out of your ration book to stick in your stamp album, you'll get the biggest hiding you ever had."

Rational Rations

What we mean by rational rations represents the same attitude of mind toward all the necessities of life that we have taken toward bread. We have stinted ourselves in the matter of quantity of bread; we have readily accepted the rations imposed by the Food Administration; we have even liked war bread in whatever kind and shape and color and taste it was served—just because it was playing the part of good soldiers. In this we have gone far beyond the state of mind of the Boston man who went to heaven. At the gate he was met, this Back Bay man, by St. Peter, who, after much importunity opened to him. "Of course you may come in, if you insist," he said, "but I know you won't like it." We here really like the new breads, just because liking it was a part of doing our bit.

As a result of our fondness for the new breads, we have not only been able to sup-

ply our allies with white flour, but the American army in France is amply supplied with bread made of all-wheat flour. The daily ration of eighteen ounces of flour for soft bread is so abundant that a reduction to sixteen ounces a day is now under consideration.

Soldiers while in the United States consume victory bread with the prescribed amount of substitutes for wheat flour. Not until they get to France are they allowed all-wheat bread. Field bakers must work swiftly and cannot afford to experiment with new flour mixtures.

The public has been hardest hit in its sugar tooth. Putting up an adequate quantity of fruit, and yet keeping within the restrictions of the Food Administration, has been a difficult problem for housewives—but improved ideas in canning have assisted in its solution.



From London Opinion, London

A NEW TERROR FOR THE HOLIDAY MAKER

Bather (to thief): Take my clothes—but for heaven's sake leave me my coupons!

A most gratifying factor in the situation has been the cooperation of the candy trade—both retail and wholesale. Dealers everywhere have willingly assisted the government in carrying out the Food Administration's programme. One case that came under the present writer's attention the past month had to do with a small candy manufacturer, whose entire business represented but a few hundred dollars, yet this man was able to turn back to the government fourteen hundred pounds of sugar that

he had been able to save out of his allowance. In this connection we might refer to a recent meeting of the New York State Association of Manufacturers of Confectionary and Chocolate, which requested the retail candy trade in that State to reduce the amount of show window space devoted to the display of candies, the other half of the windows to be devoted to war purposes, for the display posters and other literature of war savings stamps campaigns, liberty loan and Red Cross drives, etc.



Donkey in Cleveland Plain Dealer

How a man feels when he sneaks home the back way from the grocer's after getting two pounds of sugar more than his rightful share.

Even soap manufacturers are to contribute to the general rationing of the American people. Just the other week the Food Administration, in announcing the prices at which glycerine, used in manufacturing dynamite, is to be furnished to the allied governments and domestic consumers during the remainder of 1918, urged that all soap makers reduce the glycerine in soap products to one per cent, in order that the needs of the explosives manufacturers might be fully provided.

We wish at this point to pass on a suggestion made by the Philadelphia Food Administrator for assisting the housewife in saving sugar:

"To assist the housewife in her efforts to live up to the allotment of three pounds of sugar per person per month, the Food Administration suggests that each member of the household should have his or her receptacle, with the name pasted on it, and the proper amount of sugar allotted to each one. From the allotment of each one should be deducted an amount sufficient for cooking purposes, which would go into a common pool.

"It is then up to each individual to use his or her sugar in any way he or she thinks desirable, and there will then be no question as to one getting more and another less, and full conservation can be maintained."

Tobacco is said also to be on the way to

rationing. Smokers will do well to undergo even a voluntary restriction if the government should do so much as hint that radical measures are necessary. For woe betide American devotees of the weed if they are ever reduced to using substitutes such as are manufactured in Germany, where a standardized synthetic cigarette is now on sale.

The Berlin Vorwärts describes the sensation caused by smoking this anything but fragrant weed. "When one lights this cigarette, one feels at once that Germany's strength must be tremendous to stand such awful stuff. If one inhales the smoke, then the first feelings of seasickness set in. If the paper be removed a grayish mixture of substances is seen and the smell is like that of a musty cellar, in which there is a shoemaker's workshop."

America's willingness to accept restrictions, and in many cases, even to anticipate restrictions, together with our ready acceptance of substitutes, have been wise, because they have obviated famine and hunger.

Germany, that nation of formerly expanded girths, ate heavily, in peace times, of food they did not need, regardless of the war that they had planned and knew would be thrust upon an unwilling world. And the result was stalking famine the first year of the war. America has prevented famine by anticipating it.

BAD NEWS FOR BERLIN

The war news from the eastern front these days is bad news for the German people. Quotations from German newspapers portray the gloom that overhangs the people in the large cities. That the people in the small towns and country are equally depressed is not to be doubted.

The Liberty Loan bond buyers of the preceding loans have their share in the success of the entente allies. They furnished the sinews of war, not only to fight the U-boats and to build ships, not only to raise, equip, and send our soldiers over, not only to supply them and our allies with food and munitions, but more than \$6,000,000,000 of their money has been loaned to our allies so that they may prosecute the war with vigor and strength.

We here at home have an opportunity to send the Germans some more bad news. The Germans have great respect for money; they know its vital value in waging war. They know, too, that the support the American people give a government loan measures largely the support they give their government, the moral as well as the financial support they give their armies in the field.

A tremendous subscription to the Fourth Liberty Loan will be as distressing to the German people as a defeat for them on the battle field, and it will mean as much. It spells their defeat; it breaks their morale; it means power to their enemies. A subscription to the loan is a contribution to German defeat and American victory.



Bykes in Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

Copyright, 1918, The Public Ledger Co.

"Say, whose offensive iss dis, anyhow?"



The refugees

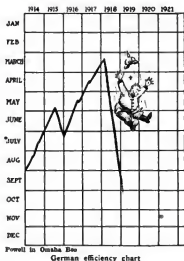
Kirby in New York World

Foch Goes Over the Top

The western front activities during the past month have been made up of alternate thrusts by the Third British Army under General Byng, in the Arras region, and by the Tenth French Army under General Mangin, in the Oise region. At the present writing (September 3d) Bapaume and Roye have fallen, and Noyon is practically surrounded. At several points along the northern end of the field of operations the British have reached the old "Hindenburg line." Whether the Germans will be permitted to occupy any or part of this line, or whether the thrust will be continued, is not as yet indicated. Nor is the question so important as the problem of the continuation of General Mangin's advance

along the Oise and Aisne, since a marked advance in this region by threatening a flank attack, would force a retirement from the Vesle line, now held by American and French troops, to the old line of the Chemin de Femmes, beyond the Aisne.

At no point does General Foch permit the retiring Germans to rest. Fresh divisions are thrown in unstintedly, but with no perceptible effect on the result. In one action, for example, heavy artillery action warned the German commanders that an attack was to be made. During the night they brought up fresh divisions from a long distance in the rear in motor lorries, and Jaeger divisions, the captors of Mount Kemmel, were shifted from the Soissons region



to help meet the shock of General Mangin's men. But these re-enforcements were of little avail. After three hours of attack the French had advanced an average of two and a half miles along the whole front, and thousands of prisoners began to flow back. The German infantry fought stubbornly and left considerable dead on the ground, but their artillery fire was feeble and virtually no airplanes took part. The whole German front line was passed one hour after the attack began.

A notable feature of the fighting has been the dependence the enemy has put in the machine gun. Heavy rear guard actions are very frequent; the German policy in the present retreat has been to be pushed, rather than to keep out of the way of the allied troops, since the resulting close contact permits the enemy to sweep the advancing troops with machine gun fire.

But the machine gun has, in the Somme country, where the British have made their greatest advance, more than met its match in the light tank. The terrain is particularly favorable to the progress of the tank, which is able to advance ahead of the troops and clean out machine gun nests and snipers.

The advanced machine gun idea was undoubtedly based upon the erroneous idea that the allied troops would advance in force. But here he has met with a great disappointment, for instead the allied advance units were kept busy night after night circumventing the advanced posts themselves and bringing in their garrisons in small batches without any reference to the main line beyond. Instead of being a buffer to give Germans warning, these posts were only a trap for German troops. Stalking them was a game in which Australians became star performers. The dozen short rushes with which they pushed the line forward during the summer in the Morlan-court area, for example, were interspersed almost daily and nightly with the capture of single posts.

Bearing out this statement are a series of orders addressed to German troops by their leaders, reprimanding them again and again for permitting Australians to outwit them, warning them that this was the kind of fighting for which the Australians are peculiarly fitted by the training derived from wriggling through the "bush" when at home.

An incident reported from the British front well indicates the dash and boyish enthusiasm and love of fun displayed by the Australian troops, not only in this kind of fighting, but also in tank fighting. Two companies of Australians, with a tank, were told to capture the village of Marcelcave, which the Germans defended from the front with their machine guns. The attack was made from the rear.



ORE in Chicago Tribune

Whistling to keep up his courage



Reprinted in Dayton News

"Himmel! Somebody greased dat pole again."



From Punch © London

A Champagne counter-offensive



Who would have thought that those miserable twins, Justice and Right, could have made such a resistance!

From *Illegals*, Baroness

The tank went first and was so efficient that after it had perambulated the village there was nothing left for the infantry to do.

Then the tank commander formally handed over the village to the Australians and the commanding officers of the two companies concerned gave the commander this full receipt:

"Item—Received on Aug. 8, from Commander — Tank No. 1, the Village of Marcelcave, in indifferent repair," etc.

The allied air forces have contributed to an amazing degree to the recent victories

—to what degree and in what manner we have indicated on another page of this issue. So far as the American part in the air fighting is concerned, it is idle now to talk of what might have been had our programme not miscarried. Our men have been in the thick of the air battles; wherever they have fought, and in whatever type of machine, they have acquitted themselves with glory. And with the enormous squadrons to which we may look forward in 1919 in conjunction with the other branches of the service we may confidently hope for a speedy knock-out blow.

In the meantime, the problem of man power is rising up to disturb German leaders. Losses since the beginning of the war have been estimated at more than 6,000,000, of whom 1,400,000 have been killed. German soldiers held prisoners in Russia are being tried out on the western front, but they are regarded by the German command as not altogether a success, owing to their disinclination to fight at all, and to the fact that word has reached them of the difference between the east and west front fighting.

They are sullen and moody, and must be prodded constantly in order to be kept in discipline.

To meet the situation a combing out process has been instituted. In this comb-out, says an order issued by General Lundendorff, first consideration will be given to men more than forty-three who have served in the front lines longer than six months. He announces that commissions have been appointed to investigate the entire situation, including men of every rank. All men



Donahay in Cleveland Plain Dealer

Troubles of the traffic cop

available for the infantry must be sent to depots in Belgium, the special purpose of the high command being to get more infantry reserves.

Appended to the order are special instructions to Field Marshal von Mackensen and General von Schlotz to make "a greater demand upon the local personnel" instead of using Germans in the auxiliary services as re-enforcements.

But the men thus combed out have been reduced by hunger and discouraged by witnessing for years the privations of innocent people back home; moreover, they are men who are being rapidly disillusioned concerning the origin of the war, the sinister aims of the German war party, and the possibilities of victory. What Ludendorff can do with an army made up of men of this type Ludendorff only knows. At any rate it will prove to be a factor in the allied success.

In the meantime her allies are becoming apathetic in the extreme in their attitude toward German interests. Austria has sent a division or two of men to the western front in response to German insistence, but under the pretext of an impending drive in Italy and the disinclination of her people to fight except directly for Austrian interests, Austria has managed to keep her armies pretty well intact.

Before closing this article we wish to pass on a remarkable incident, just become public, that throws interesting light on the battle of the Marne. It will be remembered that the Germans began their drive against the Marne positions on the morning of July 15th last. On the evening of July 14th General Gouraud, at the head of the French army in the Champagne, laid before his troops, with astonishing completeness and frankness the plans for the next day.

"The Germans will attack tomorrow at dawn," he said. "We shall retreat to certain positions in our rear, where we must hold at all costs."

General Gouraud enumerated the positions, and when at daybreak the German onslaught was launched every soldier in

Gouraud's army knew fully as well as his chief what plan of battle had been decided upon.

Each soldier knew that the French would give ground all along the battle front for a depth varying from four to five kilometers, and then halt, hold, and fight, perhaps die, but that he must retreat no farther.

This is believed to be the first time in the history of the war that the commanding general has taken his soldiers into his confidence, elevating them to his own level by sharing with them the innermost secrets of the plan of battle. For as a consequence it was an army of generals that faced the German emperor's soldiers.

Acting under explicit orders from the high command, General Gouraud established nests of machine guns across the whole of his battle line on the hills of Champagne. Every machine gun crew had been instructed to remain at their posts and fight until swallowed up by the oncoming waves of German gray. They did remain. Few returned.

Ceding ground step by step, fighting bitterly every inch of the way under the protection of a hail of steel poured into the oncoming German hordes by the machine gunners out in front, General Gouraud's army began its retreat about five o'clock in the morning.

Every yard of ground, which was grudgingly evacuated, was made uninhabitable for the enemy. Every trench, every shell-hole, every depression was filled with poison gases. In that strip of land about fifteen miles long by three miles deep no human being could breathe or live.

In the sweltering heat and amid gases that kill even vegetation, three German divisions advanced. It is said that forty thousand Germans found graves in that part of the Champagne. The supporting German divisions hesitated in their advance, then staggered and fled, horrified by the sight of their comrades dying in terrible pain. The German offensive was broken on its very first day.



From The Seventh Regiment Gazette

Bill and Charley

Bill



*I am der Kaiser,
 Wilhelm the Bloodiest—
 True son of Attila,
 Disciple of Nietzsche,
 Und Vater of Vaterland.
 I help out Gott
 In doing der big things,
 Und also der people.
 I must write to der Kronprinz
 A waterly letter
 Und tell him for Gott's sake
 To stop wasting armies.
 I cannot afford
 To loose all my men—yedi,
 Wasted; and wanted
 For future achievements.
 Perhaps when der Kronprinz
 Is pushing an apple cart
 Up Piccadilly
 Or down New York's Broadway
 He'll find that there are things
 Like pockets mit noddin's in—
 And ditto for stomachs.
 But what am I saying?
 We have all confidence
 In our dear Kronprinz
 So onward und upward
 Mit Koiser und Kronprinz!
 I am der Kaiser!*

Two Poems

by James F. Ring

Decorations by
Ervine Metzl

Charley

*I am der Puppet,
Charlie of Austria;
Wilhelm und Ludendorff
Give me my orders.
I do what they tell me,
For that is my nature.
They told me to take
The offensive in Italy.
In a cabin in Xpslro*
We drew up my battles.
Winning looked easy
For us—on der paper.
But when our brave men
From Rpslsch* and Wcaslyr*
Heard the fierce yell
Of der maddened Italians—
"Spaghetti! Walyol Garibaldi!
Fatimat!"
They took to their heels
And forgot to stop running.
And Ludendorff swore
And called me a dumkopf.
I'm afraid of der Kaiser—
Afraid of der people.
This is der price
Of der friendship of emperorst
I'm sick of der war!
Gott strafe der Kaiser!*

* Pronounced as spelled.





Thomas in Detroit News

Six months from now

It Was That Way Last Winter

We had been discussing the coal situation—ourselves and an experienced retail coal merchant. We had been talking about soft coal and hard coal and coke, and suddenly he injected into the conversation this observation—that after all, the thing that would help the situation most would be for the people to remember that the railways are now practically their own, and that they owe it to themselves and to the country to get out of them the very last ounce of war-time efficiency.

And this was his elaboration of the idea: the big problem of the fuel administration is not to see that the people are kept warm. Ultimately the fuel administration must see

that the coal is supplied, of course, but the most vital problem is, first to conserve coal, and then to get the coal-carrying traffic so evenly distributed over the year that freight movements will not be tied up from January to March, as they were last winter. Food and munitions and other supplies for France must be shipped in just as great quantities in winter as during the summer. During the past summer we have had the government discouraging so far as possible unnecessary passenger traffic; tourist traffic was not wanted because the roads needed the lines and their rolling stock for the more important business of caring for the heavy freight traffic. All this in the face of



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Quoted in New York Evening Post

A midsummer nightmare

just the normal development of freight shipments—and every road was taxed to its utmost.

"My point is this," said this wise dealer, "every road will be taxed to its utmost this winter, and the moment we begin to throw onto the roads the burden of heavy coal shipments, that moment we demoralize the movement of freight destined for our own and our allies' armies. There will be some derangement of traffic, of course, just as there was last winter, and as there is every winter in times of heavy storms, but unless every buyer of coal orders while the ordering is good, this derangement will amount to complete demoralization. This would be

true even if there were no danger from storm tie-ups—which only increase the problems of freight movements."

Which amounts to just this, that people who refrained from tourist travel last summer in order to keep our tracks clear for freight, can carry their laudable work still further this winter by buying coal now. Also it means that people who buy thrift stamps and bonds in order to obtain shells and guns for the allied armies in Europe, can do a whole lot toward getting those self-same shells and guns to Europe this winter by helping to keep the tracks open.

First call, then, for a rally of all hituminous patriots!



Lewis in Eastern Call

The 1918 hurdy gurdy



Williams in Indianapolis News

"The end of a perfect day"

Going Out and Getting 'Em

Eighty divisions of American soldiers in France by June 30th, of next year, with forty-five thousand men to a division—or a total of 3,600,000 men! That is the War Department's immediate objective. Already thirty divisions are across, and they are being transported with increased rapidity; the First American Army has already been given definite organization in France; we have contributed a considerable force to the Italian defense; with the British navy our destroyer fleet has spilled the beans for the kaiser's submarines; we have sent an expedition to cooperate with the Japanese and Czecho-Slovaks in Siberia, and yet another expedition to the Murman coast in Russia,

and our men played a stellar role in the Marne action. We have accomplished all we set out to do—and more; if we do as well during the next nine months, we shall be well ready for our part in the punch that is to put a kibosh on kaiserism for all time.

The Germans are reluctant to believe it—in spite of the fact that we have been so free to publish our plans. The other week General March stated, with the utmost frankness, "If you put eighty divisions of Americans in France of approximately forty-five thousand men to a division you will give marked superiority in rifle power, and we should be able to bring the war to a successful conclusion in 1919."



Ireland in Columbus Dispatch

We've seen the French do it, but we never knew why until now.

That is not a hand-writing on the wall for Germany—for the Babylonian hand-writing was done in some incomprehensible language that it took a prophet to decipher; General Mareh's is a megaphone declaration that not even the Germans should fail to get. The imperial German government should begin right now to get its affairs in shape, for it is headed straight for the hands of the receiver. The blow that the Yankees gave them on the Marne is going to be repeated, either on the Vesle front or on some other part of the line just as soon as the Huns have had the proper amount of punishment in Piardy. And the next jab will be followed by another, and still another, until Germany is crushed, irrecoverably crushed. The war lords, if they don't believe that the American army is there for business, and well able to accom-

plish it, should take to heart a statement by Hjalmar Branting, the great Swedish socialist leader, on his return home after a visit to the western front:

"Generally they" (the American troops) "possess, in one word, the spirit of efficiency. I am under the impression that the Germans now know something of American initiative. Do you recollect how they mocked at American intervention in the beginning? I am sure the German people are of a different opinion now."

J. Austen Chamberlain, British Secretary of State for India, touched upon a similar angle of the question, in a recent speech:

"The German higher command in this campaign has experienced one deception as to the military value of the British army. It seems as if they are beginning to have another deception as to the extent of the



From the Bytander, London

THE INFANT SAMUEL—

—a baby that will take a lot of beating.



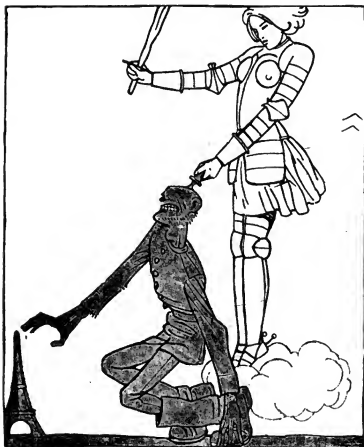
Barclay in Baltimore Sun

Poor old Nietzsche.

value of the United States forces. Great Britain is proud to call such men brothers-in-arms and to renew and cement on the field of battle the old ties which have bound together them and us."

Our own Simeon Strunsky sees an omen of remarkable promise in the fact that our first effort should not only have been associated with a victory, but that it should have been the overwhelming factor in that victory, and calls Nemesis of the old Greeks to witness: "We call it a dramatic thing today that a notable part in Foch's victory

should have fallen to the American army; that the first important role assumed by the despised American army should have been in a spectacle of victory, instead of defeat, as it easily might have been without shattering our resolution. But the ancients would have again seen the hand of Nemesis in this victorious American army brought into the conflict by a crime such as the Furies under the direction of the gods never failed to avenge—by the crime of the Lusitania. For Nemesis was never so thoroughly aroused to vengeance as by vaulting



From Iberia, Barcelona

"Nor this time either! Besides, the Americans are arriving!"

pride; and an insane pride lay behind the murder of the *Lusitania*: Germany's confidence in her own moral judgments and in her ability to impose them upon the world; pride of power which could do what it will; pride of mind which could reason black into white and murder into the laws of war; not to mention that narrower tribal pride which had no difficulty in proving that it was better hundreds of women and children should drown rather than one German soldier fall a victim to the *Lusitania*'s 'munitions.' To the Greek mind, Chateau-Thierry would have been the gods' payment for Kinsale Head."

In the meantime our troops, Nemesis or no Nemesis, are receiving the unstinted praise of our allies. A letter from the chaplain of a Canadian contingent, writing from England to the *New York World*, bears testimony to our men, just as men, that will make every American heart beat a little faster for the pride that it holds. He is speaking of our troops in billets:

"A cleaner, better set-up, more manly lot of young men you could not possibly find. Each one of them seems to be a perfect specimen, and as they walk around the town it is difficult to pick out the best, for they are all alike good. As a Canadian,

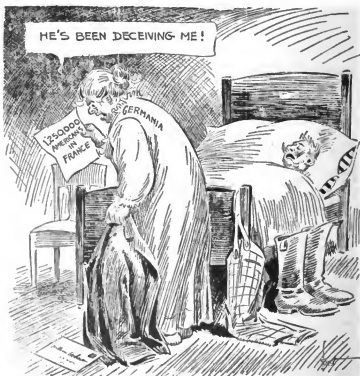
with many friends and relatives in the States, I am more than delighted to bear witness to the splendid bearing and behavior of these men. If their mothers and fathers could only hear what commendation they are winning it would delight their hearts."

"I have been out walking and talking with men from the State of New York, from the far west and from Georgia," he goes on to say. "I have seen them strolling about our town, resting in groups on the parade and listening to the bands, and I can honestly say that I have never met a more intelligent or better behaved lot of men anywhere. I have been with the troops in Canada, England and in France, and it is most refreshing to meet with some who seem to have other interests in their off hours than the saloon, the cigarette and the girl. It is, I

suppose, without precedent to find a newly landed army billeted in a town for several days and not to notice a single one drunk or accused of any disorderly conduct.

"We Canadians are very proud of our American brothers. We look to them to do great things, and from what we see and know, we will not look in vain. The young men of America are representatives of the greatest free country in the world."

It is all hard work, of course, this business of being a soldier—but it is blithely borne, because the prize of victory is so precious. If a letter has been written back home that has not struck a note of cheer and boyish enthusiasm we have yet to hear of it. The big job, among our Expeditionary Force and in the navy, is to get the kaiser—and the bigger the game the more fun there is in the hunt.



Knott in Dallas News

Truth will out



Inland in Columbus Dupleich

In bad.

Fisherman's Luck

The presence of German submarines off the American coast has brought forth a bounteous crop of yarns. Gossip has been as plentiful, and as rich in detail, as at a pre-war sewing circle. The weird methods employed by the kaiser in conducting his war have raised our credibility to the point where nothing astonishes us, and where the extravagant is easier to believe than the plain, unvarnished truth.

The picture of submarine operations left in our mind by a combination of what probably took place, and of what the popular

fancy wanted to take place, is like nothing half so much as a scene taken from a Gilbert and Sullivan play.

One officer of a tank steamer reports having recognized in a New York saloon an officer of the submarine that sank his ship. But the German officer disappeared immediately, and he was not apprehended. It leaves one with a suspicion that the American tank officer was too busily engaged in the pursuit of his occupation.

Another story has to do with a member of the crew of a fishing boat sunk in August.



Cartoon in New York Evening Post

Cartoonist, New York Evening Post

Shaking our morale.



Garrett Price in Great Lakes Bulletin

"But he got away!"

A German officer, having boarded one of the boats, engaged in a conversation that disclosed the fact that he had been ashore two days before, and had attended a dramatic performance in a Broadway theater—to prove which he produced two seat checks.

Another American officer was taken into a submarine cabin one afternoon, only to see on the table copies of the New York papers for that morning.

The German officers are always talkative, according to these stories, and discuss quite freely the war and allied topics. Often they are recognized as formerly hav-

ing lived in this country and been in the American merchant marine. They are never guilty, if we are to believe the reports, of the blustering fustian of the typical German officer, which only serves still further to increase the air of romance that has made the whole campaign appeal strongly to romantic fancy.

The facts that we know to be facts are few, but they are significant. That the boats are here at all is enough to increase our apprehension. The damage that they have thus far done has been negligible, so far as actual results in the determination of

the war is concerned. If the German admiralty thinks to terrorize our population it has made the mistake that the German army made in Belgium and France—instead of frightening the people into submission, only hardening their determination to win.

One of the achievements of the boats (their number has not been ascertained precisely, although three have apparently been in action) has been to cut several of the West India cables. Inasmuch as these were quickly repaired, no injury of a military nature was inflicted.

The arming of the fishing schooner, "Triumph," was one of the most picturesque of the submarines' achievements. Whether this is to be a raider—assuming that its life under German ownership will last long enough—or merely a mother boat to serve as a submarine base, cannot be established.

One result of the campaign has undoubtedly been the gaining of a vast

amount of information by Germany with respect to our coast defenses and troop transport. The lightly guarded condition of parts of our coasts would enable the visitors easily to gain information that alone would justify the German admiralty in sending boats across, whether this information was designed to prepare the way for a larger visitation later on, or whether the information was merely to serve the army chiefs.

But the public may be assured that our navy has taken precautions adequate to protect our coasts against any armed attack that submarines might institute against us. The navy department is alert, and as Senator Lodge said the other day, "is doing its duty. Without weakening those vital branches of the service in which the navy has been engaged every possible step has been taken to curb German activities on this side of the Atlantic. Criticism of the navy is not warranted."



Donahy in Cleveland Plain Dealer

Why the fudge party was postponed



Morgan in Philadelphia Inquirer

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Fashionable neckwear for the murderer of millions.

Settling the Bill With Bill

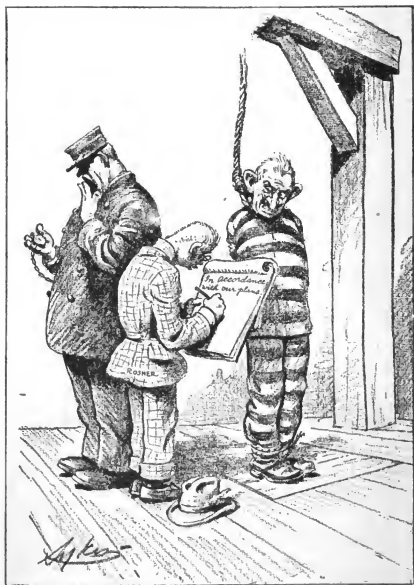
Now that the allied armies are under way on their Berlinward march, the question becomes pertinent, What are we going to do with the kaiser?

Historical precedents suggest a number of answers. There was Napoleon, who was banished, for example. The kaiser could be put upon some island and kept guarded for the rest of his days; or he could be permitted to reign on as a constitutional monarch in fact as well as name, over a democratized Germany, making good the devastation of Belgium and western Russia, and being forced to grant complete freedom to the slavish races under his dominion; while mere dethronement offers another answer to the question.

But this is a war without precedents; it

is a war the manner of whose outbreak has had no parallel since the days of Attila, the original Hun; it is a war the method of whose waging has been without parallel, not only in the machinery of war that has been involved, but also in the fiendishness and ruthlessness that has characterized one of the antagonists. For history does not record the case of a nation that has agreed to fight according to the dictates of decency and fairness and then, with the specious excuse that it is fighting for its existence, turn about and resort to systematized savagery and butchery for the mere purpose of frightening its opponents into submission.

Kaiser Wilhelm, having chosen to set all precedents aside, the allies should like-



Reproduced in Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

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Some day—

wise feel at liberty to let justice, and not precedent, determine the kaiser's fate. It is the idlest moonshine to talk of the kaiser and the breaking out of the war in any except terms of his fullest responsibility, for the holocaust that has swept the world. The saber has rattled in the imperial scabbard ever since the kaiser came to the throne; he talked of peace and his devotion to peaceful ideals; but it was always peace dictated by the imperial will. Professor Schofield, of Harvard, who was exchange Professor at Berlin in 1911 and 1912, has reported one of several conversations which he had with the kaiser at that time in Berlin. "He drew a picture," says Professor Schofield, "of a land visited by a foreign force that I had never heard surpassed. He had before him clearly scenes of desolation, and he pictured them with his mind's eye, saying that with God's help he would never allow his land to have misery come to it. But, he said, 'They shall have misery; they shall have it if they

ever dare to contradict my will!" "I am a man of peace," he went on to say. "I think all we want can be effected by peace, but it must be in accordance with our will!"

To carry out his will he has sacrificed one million German lives—one million men shot down in cold blood; sacrificed upon the altar of one man's ambition. More, he has murdered thousands of innocent women and children, striking them from above by bombs, and drowning them in a sea that he had promised to keep free to non-combatants. He has given his sanction to the most fiendish atrocities among the Belgian and Polish and Balkan women and children, till the cries of outraged and mutilated innocents for vengeance have reached to heaven.

'This does not take into account at all the murder of hundreds of thousands of allied combatants—fathers and sons snatched from their peaceful occupations to defend themselves against the ambitions of this accursed monster.



Donahy in Cleveland Plain Dealer

CORN WILL WIN THE WAR—EAT IT!

Hoover says he can have all the corn he can eat

On Threading One's Way

By J. O. O'Donnell

Drawings by Alice Harvey

Wilkins is a lawyer whose frequent presence upon the street hardly argued, it seemed to me, a prosperous clientele. I myself never ventured out that I did not come upon him, apparently going nowhere, and content to be carried along by the crowd of the afternoon. Shopping and matinee hours he was particularly in evidence, and always at the most exasperatingly crowded corner of my town, where two important thoroughfares merged for a moment and then went in their several ways. To enter the maelstrom of men and women and perambulators at this corner was to be buffeted in turn by a case laden hat salesman behind you; by an arm locked trio of debutantes coming at you from in front; by Mrs. Jones and her friend from Zanesville, bent upon reaching the Eureka theater before the curtain went down on the first act of "Camille;" by the turning into the stream of a messenger boy, surrounded by the usual escort of half a dozen of his gregarious colleagues; and by a first and second lieutenant coming at you, with a casual air, from across the street; all these in turn being buffeted by numbers of folks behind and in front of them—one had, I say, but to be buffeted about by an unorganized variety of people like this to have his alpaca coat and his patience in danger of being torn into shreds.

But Wilkins threaded his way in and out among these people with an air of perfect serenity. And the thing seemed so frequent an occurrence that I, who knew him only by sight, formed a vision of fallow law hooks and dusty document cases. It was in a spirit of compassion then, that I went to him with my next legal case, involving, if I remember correctly, the adjustment of a small estate. Imagine my surprise to find an office quite as shining as a pawn broker's, with a fetching stenographer and an ecstatic office boy. When my little matter had, in

the course of days, been cared for, I understood, not only the splendid appointments of the office, but also Wilkins' being able to spend hours before and after hours upon the street. The fee alone was sufficient to keep him in opulence for a week.

My curiosity as to Wilkins' street life was aroused, and under cover of a luncheon engagement and eighteen holes of golf I ferreted out the mystery. We were playing a hilly course, and were on the seventh green, a quiet spot beyond any sound except the lazy song of the crickets and things like that.

"This is a delightful change from High street," I remarked, in the casualist of tones.

"Yes and no," he replied. "'Yes' for a brief change, and 'no' because I miss the crowds. I like to be in a street—the more mobby the better; I like to make my way in and out among the people."

"But they're messy at that," I remarked. "They jostle you when you are not in the mood for being jostled. Now there are times when I enjoy being shunted about this way and that, but—"

"But you don't get jostled—not if you thread your way in and out among the people, diving into this little eddy left by the fat man dropping out, or edging into a thin, wedge shaped space, left when the little girl ahead of you darts suddenly into a candy store. I have come to find that frequent contact with the crowd in this way helps me in getting at the complex human relationships that feed the lawyer's practice. People come and go, in a 'messy' way in their everyday life; some one darts suddenly into a soda shop and nearly overturns little Miss Griggs, who becomes uselessly aggrieved; the fat man drops into a Scotch-and-soda shop and discusses politics until 'the boys' run out of speaking terms; my wife's milliner fails to watch her step and gums up the traffic; Smith and Brown, good fellows, but short sighted, run afoul of each

other, and while one runs to cover the other institutes a suit to recover. It reduces these social

misunderstandings to their simplest possible terms to approach them from the standpoint of the constantly shifting, moving stream of people which, becomes, not a crowd, but a collection of individuals. And it alters completely the spirit in which one approaches the ordinary civil or criminal case—it takes the cynic out of a man and gives him a very 'lively sympathy,' as the writers say, even for the most sordid of disputes."

Then, carried away by my enthusiasm for this new gospel, I said,

"So you weren't out watching the behavior of the crowd with the chance of being able to pick up a new case, should a brawl or something occur?"

He thought this an attempt on my part to be facetious, and smiled a far away smile, as my friends all smile, with indulgence, at my humorous efforts.

"On this theory, I feel that there are no bad men or particularly good men—just people that get into the High street corner with a grouch that has an unstabilizing effect upon the serenity of some of their fellow jostlers. The result is a bout of spiritual or physical fisticuffs that needs folks like me to adjust."

I have since learned that Wilkins carries his theory and his sympathy for the mal-adjusted to such a point that he handles vast numbers of cases without fee at all, depending upon folks like myself to support him in his benevolence. It acted upon me in such a way that I felt a degree of

"Buffered about"

benignity flood my soul, as I recalled my fifty-five dollars.

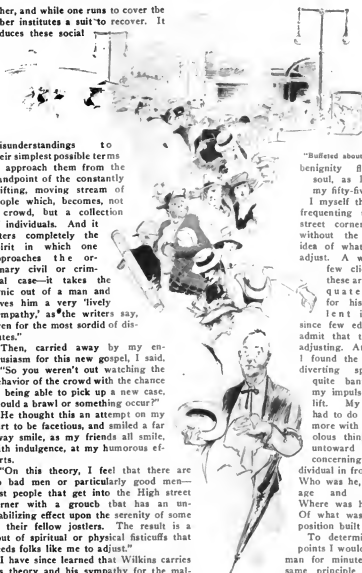
I myself then began frequenting the High street corner, though without the slightest idea of what I could adjust. A writer has

few clients, and these are not adequate subjects for his benevolent intentions,

since few editors will admit that they need adjusting. At any rate I found the corner a diverting spot that quite banished all my impulses to uplift. My interest had to do more and more with such frivolous things as an untoward curiosity concerning the individual in front of me. Who was he, what his age and vocation? Where was he going? Of what was his disposition built up?

To determine these points I would follow a man for minutes on the same principle as folks who study a picture in its

every detail before turning to the caption, to see whether they are equal to getting at the artists meaning without diagrammatic aid.



"Numbers of cases
without fee at all"



I confess to frequent disappointments. There was the morning when, caught up by the crowd, I was drawn into the eddying stream and behind a smart creature who piloted her insouciant self in and out among the crowd with an ease and celerity that bespoke an unusual independence of mind. Without a second's thought she would dart in between the postmaster's wife and the leading milliner, where that pair had foregathered to discuss the latest ideas in pom-poms, and then go on her way, followed only by the dark glances of the astonished women. I followed in her wake, the tip of a purple plume serving as a banner when she was engulfed, as she was now and again, by the crowd.

In time the figure must have become aware of a persistent follower, for she came about with a sharp turn upon her pursuer. It was my Aunt Sarah!—Aunt Sarah in whose will it was assumed amongst us I was to play an important part, and for whom I would have been named except for the circumstance that certain nomenclatural aspects of "Sarah" hardly fitted my sex.

There were happier surprises, however—the Saturday afternoon, for example, when

I followed in the path of a tall, wavy youth, who threaded his way in and out among the people in an aimless and desultory fashion. Even in those places where the walks were open he continued in an ambulatory manner, as if threading his way among imaginary men and women.

I recalled a statement by William Hazlitt, in which the essayist describes the uncertain way in which the poet Coleridge walked along a country road, crossing first to one side and then to the other, indicating therein a certain weakness of will.

To ascertain the degree of defectiveness in the will just ahead of me, I laid my hand on the man's arm and besought a match. He stood patiently by while I consumed half the box in an endeavor to outfit a whimsical wind that threaded its way along the street. To increase my difficulties I would be jerked this way and that by a violent arm just as my tobacco was about to fire.

"A big crowd doesn't help any!" I observed.

"A big crowd always helps—in anything," he replied. "Anyway it helps me!" Then to get more of his idea of crowds I drew him, under cover of a more friendly shelter from the wind, to the first doorway, and soon had him talking upon the pageant of people as it passed.

"There is color now," he said. "Every one enjoys color of some kind. It may not always be a pleasing color, judged by the laws of esthetics, but the color enjoyment is there just the same."

I admitted that I enjoyed color, but in this I committed a tactical error, for he asked me what of all objects before us I thought the most beautiful, merely from the standpoint of color. I pointed out the new hotel in the next block, because it is really a lovely red, soft-textured brick as to walls, and bearing a roof of green tiles.

"That," he said, "is coarse compared with what I can show you." And his long fingers began to reach out in the direction of various bits of color in the crowd.

"That hat of orange, and the one over there of purple, and still others over here of green and violet and white and gold, not to mention the gowns beneath them—glowing spots of bright color that are set off

like stars against a background of other gowns and hats in which the effect is a tone of a prevailing grey!

"As mere isolated spots of color," he said, "the scene is like a bit of decoration. It is lovely but not so lovely as it might be. Now, then, come with me."

We dropped into the shifting crowd, and the spots of color sprang into life. Not only did they move, but in their movement they were constantly changing their relation to one another, yielding an endless variety of color harmonies that reminded me of a Debussy tone poem.

Then that strange man told me a new thing: "The artists, some of them, depend for their strong color effects upon the mixing of color in the eye. Instead of mixing reds and yellows on the palette to produce the orange effects," he said, "they put solid spots of red and yellow together. The result is that the color mixes on the retina of the eye, producing an effect of the most exquisite orange."

"That is what takes place in a highly colored crowd; not only do you have the original spots as separate colors, but also a mixing process takes place in the eye that gives one new tones of remarkable softness—delicate purples and oranges and blues and reds—overtones I suppose you would call them."

Then he went on to say, "if you will study carefully you will find that the complete picture often binds itself together by spots of a given color that have accidentally arranged in such a grouping as to hold the scene together."

Then he showed me a purple hat near the outer edge of the walk; then another a few yards in advance, but toward the inside of the walk, and so on until the purple line swung again toward the street, and slightly

back toward us, two-thirds of a circle having been described. It was, he said, a remarkable example of what artists mean when they speak of composition, or design. "And the best of it is," he observed, "that this pattern is constantly shifting, as the crowd flows along the street."

"Then,"—and here he became eloquent—"soft violet clouds of color, like a curtain for the whole performance to be staged against, bang across the far end of the street."

But I insisted on having the thing reduced to practical terms. "You spoke a little while ago about a big crowd always helping. How does it help?"

"Because for one thing it opens up a wide field of pleasure," he said, as we parted to permit a newsboy to dart between us, "and is responsible more than anything else for the enthusiasm you mentioned a little ago. That helps—in keeping me young. And besides it has taught me patience with people. An after matinee crowd comes close to dislocating my patience and my ribs at times, but they give me so much fun in terms of color that my mood with them is always jolly. Talk about patience—"

"Why, that is what Wilkins tells me. Know Wilkins?"

"Lawyer! I know him and also his passion for crowds—for it was I that passed the idea on to him, when he once sat for a portrait."

Then I told him about the fee of fifty-five dollars he charged me.

"A bit of color," he smiled, "in a day that otherwise might have been drab for you."

And that was all the sympathy I got, as we exchanged cards and parted at the corner of High and Brown, where our ways parted.



At Repartee



From the Bystander, London

"The one who knows: If I was Foch I'd roll up their flanks, an' I'd be at the gates of Berlin.
Sergeant: An' if Foch was you he'd drown himself."



Sergeant (to nervous Tommy): Did yer come out to France with this unit?
Tommy: No, serg'nt. I came out wiv a draft.
Sergeant: Oh, then, p'raps THAT accounts for yer gettin' the wind up."

From the Faming Show, London

"Am I to understand, Sergeant-Major, that these boys were caught robbing my orchard?"

"Yes, sir. And to think that all these weeks I've been teaching 'em to take cover, sir!"

From Punch & London



From London Opinion, London



Mrs. Subbubs (to new nurse maid): And remember, Hilda, **DON'T** let any soldiers kiss baby."

Nurse Maid: No soldier'll kiss baby while I'm there."

with the Sergeant

From the Passing Show, London



Uncle: I'd like to see Private Smith.
Sergeant-Major: Er—fisther, con or grandfather.

Nothing funny seems ever to happen in the British army without a sergeant being mixed up in it. Their humor seems to be quite as necessary a part of the working of the army as their efficiency as prodders of reluctant men. It matters not at all whether their humor is conscious or unpremeditated, it has a drollery and a casual quality that make it different from any humor the world has known before. These two pages of sergeants are given because of the popular appeal made by a similar feature which we published in an earlier issue of Caroons Magazine.

Orderly Sergeant: Fixt!
Tommy: Wesin 'tgot baynits, sargeant!
Orderly Sergeant: That don't matter a —! Do what yer told! Fixt!



Sergeant: Forgot yer clasp-knife, eh? Wot the blazes HAVE yer thought of?

From Punch © London

From London Opinion, London

"Now, this is the turnin'-point of the scene. 'Avin' worked yerself up to a pitch, you throw yer arms round 'im, and in a voice with a sob in it yer say, 'Mabel, ma darlin'!' And then yer kiss 'im three times. Of course 'e'll 'ava girl's clothes on, so it won't be so bad if yer shut yer eyes."

From Punch © London





Kirby in New York World

"Sh-h-h! Don't wake the baby!"



Hanny in St. Joseph News-Press

When he goes home.

Open Season for Alibis

No excuse, no matter how old and decrepit, has even a gambler's chance these days of getting away from German government's alibi hunters. Ever since the first battle of the Marne, in 1914, Germany has succeeded in keeping the truth concerning the failure of her effort from the people. When the line remained stationary, every minor trench action was magnified into a great German victory—nothing whatever was said of reverses except to make them out as tremendous achievements of German arms. Then when inquiring spirits began to ask why Paris did not fall, alibis

were always at hand, explanations that somehow or other failed to lull the people to sleep. Always it was the training of men that required time, or the production of war weapons, or else it was the stupid resistance of the enemy—excuses were prodigally used on any and every occasion, until now the people, aware that disaster has overtaken the German arms, are beginning to ask pertinent (and, to the high command, "impertinent") questions that it is difficult for even von Hindenburg to answer.

A late issue of the Frankfort Gazette

earnestly inquires of the official press bureau why so far as possible, it does not tell the whole truth. Field Marshal von Hindenburg and General Ludendorff came forward with the statement that the enemy were disposed of according to previously conceived plans, and that the Germans are still masters of the situation, von Hindenburg going on to say that if the battles

off by saying their soldiers would accustom themselves to the Americans just as they had to the black soldiers from Africa.

The high command endeavored on the one hand to persuade the people that the falling back of the German army during the recent drives was all a part of plans laid at headquarters; and on the other hand attempted to divert their attention



Thomas in Detroit News

"THE OLD GAME OF PASSING THE BUCK."

"The military and political leaders of the central powers are gathering at grand German army headquarters for a conference of transcendent importance" (Amsterdam dispatch).

were on German soil it would be painful to give territory to the enemy, but that the present falling back, being on French soil, was without importance and in the end could not affect the result of the world war.

The entrance of American troops into the present battles, von Hindenburg turned

from the growing importance of the American army. Discussing the complaints and suspicions heard from the people upon the withdrawal of German troops across the Marne the Cologne Gazette had this to say:

"Faint-hearted croakers have not been lacking in Germany who have gone round with long faces because behind the brief

statement of the official report they imagined that all kinds of bad events were concealed. Such tendencies cannot be too sharply combated, even when based on alleged impressions and statements of participants in the fighting, whose knowledge and credibility are in exactly inverse proportion to the self-importance.

"Open field warfare brings changes of

ulation in the streets and railway carriages in announcing quite loudly what each had heard, and expert spies only needed to keep their ears open to glean important hints. In addition, came statements of perjured deserters. The consequence was that the enemy east of Rheims avoided our blow, which could not be fully carried out.

"On the other hand, General Foch's



More German strategy

Flaehke in Louisville Times

fortune, and a factor which must always be reckoned with is that the enemy also cherishes and tries to carry out plans which are opposed to ours. The work of the Supreme Army Command must not be made more difficult or even rendered vain by babbling at home and at the front, as has happened in the case of the offensive which began on July 15th. Soldiers of the most various grades competed with the civil pop-

great offensive was in many respects a surprise, owing to the view which the statements of prisoners had engendered amongst many troop contingents, that no entente attack was planned on this front, and owing to the mass employment of tanks, which were able to approach under cover of the cornfields."

That the truth concerning the American army's part in the breakdown of the Ger-



Branstetter in San Francisco Chronicle

When Willie comes marching home

man "sure-to-win-victory" is penetrating into Germany is indicated by a recent statement made by the *Weser Zeitung*, of Bremen, to the effect that the much derided American army was evidently giving much more trouble than had formerly been anticipated.

The German Press Bureau, no doubt thinking it best to prepare the minds of the people for future calamities, has now come out with the reluctant admission that perhaps there are 1,300,000 American soldiers over seas, as officially given out by Secretary Baker. The papers, however, are one

in declaring that even if there are this number of troops across seas, not more than 400,000 are in battle array, with 300,000 behind the lines and 600,000 engineers, railway men and general workers. One or two papers made the lame excuse that their former low figures were based wholly on the shipment of American troops prior to May, while the *Berliner Tagliche Rundschau*, as if to add mystery to the number of Americans in the field, says that up to the present there have been "noticed" not more than 150,000 Americans on the western front.



Ireland in Columbus DiStefano's

"You're fired!"

The Koelnische Volks Zeitung says that even if the number did actually reach 500,000, America would have to keep five million tons of shipping permanently at one point, and then goes on to inquire how this could be done when America has no merchant marine worth mentioning, while the ships of the other allies are burdened with their efforts to supply their own forces—these problems greatly complicated by the vast number of ships sunk each week by the wonderful submarines. Captain Boy-Ed, whom the German people regard as an authority on American affairs, backs up this argument by pointing out that America of her own admission has been able to manufacture and get to the front, after more than a year of war, only thirty-seven aeroplanes.

But revolt is in the air in Germany; soldiers are deserting freely to the allies; let-

ters to and from the trenches breathe a distrust and hatred of the government; while a recently captured secret order signed by General Ludendorff indicates that the people are beginning to arm themselves, surreptitiously, against the government.

"A soldier, said to have come from the industrial region of Rhenish Westphalia," said the order, "declared in a train that in his home district men were going on leave, taking weapons with them for the afore-said object, and that it was easy to take home German or captured revolvers as well as hand grenades separated into two parts.

"I desire that the clothing of men going on leave be searched as test cases before their departure. It will be possible to carry this out at the baths and dressing stations. I wish to impress upon all superior officers who happen to hear such objectionable talk



Garrett Price in Great Lakes Bulletin

"Tie der bull outside."

or who hear of it through others that they must deal with it at once and without hesitation. The home authorities and the Director of Military Railways have been directed to take corresponding measures."

Another order bearing the signature of the Chief of Staff of the 41st Infantry Division, recites that courts-martial have had an increasing number of cases where subordinates emphatically refused to accompany their units into the line and where the superior officers have neglected to enforce obedience by failing to compel the cowards to go into the front line. Obedience in this respect, the order says, must

be enforced, even though it may be necessary to resort to force and the use of arms. It is right, the order sets forth, even to go to the length of shooting a man as an extreme necessity.

In still another document General Ludendorff says that there are constant reports of German officers on leave voicing utterances that are calculated to awaken feelings of doubt as to German preparedness for battle. He mentions an officer in Berlin, who said that further offensives were impossible on the western front because of the shortage of horses and oats.

But a people driven to desperation and

madness by hunger are not going to be easily silenced. Utter incompetency in the military command has manifested itself from the very first, and as disaster breaks more and more upon German arms, the people must take things into their own hands, or have the allies do it for them.

Letters taken from prisoners and dead Germans would seem to show that this time is not far distant. They indicate that hopeless despair is beginning to prevail on the German side of the line.

A letter written home by a German who was stationed in a town which has now been captured said: "The war has been

lost for some time, only those high up are failing to admit it."

The letter added: "O, poor Germany! Only the dead at the front have forgotten this swindle."

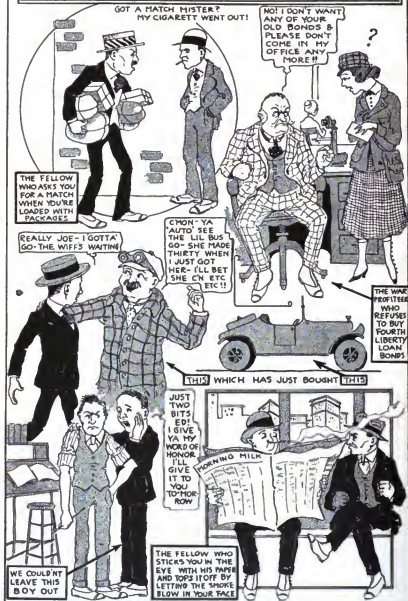
Many letters taken from prisoners, whether written by them to be posted home or received by them from civilians in the interior of Germany, are in the same vein. One German in Berlin chided his brother at the front about making rapid progress to the rear. He then predicted that the war was surely coming to an end, and that, with the allies then making an economic war, Germany would be ruined.



Darling in Philadelphia Press

Speaking of the drive to Paris and a victorious peace

POLITICS IS ADJOURNED, THE PRESIDENT SAYS



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Jo Fisher

WE WANT TO SEE SOME
OF THESE ADJOURNED, TOO

OH
LADY
PLEASE
HAVE
A
HEART

OH THE
DEAR
THING—
AND
HERE'S
A KISS
FOR
LITTLE
FIDD
ETC.

SOME OF
THESE PATRIOTIC
SONG WRITERS

WHEN I
LEFT YOU
BEHIND MY
DARLINK—
TO GO OER
TO FIGHT
THE HUN-
LESSE WHAT
RHYMES WITH
HUN?

THE MISS WHO HAS
A MONOPOLY ON
THE ONLY PHONE
WHEN YOU'VE GOT
TO MAKE AN
IMPORTANT CALL

HE WRITES
THEM WHILE
YOU WAIT

THE MAN WHO
GIVES YOU MUSIC
WITH YOUR MEALS

SLUFF
GULLUP

THE FELLOW
WHO INSISTS
ON READING
YOUR PAPER.

MOTHERS
IN
LAW

MY DAUGHTER !!!
MY DAUGHTER !!
☆ MY DAUGHTER !!

BOO
HOO

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Jo Fischer



Bransford in San Francisco Chronicle

Crown Prince Rupprecht: Vell, Prince, how dit you enchoy dot little trip to Paris?
 Crown Prince Frederick Wilhelm: Yah, wohl, Prince, but tell me aboutt your sojourn, at dose channel portel

Nobody Loves a Crown Prince

Hindenburg should find no difficulty in winning the game of war with a deck of cards that contains two jokers—the Prussian Crown Prince Frederick Wilhelm and Crown Prince Rupprecht, of Bavaria. And both of them wild! With the game proceeding along anticipated lines there would have been nothing to it except a German victory.

But things went wrong. The crown princes were marked cards from the start, and were constantly playing the game for the allies. Their mere presence on the battle field, with the authority which, as a matter of course, reposed in their exalted position as princes, gummed up the Hindenburg

game by creating a division of authority.

We should remember this point. It is not only the allies that have suffered from a lack of unity of command. It is true that concentration of power in the allied camp from the first would have hastened the end of the war, would perhaps have got everything set in shorter time for the final jab at the enemy's solar plexus. But if the allies have suffered, so also have the Germans, whose high command has been confused by the dictation of the "All Highest," by the authority of the two highnesses already mentioned, and by the word of what-



Thomas in Detroit News

Open season for princes

ever chief of staff happened to be in power at the time.

This fact has at last been driven home to the German war chiefs. Frederick Wilhelm's gigantic failure on the Marne, and Rupprecht's failure in Picardy, were the disasters that brought the blow, both men being given very definite release from their commands under the camouflage excuse of need of rest and recreation.

Just how the boys will spend their vacation opens up a wide field for speculation. To the Prussian Crown Prince London is, of course, closed—that London in which before the war he found freedom and opportunity, in the lowest quarters of the great city, to indulge in all the low amours that his dirty soul has always craved. Even the Limehouse district, which represents almost the last stage of human degradation and depravity, was one of the Crown Prince's favorite resorts. We have it on the authority of William LeQueux that he even loved there to "hit the pipe" in some

of the lowest of the Limehouse opium joints.

With London closed to him, the Crown Prince will have to find new fields for the gratification of his sodden senses. At the front he found surcease from the rigors of war in the various chateaux in which he had his headquarters. There revelry, in which French wines and loose women played a part at last became a scandal, and as it became apparent that it was a factor in the failure of the Crown Prince's army, was put an end to by an order from von Hindenburg.

Berlin will not offer a hospitable hand to the Crown Prince. He was never popular there—and no one knows this better than he himself. During one of his London amours, in which he posed as the son of a German ship owner, his resemblance to the Crown Prince's likenesses was remarked upon by the young lady involved.

"But I should dislike to be the Crown Prince," he said. "You know, the Crown

Prince is very unpopular in my country. I myself am a man of peace; the Crown Prince is at the head of what we know over there as the war party."

And only the other day we read of a young riot in Berlin, in which portraits of the Crown Prince were torn to pieces and stamped upon by the irate and hungry people.

Doctor Arthur N. Davis, who for several years was a practising dentist in Berlin, and who had the royal family among his clients, has described the Crown Prince as an affable enough chap, with a remarkable familiarity with the latest popular music (which, by the way, he loves, incognito, and surrounded in the cafés by his fellow revelers, to play and sing, like a regular fellow), and light literature. Doctor Davis pictured him as coming into his office one day, jaunty and debonaire, a copy of an

American humorous publication in his hand and laughing heartily over a caricature of himself which it contained.

The Bavarian Crown Prince one must regard, in the present situation, as a "goat." He held a strong line in Picardy when the Crown Prince Frederick Wilhelm's Marne advance began on July 15th. As that advance was smashed by Foch and the German army continued to be thrown back with appalling losses, a draft was made upon Rupprecht's forces, with the result that when the Picardy drive was launched by the French and English, the line gave way before the terrific onslaught of the allied forces, and another crown prince fell.

Rupprecht's "vacation" took the edge off the disgrace of the Prussian Crown Prince's retirement—but it will not affect the place which that young scapegrace will play in the history of the war.



Morgan in Philadelphia Inquirer

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A quiet day on the Crown Prince's front

if you really want to
scrap -



Chapin in St. Louis Republic

"Say, guy—"

Pep Plus

Secretary Daniels said (to use the classical phrase) something, when he declared that "you can't kill a United States Marine, nor can you drown one!"

They are always on top, and they always stay on top. They are everywhere at one time. Today we read of a raid on the Vesle front, tomorrow they are shooting up bandits down in Nicaragua, or some other of

those sunny places made famous by Richard Harding Davis.

The Marine has constantly before him the highly valuable idea that if you don't get the other guy he's going to get you, together with this correlative thought, that some guy's always laying for you.

Then back of all this are the traditions of the Corps, which are glorious ones, and

which are lived up to in no-man's land just as they are lived up to in Togoland.

Yes, the Marines have dash—they are the original paprika boys—the Germans will say they are. Not only will they say so, but they have already said so, as witness a report taken from a captured German intelligence officer, following the action at Belleau Wood, and recently made public. The report says that the "Marine Brigade," with elements of two other regiments, went into position in the sector of Torcy-Vaux. Concerning the individual fighter and morale the officer wrote: "The individual soldiers are very good. They are healthy, vigorous and physically well developed men of ages ranging from eighteen to twenty-eight, who at present lack only necessary training to make them redoubtable opponents. The troops are fresh and full of straightforward confidence. A remark of one of the prisoners is indicative of their spirit: 'We kill or get killed.'

"The prisoners in general make an alert and pleasing impression; regarding military matters, however, they do not show the slightest interest. Their superiors keep them purposely without knowledge of military subjects; for example, most of them have never seen a map. They are no longer able to describe the villages and roads through which they marched. Their ideas on the organization of their unit are entirely confused. For example, one of them claimed that his brigade has six regiments, his division twenty-four. They still regard the war from the point of view of the 'big brother,' who comes to help his hard pressed brethren and is therefore welcomed everywhere. A certain moral back-

ground is not lacking; the majority of the prisoners simply take it as a matter of course that they have come to Europe in order to defend their country. Only a few of the troops are of pure American origin; the majority are of German, Dutch, or Italian parentage, but these semi-Americans, almost all of whom were born in America and have never been in Europe, fully feel themselves to be true-born sons of their country."

In both attacks on Belleau Wood, which were carried out by one or two battalions, the following method of attack was adopted, the report continues: "Three or four lines of skirmishers at about thirty to fifty paces distance; rather close behind these isolated assault parties in platoon column. They had abundant equipment of automatic rifles and hand grenades. The assault parties carried forward machine guns and were ordered to penetrate the German position at a weak point, to swing laterally and to attack the strong points from the rear. No details are available. The prisoners are hardly able to state where they were in position.

One can easily imagine the look of mock naïveté and ignorance that must have overspread the countenances of the men as they were being questioned—as in that story told by Ralph Paine, about the commander of the German U-boat, who, seeking information from the armed guard that he had just taken from the sinking *Campania*. When he asked who fired the gun, who pointed it, who found the range, etc., the chief gunner and bluejackets would answer: "Oh, anybody! We just load and shoot any old way!"

□ □ □



From the Bystander, London

In sunny Italy



Must be awful if a Turk can't stand it

No Wonder Her Sick

It must have taken an iron constitution to carry the "Sick man of Europe" through the events of the last few months. Germany, in her relations with her ally, has followed a course of double-dealing and evasion that must reduce still further even a sick Turk.

First of all, events have reached a bad pass between Turkey and Bulgaria, over disputes with regard to the province of Dobrudja, territory stripped from Roumania when that country concluded a German peace last May. This province, it will be remembered, was ceded, in a manner of speaking, to Bulgaria at the time of the recent peace with Roumania. But the cession was never carried out, owing to a growing desire on the part of Germany to stall, in the vain thought that time would solve the problems which the chicanery of her statecraft created.

The trouble really goes back to 1915, to a bit of territory awarded by Turkey that year to Bulgaria as compensation for Bul-

garian participation in the war, Turkey to compensate itself by territory carved out of Greece. This was a sort of Indian gift, for now Turkey wants it back, intimating that after all it is practically worthless to Bulgaria.

And the whole attitude and spirit of Germany was admirably expressed by von Kuehlmann, recently foreign secretary, when he said that "the provisional arrangement, which it was desired should continue as short a time as possible, must find its rational solution in the union of northern Dobrudja with Bulgaria in accordance with the desires of the Bulgarian people."

The Foreign Secretary added that the question was a difference of opinion between two of Germany's allies, to whom Germany was bound by exactly equal ties, and that everything must be avoided which would cause the impression to prevail abroad that Germany's policy favored the claims of the one ally at the expense of the other.

As long ago as last June, the Cologne Gazette asserted that the differences between Turkey and Bulgaria involved a certain danger that "the work of harmony achieved by the central powers at Bucharest may suffer." The paper added that both Bulgaria and Turkey were claiming Germany's full support in their respective interests. The Nord-deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, the semi-official German Government organ, de-

clared, however, that the dispute over Dobrudja was one on which Turkey and Bulgaria would have to come to an agreement, and that Germany could only express herself reservedly on the matter if Germany was not to assume heavy responsibilities for the future.

But we deeply suspect that there was a more typically German reason back of her procrastination than a mere desire to avoid



Chapin in St. Louis Republic

"When thieves fall out!"



Hanny in St. Joseph News Press
The lemon seems to have burst in a new place

bringing the thing to a head. This was a desire to keep Turkey concerned with her relations with Bulgaria to the point where Germany could go on working out her ambitions in the Black Sea regions. Evidence of such connivance is seen in an article published in the Berlin Vossische Zeitung, by its Constantinople correspondent, to the effect that the political censorship in Turkey had been abolished in order to permit Turkish newspapers to attack Bulgaria. Any such interruption in the censorship would be made only at the suggestion or with the consent of the German foreign office, which has a vise-like grip on Turkish affairs.

Count Reventlow in the Deutsch Tages Zeitung, Otto Hotzsch in the Kreuz Zeitung, and Georg Bernhard in the Vossische Zeitung, have in recent articles indicated that at this point one puts one's finger on a delicate spot, intimating more or less

plainly the while that Turkey has quite enough to do on her Mesopotamian and Palestine fronts without embarking upon aggressive enterprises in the Caucasus—the legitimate field for the development of German interests.

"Turkey's idea," said the Kreuz Zeitung, "seems to be to gain a dominating position in the Black Sea, making the pan-Turkish idea paramount there and creating in the Caucasus a strong rampart between Turkey and Russia. Hence, German policy is confronted with difficult tasks."

This, of course, harks back to an announcement made some time ago that Germany and Turkey were in a fierce dispute over the disposition of Russia's Black Sea fleet. Talaat Pasha, the Turkish Grand Vizier, replying to deputations from the Turkish Navy League, which pointed out that Turkey had an incontestable claim to the fleet, said negotiations were proceeding



Planchette in Louisa's Time

The waning moon

between Germany and Russia for handing over the fleet to Germany, but that the Turkish government had taken energetic action with a view to acquiring it."

This was of a piece with the demand made by Germany, not long since, that Turkey hand over to her the cruiser *Hamidieh*, the only large ship then in possession of Turkey, as compensation for the *Breslau*, the former German cruiser, which was destroyed in the Dardanelles while under the Turkish flag. Despite Turkey's protest the *Hamidieh* departed for Sebastopol with the German flag flying.

Turkey is perfectly aware that in all this Germany is playing her own game in the Black Sea region, while at the same time keeping Turkey absorbed with the prob-

lems connected with the Bulgarian dispute. And she is equally aware that she is being made a mere pawn in Germany's game for world empire. The Turkish ambassador to Switzerland, Selim Fuad Bey, had this to say in the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* of Turkey's conception of the struggle. He is speaking of the territories occupied by the British armies since the beginning of the war—Mesopotamia, Palestine and Arabia:

"The liberation of these provinces undoubtedly deserves to be regarded by the German press, not only as one of the chief war aims of Germany, but in my opinion, as one of the chief war aims of the central powers and of Turkey; just as in equal measure the confiscation of those provinces by England can be regarded as the prime,

and perhaps even the sole, war aim of that power.

"For at bottom the world war is a terrible conflict between Germany and England in the interest of the extension of world hegemony, a fight for the necessary routes of access and egress thereto."

Germany is anxious to secure the liberation of Turkey's lost provinces from British control, but just now she is more concerned, many times over, with the fostering of her influence upon the Black Sea and the Caucasus; once these regions are in her grip, she figures, they can easily be retained at the

final peace conference, while the defeated allies can be made to agree also to the relinquishment of the Turkish provinces, which will then be a mere vestibule through which German interests will pass into the coveted regions of central Asia.

But it is a dangerous game. Already Turkey is becoming restive; and reports, seemingly well founded, have come through Copenhagen of a rupture between the two countries. These, while not given credence by our own officials, nevertheless are straws that indicate the direction of the wind.

With Bulgaria and Austria in close agree-



Reynolds in Portland Oregonian

Doctor and patient seem to know each other well

ment in their mutual aims and aspirations, and with Germany, the only influence in the quadruple alliance with whom she is at all sympathetic, following a policy of double dealing, Turkey may be obliged to seek alli-

ances elsewhere—and inasmuch as she has not broken with America, our own country may yet prove the open door through which Turkey will enter an understanding with the entente powers.

□ □ □



Darling in New York Tribune

THE MUSIC MASTER

The kaiser is tired of "Der Wacht am Rhein," and wants a new national air, according to reports from Berlin. Darling suggests "Yankee Doodle." How would this be: The Finished Simp-phony?

Getting 'Em Ready At Bugville

Story and Everything
by Walter Wellman



With the Special Permission of the Bureau of Misinformation

Through special permission of the commander and chief of the Bug Army, the writer gained entrance to the cantonment at Bugville. The facts here set down are strictly authentic, the pictures being made on the spot and the whole darned business being copyrotten by the writer.

The Bugville camp occupies an immense tract of about a foot square. Everything about the place is buzzing with activity. Indeed, several bees are kept busy all the time merely to keep things buzzing.

The particular army in training at this camp is made up almost entirely of the sons of Mr. and Mrs. Cockroach. Of their thirty-four thousand sons, all but 250 were called in the first draft. It is said that every one was physically fit. Old man Cockroach is in command of the camp, and some trainer he is—yessir! If you're a father yourself, you know what it means to keep 33,750 children in order, and, if you're an old bachelor, you can imagine what it would mean. The discipline, however, is amazing.

One of the first things to strike the visitor on entering the camp is the method of housing the bug soldiers. The apple season was at its height at the time of my visit, and hundreds of apples were being used as temporary houses. I was informed on good authority that it took thousands of army worms nearly a week to accomplish the feat of boring out the interior of the apples so as to make them habitable.

The problem of feeding the soldiers interested me greatly. I missed my own supper merely to stick around and watch the mess operations. I was surprised to find that a pail of garbage, brought from a nearby beanery, fed only about one-half of the soldiers. The Bugville government never stints its men, however, and another pail of waste was brought from the hotel. You know how some of those swell hash houses waste the grub, even in times like these when we are asked to save.

I am at liberty to tell you of some of the stunts which are to be pulled off on the un-

suspecting enemy when the Bugville army gets going. The enemy, being flies, cannot read this stuff, anyway, so the information can never get to them.

Thousands of mosquitoes, then, have been mobilized to harass the enemy just before going over the top, and it is claimed that the mosquitoes will prove more deadly than the poison gas now being used by the Germans. The mosquitoes are certainly going to do their "bit."

Spiders are being trained as snipers, which to me looks like a good idea. These spiders can conceal themselves in trees, watch for the enemy, and then drop silently down and shoot. As soon as the spider is spied by the enemy, he again hauls himself up by his leafy hiding place, and conceals himself safely in his web. I found thousands of these webs being constructed for this purpose.

In the midst of the encampment I noticed a large ant hill, left vacant by its owners. On inquiry I found that all the ants were stationed in another camp, far away, and that they were known as the "Red Devils." If you ever sat on an ant hill when wearing your summer weights you know how appropriate the name really is.

And may I in passing, bless the ladybugs. There they were in great numbers, knitting socks and sweaters and scarfs and other things. And what do you suppose they were

spider's web and knitting it. Except that you see it right there in the picture you wouldn't believe it, would you? You may well believe that the dear ladybugs won't



Digging trenches in Bugville

be forgotten after the crool war is over. Our sketch shows two of them, and you can see for yourselves that they make a hit with the soldiers. On inquiry I found that they were engaged to every one of the soldier bugs, which shows that they are very much like our own dear girls.

Owing to the fact that the life of a bug is very short—a few weeks at most, the period of training has also to be short—Naturally there's no use training a bug and having him die of old age before he is half trained. In order to get as much training as possible into a short period of time, they are using fireflies and lightning bugs for night work. These make it light enough for every bug to see on the darkest night. Fireflies will also be used at the front to help direct the fire on the enemy at night. They're bright fellows, and will be easy to train.

Also a few cut worms are undergoing intensive training at Bugville. They are brought in from surrounding gardens, where they have been accustomed to biting off the tender vegetables of amateur farmers. At the camp they are immediately put to chewing hard substances for hardening their teeth.



Trained cut worms, biting away barbed wire entanglements

using for yarn? Look in the accompanying picture, sketched on the spot, and you will see for yourself that they are unravelling a



Intensive training

Thus in a comparatively short period of time they are expected to be able to bite off the wire entanglements of the enemy without any trouble. After the war we must expect to find a harder brand of cut worms, but what do we care, so long as the bugs win their war?

This article would be incomplete were I

not to mention something about the care of the wounded. For it is no strange sight to see a milleped return from the front, having only nine hundred and fifty legs. Naturally under these circumstances nothing can be done, except to make life as comfortable for them as possible. It is different, however, with a beetle that has merely lost his

wings in battle. In such cases, not being able to fly, the beetle is put to digging trenches, or some such work where wings are unnecessary. Occupational schools will be started for them after the war.

It seems, with all the enthusiasm shown at this one camp, that the grand Bugville army is bound to win. Certainly they're splendid specimens of hughood, and we're with them to the finish.



Tommy's Tribute

Our officers? Maybe they stank a bit
In peace, when down London and the Park
But watch 'em when a bloomin' private's hit
And the life-blood comes pumpin' slow and dark,
These lily-ankled young nobility
By G-w-e-l, no mother could be made more kind
And it would a most make yet blab to see
Ow many we 'ave 'nd to leave be 'nd!

Victoria Cross? I wouldn't give it one
You see 'em when the shells come thick and 'ot,
Chompin' and laughin', singin' bits of fun,
I'd give the Cross to the 'ole bloomin' lot!
My Leftenant? A bit of fair or right!
Not twenty two and pretty as a girl
As keen as bulldog in 'is maiden fight,
With the gold 'air a mummy loves to curl!

And just afore the reinforcements came
Lissen 'im crumple, an' I crawl along
'E looked so small and white, it was a shame
The way 'e smiled and didn't make no song.
I hugged 'im 'im o' range a little way
(Up rubbed our backs a trooper, knife and lance)
'I like this 'ere cigarette' I can 'im say
'And smoke it for me when you gets the chance."

It was the last 'e 'sd. I got a light,
My word it tasted good to me, and yet,
I think if I 'ad known 'e'd die that night
I would 'ave kep' the bloomin' cigarette!





Tuthill in St. Louis Star

Rip Van Winkle

Mobilizing the Mississippi

Keep your eye on the Father of Waters. The way he was being neglected he might have been a grandfather, and then some. His chief function was to be got across on iron bridges, and to prevent Illinois from slopping over into the state of Iowa, and vice versa. So far as practical uses to America were concerned the river might as well have been in Basutoland. It was

held in almost no esteem in this age of steam and electricity; we suspect that few people knew whether it ran from New Orleans to St. Paul, or from St. Paul to New Orleans.

But War, another hoary headed father, has changed all that. He knew that if you want all-round reliability, you have to hand it to the rivers. They have no carburetors



From London Opinion, London

Hindenburg (bitterly): Our flying men their tails well up also have!

Beaning Them

We tried to find a Websterian equivalent for the word "beaning," out of respect, of course, for our Boston readers, who know of only one kind of bean, and who, besides, have a widely famed penchant for puristic prose.

But our experience was similar to that of the Englishman, who was arguing with a Frenchman over the respective merits of the word "bread," and its Gallic equivalent, "pain." Jules, to settle the thing once and for all, offered in evidence this squealing

argument: "But it's silly, your word 'bread'!"

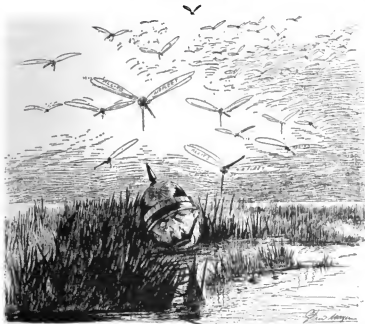
"But," came the rejoinder, "it is bread!"

And it is so with that word "bean." The British and the French brought out every type of aircraft along that front and just beamed the Fritzies—beamed them as they had never been beamed before. They beamed them with bombs, and they peppered them with machine guns. There was no getting away from them; the bewildered enemy troops turned this way and then that way,



From *Boys' Life*, 1918

Aces, as played on the western front



Copyright, 1915, by the Philadelphia Inquirer Company

Morgan in Philadelphia Inquirer

The vanguard

in an effort to escape, but all to no purpose, so that a map of their tracks would look like a close-up of a Magdeburg pretzel.

Never during the entire war had the allied mastery of the air been so complete; never had the *élan* (the introduction of this word may mitigate, in the minds of our Boston readers, the horrors attendant upon the use of "bean")—never, we say, had the *élan* of the allied air forces been so great as during this battle; and also, never had the co-ordination between the air powers and the land forces reached so high a state of perfection.

Along the Somme, for example, the air work proceeded after this manner: the first work at dawn would be bombing and machine gunning of enemy airdromes everywhere, in rear and front, to prevent the German machines from taking a share in the battle. They would then turn their machine gunning on troops and bombing communications, especially paying attention to bridges in the Somme-Peronne area.

The casualties at this point were great.

The confusion in the German ranks was even greater evidence of the air work. It is a fact that the current of the German flight turned toward the south and dared not try to take the shortest road, where the British airmen were located. This confusion is shown in the extent to which units and headquarters were found on roads and at places out of their normal areas. It was in carrying on this work that nearly all the losses were incurred.

It is characteristic of the audacity of the British aeroplanes, that they flew low, to make sure of their aim in dropping bombs and use of guns. The whole line of the Somme in the neighborhood of Peronne bristled with aircraft defenses. German fighting planes also hung above the region, well behind their lines, to pounce down on the British bombing machines below. Nearly all of the many hundreds engaged returned three or four times for more bombs and ammunition. One machine saw a party of thirty German machines, from which seven or eight detached themselves to fight

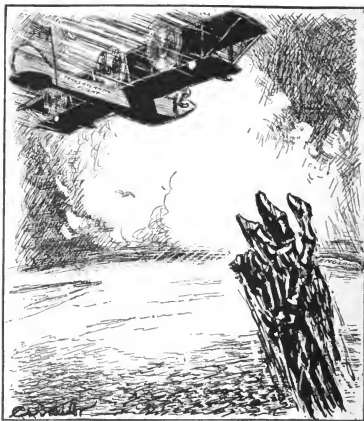


Illustration by New York Tribune

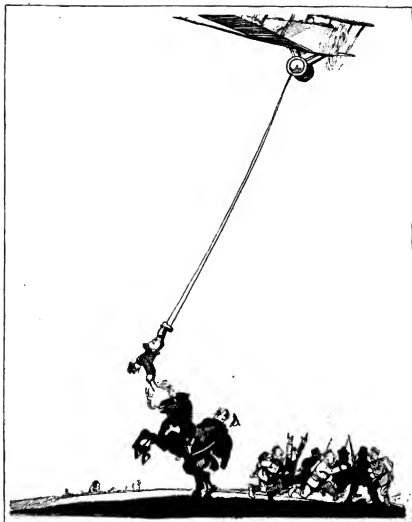
Over the top

our one. Our men shot down one enemy, then successfully dropped bombs, and finally, returning to the enemy, and shot down another. The pilot, severely wounded, fell forward over his control lever. The observer managed to pull him back, and when he regained control of the machine and landed it safe, it was well inside his own lines. The injured pilot was still alive.

One man was in a fight when his gun jammed, but he managed to keep the enemy at bay until he could get his gun going again. Then he crashed the enemy and saw it go down in flames. A pathetic story was told of a pilot who shot down the

enemy and followed it to the ground. He saw the enemy extricate himself from the wreckage, and was about to shoot when the latter held up his hands. The pilot forbore and left him. On the way back he was attacked by four enemies and so badly wounded, though he brought his machine safely home, it was only to be carried to a hospital, where he dictated his report and died.

Another aviator was bombing successfully and had dropped all it carried when it was attacked by fifteen enemy aeroplanes. He shot down four of them. One when hit turned back and went down in flames, another was shot to the earth ablaze, a third



From London Opinion, London

The Brothers Sparrozi—the famous flying trapezists—having joined up with the fliers, use a novel and effective form of aeroplane attack.

went down spinning and crashed to pieces on the ground, while the fourth turned on its side and went down, spinning helplessly. When the airman got home his machine was almost shot to bits. The tail of the machine and the propeller under the

car were completely riddled with the bullets.

One unit, besides incidentally shooting down thirteen enemy machines, also wiped out the personnel and silenced an anti-tank gun and the batteries of three guns; fired on infantry in the roads, in one case leav-



Chamberlain in Philadelphia Evening Telegraph

One day's bag

ing one hundred dead on a roadway; blew up a dump that went into a huge explosion of fire and smoke; harassed roads; destroyed a bridge; tied up a transport; attacked a battery in action, and killed all the members of the crew of one gun, making other men abandon their weapons in dugouts.

These are samples of the work done during the drive by each of hundreds of machines, the aggregate effect of whose efforts was colossal.

Meanwhile bombing operations against the German manufacturing centers have been continued. The Badische Aniline and Soda Factory, at Mannheim, has been repeatedly subjected to attack, good bursts being observed in the factory on the occasion of the latest attack.

In one place low flying airplanes attacked and hit five trains, bringing them to a standstill. Searchlights and anti-craft guns were attacked with bombs and machine gun fire.

An important powder factory at Rottweil was attacked. A direct hit was obtained on one of the big sheds, and as a result several other sheds in the vicinity blew up. A fire broke out that could be seen from a distance of sixty miles.

In a raid carried out on Offenburg, the main railway station was hit and bursts were seen on the sidings. One hostile machine was destroyed. Attacks, attended with good results, were carried out against the enemy's airdromes. Fires and explosions were observed. Other targets were

engaged with bombs and machine gun fire.

Tons of bombs were dropped on railways at Valenciennes, Seclin, Coutrai and Armentieres and on hostile billets at different points on the front. Two trains were hit with bombs and thousands of rounds were fired from machine guns at various ground targets, including active anti-aircraft guns, searchlights and transports. One of the enemy's night bombing machines was brought down in our lines by anti-craft gun fire.

These bombing expeditions are taken at random from British reports of aerial activities, to indicate the freedom with which allied squadron can now fly out over enemy territory for long distances without danger—for it is seldom that machines are reported missing.

This continued bombing of German cities is having the incidental effect, by the way, of lowering the morale of the people in the Rhine districts. They live in continued fear of air raids, and are already pleading with the government to seek some understanding with the allied command by which mutual bombardment of areas back of the battle line shall be dropped.

Thus do results of the aerial fighting justify, not only our fondest hopes for the future, as more and more machines are put into service, but also that enthusiasm which insists upon using the word "bean" as a transitive verb and thus sacrificing "propriety," as instructors in English call it, for accuracy.



"He's looping!"

From Punch, © London

PARADES

VERSE AND
DRAWINGS BY
DAPHY PHELPS

*I hate parades.
They get on my nerves.
There are the aces in the rain—
They are the worst.
Every view is obscured by umbrellas which
drip endlessly
Down the back of my neck,
And pake me,
And I never have aue to pake
Back.*



"Large gentlemen of color."

*Then there are those in the heat,
When my complexian
Ruus,
And dust blows in my eyes.
Maist people lean au me asking when it will
start,
Mapping at their features with daubtful hand-
kerchiefs.
I wish fervently
To sit au the edge of the sidewalk and take
my shaes off,
Because, of course,
My feet hurt.*

*Then there are the ones
Which halt my lunchward step,
And
Pack me neatly for hours
Among large gentlemen of color,*

*Walking upon the bananas
Dropped
By the suffocating child in front of me,
While most of my clothes are buried behind
me
And all the air is quite beyond my reach.*

*Those parades I look down upon—
Sneaking from my work and ruining my
sleeves on the window—
Are a disappointment.
All the standard stuff—
The motorcycles that came first,
The fire department,
The prominent business men in automobiles,
And home guards by the square mile,
Farmerettes sowing seeds of kindness,
And sections of a band inserted to look like
twenty!*

*But
All these are not a circumstance to the soldier
parades;
They—
The battered Belgians with roses in their guns,
The French Blue Devils,
Silk salesmen and lights of society and milk-
men, working for Uncle now—
They lump up my throat
And make me cry,
And crying is awkward in a crowd,
Crying is bad form.
Yelling
Is much better,
So I yell.*

*I hate parades.
I never can get in one,
So of course I hate them!*



"With roses in their guns."

TO THE MARNE AND BACK

Five years ago the Marne was but a name to most of us over here. People who had traveled in eastern France retained loving memories of undulating hills and valleys for dreams, with a broad stream on its way to the sea; boys and girls who were diligent at their geography lessons knew it as one of the chief rivers of France, in the same sort of way as they knew the Elbe in Germany and the Drave in Austria. But that was about all we in this country knew about a river that henceforth will be a symbol of all that is heroic in this great battle for human freedom. The name will be spoken, as it has never been spoken before, not in a casual, matter of fact way, but with a note of love and veneration, as meaning the rampart against which the Huns twice threw themselves in their mad attempt to reach Paris, only to be thrown back in much confusion.

Four years, lacking but a few weeks, separated the two assaults. In the early days of September, 1914, we saw the German hordes, after having moved like a death-dealing plague through Belgium and on down through France, come to the valley of the Marne. At this point they were so intoxicated with success that they considered the Marne as an obstacle of no consequence at all—they were even counting the hours before they should make their triumphant entry into Paris, the goal of their ambitions. They were



Congratulations from an expert

positive that the French Army, which had been pushed back at a rate of speed that was truly appalling, and measuring only seven poorly equipped men to their ten, and these could not resist the German might, even if they should be so foolhardy as to attempt it.

Thus the Germans came to the Marne on this day early in September, four years ago, a few of their number even crossing the stream in preparation for the final stage of their journey, when there rose from out the Marne a shining spirit—the immortal spirit of France. The troops of this republic, fired with the spirit



of victory, and knowing that now was the day of France, came to a sudden halt, and to the amazement of the enemy prepared to give battle. The west end of the French line was under command of Maunoury, the center under Foch, and the east line of fortifications from Verdun to Toul under Sarraill, with Joffre, the grand old man of France, in supreme command.

The battle waged fierce, with the Hun more determined than ever to crush anything that should attempt to block his way to victory. The gallant French, who were fairly reeling from exhaustion, and feeling at times the breath of death, as it endeavored to fasten its hold upon them, bravely held up. They knew that the spirit of France was leading their armies, even at times when, as if to test their faith, it permitted the Germans to push them back to apparent defeat at every point. For Kluck, flanking Maunoury's troops, with Foch's center almost pierced, and with but a thin body of troops to hold Verdun, the key to the eastern line of fortifications, they determined to yield only when they had drawn upon their last remaining physical and mental strength. This terrible struggle reached its crisis in the night of September 9th and 10th. Then, just as even French fortitude was giving way, and the armies seemingly losing their grip, that immortal soul of France shone out, and in the fury of the assault which it led it so blinded and confounded the adversary that they reeled in fear and confusion from its presence, not daring to stop day or night for three days—until, in fact, they had come to the river Aisne, beyond the Marne valley.

Did the Huns understand what it was that appeared to them on this battlefield? Yes, they comprehended it, truly enough, but in their blindness they could never admit that the flesh cannot crush the spirit. To them it is only the physical and material that counts—and in which

ROLAND
KIRBY

Kirby in New York World



Harding in Brooklyn Eagle

Who's looney now?



Orr in Chicago Tribune

belief they have constructed their huge war machine, complete even to its minutest detail.

In their blind rage that a being, which to them makes itself invisible, should break to pieces their war machine, they immediately began to reconstruct another plan of offense, this time making it still more ambitious, and as perfect as it is the power of the human mind to construct.

Then when it was at last ready to be put into execution they made their boast to the world that this time they would reach their goal by consuming whatever should dare attempt to stop them, even the spirit of France should it dare to manifest itself at the Marne.

And suiting their actions to their words, they proceeded to get their offensive under way. The allied armies felt that this time they could prevent the Huns from making good their boast, but they were overwhelmed when they were again rolled back upon Paris. For the second time, they were forced to the valley of the Marne without being able to stop this iron monster that meant to crush them. And then, in one of the most critical moments in all history, there appeared for the second time the soul of France—and this time, too, the Germans, instead of destroying France and

the spirit of its armies, again turned and fled from the scene in terror and confusion.

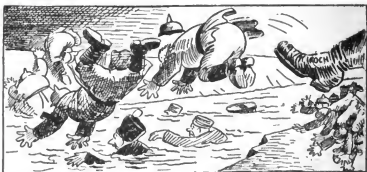
The blow came the morning of July 15th, delivered by the Crown Prince, extending from Chateau Thierry on the Marne, where earlier in the month the American Marines had covered themselves with glory, to Main de Massiges, east of Rheims, a battle front of sixty-five miles. East of Rheims the attack was a complete failure, but the fighting of the first day carried the enemy across the Marne in several places, including the front held by American troops east of Chateau Thierry. The Americans, however, organized a counter attack, and drove the enemy back across that portion of the Marne held by them, capturing fifteen hundred prisoners, including an entire brigade staff.

The German lunge across the Marne was directed primarily at Epernay, and then Chalons, but it was effectually stopped within the first thirty hours by the French, American and Italian troops, and by the 21st a fierce counter drive had got the enemy back to the right bank of the stream, and driven them out of Chateau Thierry.

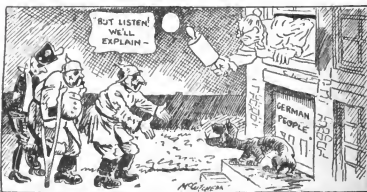
And what of the river itself? The Huns when they first came to this river of dreams, looked upon a valley that the French people had come to know as the garden



"Our task on the south bank of the Marne has been fulfilled—



"Therefore we withdrew to the north bank—



McCutcheon in Chicago Tribune

Copyright, 1918, by John T. McCutcheon

"For fresh, important tasks."

FROM A BERLIN REPORT OF THE BATTLE



"IT ISS A SILLY WAR!"

Copyright, 1918, The Public Ledger Co.

Reproduced in Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

188

spot of France, backed as it was on one side by a low line of hills that form a watershed between the Marne and the Aisne, while low down in the valley they saw a bridge spanning the Marne, over which ran the railroad to Meaux. Beyond the Marne lay undulating fields of asparagus, sugar beets and other garden produce, while rising here and there were orchards and large patches of berries and other small fruit. And to complete the picture of this valley of happiness were to be seen, here and there, little white towns and hamlets,

with the numerous streams that water this fertile country. Truly it was a fit abode for the soul of France.

Today nothing is to be seen there except ruin and desolation, of the kind that always follows in the path of the modern Hun; but to it, as to a shrine, will come in future ages, the peoples of the earth to pay homage to the soul that guided the armies of freedom through the most crucial days of French history—the soul of France. They will honor those soldiers of freedom who lie here—in the words of our own Alan Sec-



Reynolds in Portland Oregonian

Caught him on the Marne again

ger, who himself fell in France, rifle in hand:

"Under the little crosses where they rise
The soldier rests. Now round him undis-
mayed
The cannon thunders, and at night he lies
At peace beneath the eternal fusil-
lade . . .

That other generations might possess—
From shame and menace free in years to
come—
A richer heritage of happiness,

He marched to that heroic martyrdom.

Esteeming less the forfeit that he paid
Than undishonored that his flag might
float
Over the towers of liberty, he made
His breast the bulwark and his blood the
moat.

Obscurely sacrificed, his nameless tomb,
Bare of the sculptor's art, the poet's lines,
Summer shall flush with poppy-fields in
bloom,
And autumn yellow with maturing vines.



From New Orleans Times-Picayune

Putting the boche where he belongs



Kinier in Chicago Daily News

Be the man behind the man behind the man behind the gun

Dollars for Doughnuts

We had nearly forgotten that other field force, the Salvation Army, until the recent drive for dollars for doughnuts for doughboys. It was a jolly affair, one of the most cleverly organized of all our money getting campaigns. Judging from the way the public responded, the doughnuts will be of the fat, luscious, hole-less variety, with coffee and everything.

Judge Ben Lindsay, we might add, has contributed splendid testimony to the worth of the Army's work. The Judge has but recently returned from France, where, he says, "the doughboys often shouted out to me as I passed them in the trenches and back of the lines: 'Judge, when you get back home tell the folks not to forget the Salvation Army. They are the real thing.'"

"And I know they are the real thing. I have shared with the boys the doughnuts and chocolate and coffee that seemed to be so much better than any other doughnuts or coffee or chocolate I ever tasted before. And when it seemed so wonderful to me after just a mild sort of experience down a shell swept road, through the damp and

cold of a French winter day, what must it be to those boys after trench raids or red hot scraps down rain soaked trenches or under the wet mists of No Man's Land?

"How well I remember after the 'Battle of Sheisprey,' as our boys called it, following with one of them an exciting chase around dead man's curve down from the heights of Beaumont, to draw up breathlessly in a shell torn village, to be welcomed by 'de gang,' as it might seem at home, with the joyful acclaim: 'Come this way, Judge; the old Salvation Army is sticking with us like a brother—sinkers and chocolate, coffee and cigarets.'

"And down around the broken buildings, with shells still whizzing overhead, I was rushed by a group of cheery doughboys to meet Miss So-and-So, and Miss So-and-So (their names somewhere in my notebook), down an old cellar, cleared of debris. Over the cheeriest fire I ever saw, boiling in good American lard, were the finest lot of fried cakes I ever put in my mouth.

"Do you wonder they love the Salvation Army? They know the proper way to a

brave boy's heart under conditions like that. And they have a right to the affections of our boys.

"Listen to some of the stories they tell me:

'You see, Judge, the good old Salvation Army is the real thing. They don't put on no airs. They ain't no flub-dub about 'em, and you don't see their mugs in the

fancy magazines much. Why, you would never see one of them in Paris around the hotels. Good Lord, you'd never know they existed, Judge, unless you came right up here as close to the front lines as the colonel will let you.'"

And, says the Judge, they stick as close to the boys as those fried cakes must stick to their "tummies."

□ □ □



Chapin in St. Louis Republic

Make this your golden text for every day

Which Goes to Show

By Robert Lee
Illustrations by Constance Oehler

One day I met Samson Judd and we exchanged reflections in a large, casual manner concerning the incentives which give rise to the emotions and what not.

"It is only recently," I said, "that I have been able to understand the German philosophy of Schopenhauer—that the natural state of man is grief and sodden despondency, and that happiness is an infrequent interim provided to bore one and render one all the more unhappy by its very evanescence."

Just now I noticed that Samson Judd was fidgety and intolerably ill at ease, and that he kept glancing first to the right of him and then to the left, and then behind him, as if in his heart he possessed some dread guilt and feared the stealthy approach of a furtive pursuer. His eye carried a strained and shifting glance, and his face was cast in wan anxiety. He seemed agitated also in body, for he intermittently performed a sort of *chasse de dans* in a certain unexpected and nimble fashion. Yet he heeded my words, for there appeared in his eyes a kind of hopeful light out of the apparent distraction which involved him.

"Did Schop—I mean the person you mentioned," began Samson Judd, "did he become famous just for discovering that misery is our natural human lot?"

"Well," said I, "rather for discovering that it is the natural German lot. A German can't be happy, nor a gnu, either. Or, put it this way: would you be happy if you were a German—or a gnu?"

Samson Judd looked swiftly about him and then stepped quickly aside and then back again. Now, for the first time, I began to have some inkling of his distress. I noticed that he glanced hurriedly left and right and rearward each time an automobile swished past on the pavement nearby; and that also his bodily agility was most pro-

nounced in consequence of blasts from passing motor horns.

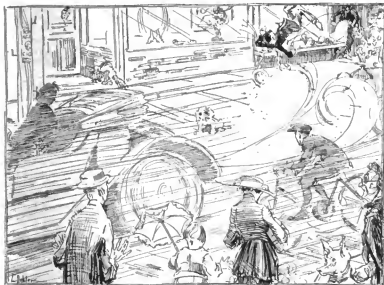
"No," he said, "I couldn't be happy and a German, or a gnu. But—I ask you as a friend: do you have any reason to suspect that Germans are a race of motor dodgers? Do you suppose their natural lack of happiness is due to constant avoidance of death under auto—?"

Samson Judd was unable to continue. Some great emotion enveloped him and wrenched his frame, as a tempestuous sea lays hold of a tossing vessel and buffets it roundly. I conceived his affliction to be one of sorrow, and I sought to tender him a shooting chalice of companionship. I clapped him exuberantly on the shoulder and cajoled him merrily and bade him take heart and skip tra la. Then I perceived that I erred in thus investing my sympathies. It was not grief that swayed him, but an impotent rage, a towering anger and a remarkable ferocity of mien that would not be mantled in the rich garments of fellowship. Even as I besieged him with mirthful deviation his face contorted malevolently, his hands clenched and an intemperate moist dampened his brow.

"I am the wrathfullest man in the world," he said, in a low, fierce tone. "Anger has become as habitual with me as the querulous, whimsical smile of Mona Lisa. Would you believe that once I was the most patient of humans? I mean, before the age of motor cars?"

I diplomatically fell in with his mood and retraced my jovial excursion into a path of somber corroboration of his testimony. Then he told me of himself; how he once had been lenient and patient; had pasted on his own dining room wall-paper, his wife looking on and giving advice the whiles. I applauded such fortitude and said it was strange.

And I knew that a mighty change had



"The motorist paused long enough only to observe the owner's trajectory."

come over him. I said I was sorry to see him relax his personal vigilance.

But he told me it was no use, that life was just one escape after another. He said he was coming to be known as the champion death escaper of the universe. He gravely informed me that he counted the hour dull and tasteless that did not find him leaping with prodigious celerity from the path of some sixty-horse power motor car. Sometimes, Samson Judd told me, he no sooner accomplished an alert and intricate somersault from the path of one roaring behemoth than he discovered himself infinitely more occupied with the neatly adjusted problem of extricating himself from a precisely identical dilemma arising out of the approach of another car from the opposite direction, bearing down upon him with portentous and devastating velocity that required of him the most precipitate agility.

I told him perhaps he was given to vain imaginings, and that he ought to achieve a more philosophical vein. He replied that he thought so, too, until one day a hideous gasoline jabberwock fetched him athwart the beam and tossed him into a confectioner's window, filled with ripening fruits, which were mellow and yielding and gave

him the appearance of a sunburn descending a staircase when applied variously over his person. He said the motorist paused long enough only to observe Samson Judd's trajectory, as a golfer might view, with critical eye, the flight of his drive, and sped on, leaving Samson Judd to strike a reckoning with the confectioner.

I told him this was unfortunate and he agreed it was, only more so. He said he didn't mind accidents so much, but he resented the attitude of young Lotharios who nipped the buttons off the back of his coat with their fenders just to provide entertainment for their lady friends. He said this had done much to excite his present acerbity; that he was become a veritable porcupine and bristled whenever he sensed the approach of a motor. He averred that the constant hop, skip and jump had made him an anarchist and that he despised and execrated motorists with an implacable abhorrence. He begged me not wrestle with him in this spirit of unforgiving abomination, but rather urge him on to deeds of vengeance.

There seemed to be only one hope, he said, and that lay with the women who drive electrics. One never knows where an elec-



"Requiring of him the most precipitate agility."

tric is going, he assured me, least of all the woman who is driving it, and he nourished the hope that some day there might be enough electrics to provide wrecks sufficient in number to destroy all the male motor demons. But he confessed the hope was only faint and elusive.

Samson Judd confided that he once had enjoyed some sense of safety in the law forbidding motorists to proceed when a street car is discharging passengers. Wherefore he threw caution to the winds and descended holdly from a trolley. A twenty cylinder Gazump lay in wait for him and caught him in mid air. As is usual in such cases, the motorist lost control and crashed through the side of a building

immediately adjacent. But the illness of this wind was tempered somewhat in that the building was a hospital and Samson Judd adventitiously was deposited upon an operating table, in some indecent haste, it is true, but none the less expediently.

Similarly he had thought to take some sense of security in the ordinance prohibiting the operation of motors on the wrong side of the street. Under this assumed cloak of safety he had set out to take the air. He promptly was rewarded by colliding with a truck. The fact that the truck was proceeding in the proper direction while Samson Judd was watching for trouble in the opposite quarter offered him no consolation.

"So you see," he said, "there is no respite. O, how my dignity has suffered! If I endeavor to cross a street, high in pride and personal esteem, my head up and conscious that I am making a presentable figure, out of the obliquity of hades comes a snorting monster and on the instant I am converted into an object of ridiculous expedition. One cannot be stately and august while performing acrobatic evolutions in the street."

One day I again met Samson Judd and he hailed me with vast good humor and spoke in glad, round tones of the weather and the season of the year, and of whether I was in my usual good health and of how pleasant the nights were becoming. Far from being a person of ire and fume and ferment Samson Judd was jubilant and rollicking and given to waggish exultation. I wondered at the change and was speechless.

"You are amazed at my zest!" he cried, jocosely. "When last you saw me I was

fretful and vindictive. Now I am debonair and sportive. Well, my friend, I have found the cure. I laugh, ha, ha! and sing tra la!"

"But, what—?" I began.

He cut me off with boisterous and immoderate laughter, squeezed my hand and was off. For some considerable time I stood pondering this peculiar twist of events. Then, presently, I was provoked from my cogitations by the sound of a tumultuous motor horn in the street. I looked up and saw, to my alarm, a huge machine bearing down upon an excited and gesticulating citizen. The citizen seemed in a frenzy of despair, leaping, somersaulting and hurdling himself to safety. The motor car roared past at the imminent prospect of macerating the exasperated citizen and just clipping his coat tails. I glanced at the driver of the car, who now emitted an abandoned and gleeful cackle.

It was Samson Judd!



"I glanced at the driver of the car. It was Samson Judd!"



Thomas in Detroit News

Civilizing the savage

After His Scalp

"Keep to the trail, boys!"

It was an Indian chief who gave this inspiring message to his men, as he fell, mortally wounded, just after the capture of Sergy, one of the most brilliant exploits of the American troops in France. He was a Sioux.

Thus are they there—not in large numbers, but nevertheless very much there in

spirit, fighting with all the daring and cunning that characterized our early Indian warfare.

The Cologne Gazette, complaining some time since, of the unconventional method of American fighting, of the fact that the Yankees did not fight according to rule, and that they refused to surrender abjectly when surrounded or cornered, said that the

German troops would not be surprised to see tomahawks and scalping knives and all the other features of Indian fighting yet appear upon the field of battle.

Well, our red-skins are there, alright, but not in their war paint and feathers and the other picturesque trappings of Indian fighting, but in a khaki uniform and a steel helmet, which they wear with the same grace as a white trooper. Indeed, we have it on the authority of a captain that the well set up Indians in his command are really "spiffy"—which word we suppose is equivalent to that more dignified and classic phrase, "nifty."

The chief whom we mentioned above was one of twenty Creek and Sioux in a single regiment that took part in the Marne fighting—used for patrol scouting. "He was so active," said one of his men, "that he had no time to have the army tailor sew serv-

ice stripes on his uniform, so we buried him in his blanket without them."

It seems incredible that in this most mechanical of wars, a struggle in which so many of the old methods of fighting have been scrapped and forgotten, that American Indians should be particularly useful, yet such is the case. For patrol work they cannot be surpassed, as a single instance will show. One dark night on the Marne front six of the scouts penetrated the German lines to a depth of three miles. Coming upon a chateau they found a group of high German officers at an elaborate banquet, with wine and rich viands in profusion. With blood-curdling yells they hurled hand grenades through the windows and then made their way back to the American lines. "Much noise inside!" said one of them, laconically, in reporting the incident. "Maybe heap dead!"



Westerman in Ohio State Journal

Keep your eye on the melting-pot warrior.



From Nebelapitaler, Zurich

APPLE SHORTAGE

Theatrical director: No, old man, get the William Tell idea out of your head. You can't play that in these times.

On the Roof of Europe

Switzerland, that tiny republic high up in central Europe, is no longer the care-free, happy country, the mecca of tourists, that it used to be; no longer can it be called the "playground of Europe." Instead it is today a somber, grim little nation, surrounded on all sides by warring factions, majestic in its determination to keep its neutrality. However, to keep this neutrality, without at the same time cutting its own throat, has been a problem to solve which it has been necessary to call into consultation the wisest men in Switzerland.

Switzerland is a country whose background, politically and ethnologically, has had to do with the hording nations chiefly of Germany and France. The consequent effect has been that it is today bi-lingual and bi-racial, and, therefore, with very definitely divided war opinions and sympathies. But two desires are always uppermost in the minds of the Swiss people, and serve to keep them united as a nation. These two desires have to do with sus-

tenance and the maintenance of their freedom. To them their security is held in the balance by this war, and for a reason that has been well voiced by William Martin, the eminent editor of *Le Journal de Geneve*. "The origin of Swiss neutrality," says M. Martin, "is intimately connected with the idea of European equilibrium. Every time in history that a great power has exercised in Europe an indisputable preponderance—be that power called France, Austria or Germany—the independence of Switzerland has been compromised."

Since today it is Germany that is striving for the preponderance, and by means of methods such as the world has never sanctioned, the Swiss, who in ante-bellum days were perhaps as closely united to Germany as any of the bordering nations, are turning more and more to the allies for sympathy and help in the solution of their vexing problems. They have seen the wanton destruction of small nations as practised by Germany, and the contempt

with which that country holds the sacred rights of conquered, and, so far as that goes, of neutral peoples; they now understand that anything that stands in the way of German plans for world domination means only something to be destroyed; they have seen also that those nations that ally themselves with Germany become only tools and vassals, to be used only for what can be squeezed out of them, and for the services that they can render to the furtherance of German interests. And more than this, the Swiss people see within their own country an endeavor by Germany to blot out national life and independence by making Swiss territory the headquarters for her world-wide spy system and propaganda.

And most serious of all, she sees Germany engaged in the business of fastening upon her a commercial and economic bondage that, with Germany victorious, would mean nothing less than political servitude.

In order to get such a grip upon Switzerland, Germany is laying her foundations by literally flooding that country with every form of printed propaganda—newspapers, pamphlets and books, doling out for Swiss consumption in this war lies about the righteousness of her cause; about her great friendship and love for the heroic little nation, and ending with prophecies as to what will happen to Switzerland should they be too friendly with the allies. All this propaganda has been so thickly honeyed, how-



From Nebelgasser, Zurich

THE COAL QUESTION

The left hand and right hand neighbors: My dear Swiss, why do you take coal from my competitor? He can't deliver, and I can do equally well for you any day!



Felix Nebelkaiser, Zurich

PROGRESS

"First we had potatoes and no money. Then we had money and no potatoes. Now we have neither money nor potatoes."

ever, and this propaganda so overdone, that instead of drawing the Swiss people closer to Germany, it has, instead, only aroused, first their suspicion, and then their anger and apprehension. As an eye-opener to German perfidy, the Swiss saw what happened when the now famous Lichnowsky memorandum became public.

The full text of this memorandum was first printed by the Berne Freie Zeitung. Immediately the German agents proceeded to buy up and destroy every available copy of the edition, putting out at once a German version with every misleading statement. This fired the ire of Füssle, the chief German-Swiss publisher, who thereupon got out a second edition of the original

text, with a preface by Otfried Nippold, professor of international law at Berne, which version the Swiss accepted, to the confusion and chagrin of Germany.

Germany's plans for trying to mould the psychology of Switzerland grew out of the fact that before the war Switzerland was one of her keen competitors in the world market for many products turned out by highly skilled technical workmen, and from this issued her desire to kill Swiss industrial and commercial life. As a means to this end she has been endeavoring secretly to finance the construction and equipping of huge factories all over that country, camouflaging these under the names of Swiss firms, from out of which factories she has



The father was a tailor and died of tuberculosis.



The son was a profiteer and will die of yellow fever.

HOW THEY STARTED

planned to send products into the world market with the words, "Made in Switzerland," realizing the significance attached to such a phrase. Before the war, "Made in Germany" admitted an article freely into the best of the world's market, but from henceforth it will call forth only contempt, unless (and note this word "unless") Germany rights the wrongs she has inflicted during this war.

It is well to note here that the Swiss manufacturers' press is fully awake to the seriousness of German duplicity, and has expressed the opinion that it is that country's intention to destroy Swiss industrial life so as completely to dominate the neutral market after the war. As soon as the time is opportune, Switzerland will no doubt demand her rights in this situation, but to do so just at this time, when her industrial life has so enormously expended, due to the breaking down of industrial Europe, might only complicate her problems.

While industrial expansion, even with German capital, has greatly developed Swiss assets, it has also been the cause of adding confusion to one of her gravest problems. We refer to her need of coal. Germany, by her domination of the coal fields of Bel-

gium, Luxemburg and northern France, has been able to dictate terms to most of the neutral nations when it came to supplying their needs. Switzerland came under this pressure, and Germany, conceiving of a plan whereby she might force the allies out of benefiting from Swiss industries, proceeded to demand of Switzerland that in return for supplying coal she was to receive the total output of all factories.

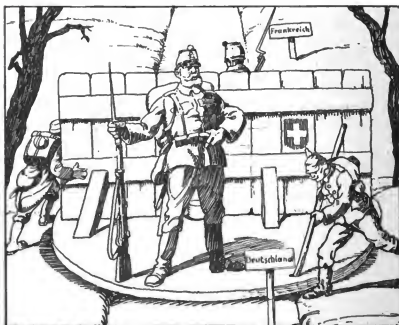
Now to have succumbed to these demands would have been to greatly aggravate Swiss troubles, and to raise grave questions as to her neutrality. France, Switzerland's ally for five centuries, at once came forward with a promise to furnish eighty-six thousand tons per month, provided that Germany release Switzerland from accounting as to the use of every ton of coal which she should send in. The Germans, seeing that they were only going to gain the enmity of the Swiss if they did not accept these terms, finally backed down on their demands, and at this point the Swiss took opportunity to use the French price of coal, which is much lower than Germany's, as a means of forcing Germany to lower her price. Thus, in the end, Switzerland was better off than before this problem arose.



From Nebelgasser, Zurich

IN THE YEAR 7000

"A skeleton without a backbone. Ah, that must have been one of the high officials of a neutral state in the war of 1914-1918."



From Nebelgasser, Zurich

Switzerland as the joy wheel of Europe

Germany, failing in this attempt to gain control over Swiss industrial life, next came forward with this demand, that since she was generous enough toward Switzerland to allow the allies and neutrals to use the French port of Cette for ships carrying foodstuffs and raw materials for Swiss use, Switzerland in turn give Germany control over the distribution and uses to which these materials were to be put. Now since the greater part of these supplies came from

allied countries, to acquiesce to this demand would really amount to the allies contributing supplies to their enemies. The United States, upon being informed of this German demand, came out with the declaration that instead of using Cette, she would, with her navy, convoy to an Atlantic port all supplies destined for the little republic of the Alps.

And thus again Germany's designs upon Switzerland are frustrated.



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THE KITCHEN RANGERS

Cited for gallantry



Chapin in St. Louis Republic

It can't be done!

Carrying on



Ireland in Columbus Dispatch

Canning time comment

OCTOBER

Golden October with its changing hues,
Its falling leaves and russet colored grass,
Its burnished sunsets and its varying skies,
Are silent witnesses of summer past.

And though the snowbound winter pure and white

Is steeped with diamonds glittering so gay,
Bright tokens of the stainless days ahead,
When crimson spots shall have been washed away,

And gentle spring so green its promise sheds
To wake anew the restless eyes of life,
And stir the homing heart of man and beast,
And leafing trees with nesting birds are rife;

And summer days all heavy with perfume.
With hot sunshine and lazy droning bees,
Drenched often by the blessed, cooling rains
That thrill the drooping earth to burst its leash—

Though these three seasons have their gloried charm,

And each one boasts its fair alluring grace,
They're but the setting for a jewel rare—
The brilliant autumn holds the central place.

—Louise A. Bowman, in Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.



Tangle in Cleveland Plain Dealer

Just when your mother had the leaves swept into two nice piles

in October



Bridge in Chicago
Tribune

The days of real
sport.



Hungerford in Pittsburgh Hun-
King for a day



Where it's really warm
May in Cleveland Leader



Brounup in San Francisco Chronicle
The end of the trail



Copyright, by H. T. Webster in Detroit Times
The time she fixed your tie for you



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by R. B. Fuller

Fisherman's luck

Keeper of the Imperial Peace Doves

We really don't know how our European representative did it. But here is the interview, written as the reader will see, in the best war correspondent style. We did not know he was in Berlin, even, and haven't the slightest idea of how he got there. But leave it to Bartholomew J. Timkins—he will get any story he goes after.



Batterfield in Fargo Courier-News

One of the doves

I found Herr Taube, as one might expect, a mild man, but extremely suspicious. I put on my best German manner, voice and everything, to allay possible suspicion, posing as a representative of the Hamburg Blatt. To my surprise he became absolutely uncommunicative and would tell me nothing whatever about his peace pigeons. He had

nothing whatever to say to the German public, he told me.

Then an idea came to me—an idea even in Berlin. I cast aside my disguise and informed Herr Taube that I was an American correspondent and was anxious to acquaint my readers with what facts I could concerning the imperial peace apiary. He ex-



Ireland in Columbus Dispatch

The "friedensturm"

acted a pledge from me that I would divulge nothing of what I saw or heard to the German public, a promise that I gave readily enough.

He first showed me a cage filled with white doves.

"These," he said, "we send to the vatican. We have worked out an ingenious plan whereby at stated intervals our armies shell a French or Belgian church, which never fails to draw a protest from Rome. Then we send to the Pope one of these doves. Immediately the church sounds the allies with reference to a possible understanding between the belligerents."

"Have negotiations ever got beyond this stage?" I asked.

"No," he replied, "but we have hopes. That is why we keep so many kinds of doves. So far they all return to us, like the

doves that Noah let loose from the ark. One of Noah's birds came back, you know, with an olive leaf in its mouth. In the same way, one of our peace doves is going to coo its way into the heart of the entente, and then there'll be peace."

"Is it one of these same white ones that will be successful?" I asked.

"I used to think so!"

And here a look of sadness came over him.

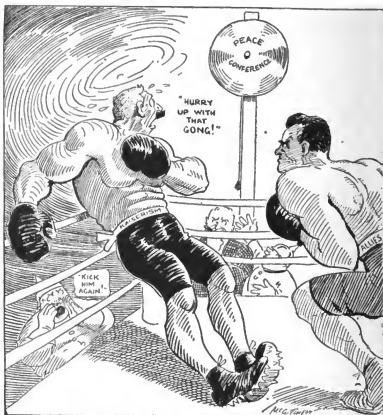
"But now, I'm not so sure. The pope don't believe us no more yedt," he said, for the only time during the interview dropping into the best Weber and Fields manner.

Then he showed me a pair of black pigeons. They were a trick lot, having been taught to crow like male hens. "We send these fellows over whenever we make a drive. They are ugly ones, you will notice.



From Dystander, London

The prints of peace



McQuinn in Chicago Tribune

Copyright, 1918, by John T. McQuinn

As the tide of battle turns against the Hun

The idea is to scare our enemy into making peace. When we beat you on the Marne last July, and then beat you in Picardy, you will remember we sent out a peace dove? Belgium was to be given her freedom, and the people of Alsace and Lorraine were to have put up to them for popular vote the question of their future ownership. Only Germany was to have her colonies back and to be given a free hand in Russia. Remember it?"

I remembered it well, and remarked that I had almost believed the offer came of a sincere desire for peace.

A cunning look came into his eyes.

"It was one of these birds," he said, and he took from the cage a big black fellow

which he stroked lovingly. "Always they are black!" he said.

Then I observed that some of these same black birds had a red marking on their breasts, and asked Herr Taube the meaning of it.

"Oh, that? They are the birds we send out when we have directed our military efforts on hospitals back of the enemy's lines."

"Your aviators are good marksmen?" I observed.

"Yes," he replied, "we give them special training, planting great cross-shaped beds of red poppies, which our fliers use as targets from gradually increasing heights. Why, your hospitals have no chance what-



Tuthill in St. Louis Star

An old sweetheart of his

ever. And the men say it is great sport, for you do not guard your hospitals at all.

"The strangest thing is that these hospital birds are no more successful than the others in getting peace," he went on to say. "Why don't your people yield? Can't they understand that Got is mit uns? But maybe they will after our next victory."

"And what is that to be?" I asked.

"Why, our glorious armies will fall back twenty miles or so, along a front reaching from Flanders to Rheims, up where your thrice-strafed Yankees are fighting. We shall lose a quarter of a million men in gaining the victory, and five hundred guns, maybe, but that is one of the prices that an

army must expect to pay for winning."

"What kind of a bird will you send out then?"

"Oh," he replied, "we have big corn fed ones here—the others are fed on substitutes. On that very account, I don't mind telling you, these doves are not nearly so full of what you Yankees call 'pep' as they seem to be. But your people, of course, can't see that. You folks can't see anything that we want to disguise."

Then I asked about some spotted doves—black and white.

"Oh those," said Herr Taube, "are what we call the camouflage pigeons. We always use them when our people imagine they are

hungry and clamor for bread and peace. Dogs! What do the rabble know about hunger and privations of war?"

Herr Taube was losing the thread of his narrative in his enthusiasm for the Hohenzoellern prince of peace, and I called him back to the subject of the camouflaged peace doves.

"Oh, we send those out to quiet our own people!"

He burst into a loud guffaw, his fat sides rolling with mirth.

"Oh, they fall for it every time. It's too funny for words. We take our cage over into the Unter den Linden, where the mob can see it, and send a half dozen birds off into the air. They are, as you will observe, really black ones, except that we have tinted them white in spots. The dear people think them white, or grey, or blue, as they fly away into the air, and are completely satisfied. But before the birds reach the allied lines—the art has disappeared, and they appear as they really are—the blackest doves we can find in all the empire.

Oh, it is so easy to fool the dear people!"

And Herr Taube emitted another guffaw at the expense of patient Hans and Gretchen. He then observed my gaze resting upon a cage of doves of a reddish hue.

"The red ones really belong in the same cage with the camouflaged doves—only these are birds that we liberate in the presence of socialist gatherings—the dear socialists, who fall the hardest of the lot for our fake attempts at peace. They are black birds merely dipped in red dyes."

"Then we have a special dove which we use to impress the neutrals. It is, as you might suppose, a grey—"

"But, also, I suppose, at bottom a black dove."

"You said something!" he replied. "We have but one kind of dove, the black ones—colored, many of them, to delude the dear people of the fatherland, the church, and the neutrals who, as you say in America, are on the side lines. All are victory birds, as you can see."

And thus ended this unusual interview.



Gift to Chicago Tribune

"I hope it works."



HOW THEY WOULD PUT IT OUT

One will find in the reasoning of American socialists two attitudes toward the war. One attitude springs from a devotion to academic German socialism, which professes to be based upon the broad principles of internationalism, but which has surrendered, heart and soul, utterly without protest, to German militarism, which is the intensest expression of nationalism, the opposite of internationalism, the world has ever seen. Socialists of this class are sincere, many of them—but many are also insincere, and are deliberately playing Germany's game—and they include men like Hillquit and Berger and Debs and Reed.

The second socialist attitude springs from an acute class consciousness, and would willingly jeopardize America's chances of victory, so long as class distinction came out of the war more sharply defined, and with the proletariat power greatly enhanced.

One would search in vain for a better interpretation of this sinister conception of duty than a recent statement by Arturo Giovannitti:

"Of course—to perpetuate the classic argument—the house is on fire and we must put it out. Of course President Wilson is the fire chief, and we are willing to let him stay on the job till the whole of the Atlantic Ocean has been poured over the last smoking ember. But must we not, at the same time, pay a little bit of attention to the house we are supposed to save? And first of all, had we not better realize at once that it is not a private mansion, but a family hotel? There are lots of separate apart-

ments in it, and in each one dwells a separate family which is very much concerned about some of its own things—a grandfather clock, the household parrot or Johnny's first shoes—as well as about the building itself?"

That expresses the whole duty of the complete socialist—to be able to stop and talk under all manner of circumstances. If the hotel you are putting up at is burning, be able to drop the hose you are handling and discuss the velocity of the wind, and fire pressure, and the advisability of changing the personnel of the fire department, and the wisdom of the city ordinances that govern fire protection.

The utter insincerity of this defense of the socialists war stand is seen in the fact that the socialist is the only one who is concerned with grandfather's clocks and household parrots (the allusion of Giovannitti's was a happy one, the socialists being the most parrotty of all people). The rest are out fighting the fire. Those awful ogres, the capitalists at whom the socialists rage for not possessing a class spirit equally virulent with their own, have seen their privileges one after another going up in smoke; they have seen popular control extend into every realm of industry—into fields that until recently were regarded as sacred to private enterprise; they have seen the public, that public for which the socialist is so much concerned, benefited just to the extent that they themselves have been denuded of capitalistic privileges—and yet no one has heard American bankers, Ameri-

can railway men and American manufacturers talking about class spoils while the fire is raging—the very fire that is impoverishing them while the people in the next apartment are getting all the protection.

Allied victory will hasten the realization of the very ideals that the socialists are preaching by at least fifty years, and the capitalists, in supporting the war are pursuing a suicidal policy that is utterly incomprehensible to radicals blinded by a fanatic hatred of any theory of life that is not founded upon an intense consciousness of class.

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THE BOLSHIEVIKI

Our gentle bolsheviks will object at this point that the benefits to be derived from this war do not justify the expenditure of human life necessary to secure them. And yet to secure a firm grip upon Russian affairs the bolsheviks were quite willing last month to murder two hundred and sixty-one of their opponents in cold blood, mensheviks shot down without the semblance of a trial—while they have been quite willing to sacrifice thousands of lives of other Russians and Finns to maintain their hideous theory of human relationships! And then they tell us that they have not a life to devote to the securing of human happiness, and the ending of military despotism once and for all.

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MORE McCLURE

The other month we quoted in this department a poem from John McClure's volume of verse, "Airs and Ballads," and we have been importuned by a number of our readers to give a word or two about the man. But McClure is a reticent chap, apparently—as modest as the slender volume that holds his verse, for we are obliged for our knowledge of him to fall back upon the

scant information afforded by the jacket with which the publishers surround the book.

"John McClure was born in Ardmore, Oklahoma, December 19th, 1893, of a southern family of Scotch Irish descent. He has spent practically all his life in his native state, and is a graduate of the University of Oklahoma, where he is now an assistant in the library. He spent the winter of 1913 and 1914 in Paris with Henry McCullough who was then studying art. 'I did nothing whatever there,' says Mr. McClure, 'except catch vers libre, from which I believe I have recovered.' He is a member of 'Quo Vadis,' the national hobo college fraternity, and has 'hoboed' about two thousand miles in the southwest. He has also compiled and edited The Stag's Horn-Book (published April 1918) an anthology of verse for bachelors."

And this information we are supplementing by reproducing three of his poems in the panels —"If I were Almighty God," "Some Day," and "Home."

□ □ □

A PREMIUM ON PATRIOTISM

What is to become of those kaiser enthusiasts in this country when a peace settle-

ment brings the dethronement of Hohenzollernism and the setting up of a republic? It is going to be hard for them to find a government sufficiently autocratic to engage their affections. They will not want to stay on in an America made militantly democratic by war; if it is distasteful to them now, it will be so intolerable to them when the regenerative influences of war have done their work that they will want, as a matter of course, to leave.

And—men and women whose enthusiasm for Germany has made them disloyal to America should if not voluntarily, then under compulsion, yield up their citizenship. People who have attempted deliberately to defeat America's efforts in the war, at a time when the loyalty of every individual

IF I WERE THE ALMIGHTY GOD

If I were the Almighty God
Sitting in heaven high,
I would barter my starry hood
For a twinkle of her eye.

I would barter my silver staff,
My girdle of golden thread,
All for the mischief of her laugh
Mocking my hoary head.

I would give her eternal space,
Dappled with stars for flowers,
Where she might wander before
my face
And squander her laughing hours.

counts as it will never count again, cannot safely be trusted with the greatest boon the world has to offer—American citizenship. An American citizen who is disloyal now is in spirit a man without a country; he should be made so, not only in spirit, but in actuality as well.

So long as traitors are permitted to retain the full rights of American citizens, that citizenship loses much of its value to those who have been loyal. People who have fought and worked for their country have a very genuine reward in the consciousness of duty performed, of course, but a deeper reward should be in a renewed sense of the meaning of Americanism and American citizenship. Citizenship should be a badge of loyalty and devotion—but so long as traitors (whether they are in the guise of bolsheviks, I. W. W., editors of a Germanophile press, or others) can enter the new era of peace with citizenship rights, so long will they be reaping a reward they do not deserve, or else the value of citizenship has been reduced to a nullity.

Let us place the very highest premium on patriotism, and that premium a citizenship based upon a new emphasis attached to Americanism!



THE GROWING INTEREST IN OUR INLAND FISHERIES

It would rejoice the heart of Herbert Hoover on visiting any of our public parks where fishing is indulged in to observe the lively interest displayed by the public in fishing, now that we are bidden by the Food Administration to eat more of the finny tribe. Fully half the people in the cities of America congregate of Sunday afternoons and watch the anglers in the lagoons and lakes that dot our recreation grounds. On a rustic bridge stretching across a narrow spot in the Silverside Lagoon, as a single example, I recently counted as many as ninety-three people watching intently the

efforts of three anglers on the banks below. Nor were they content with mere observation. Those who could get close enough to the rail to make their voices carry offered valuable advice from time to time. I judge the fishermen to have been novices, since ideas were freely given as to the proper bait to use and the depth to which hooks should be sunk. And besides being novices, they manifested an ill spirit, for I observed that they paid not the slightest attention to the suggestions—and this in spite of the fact that during the three hours that I myself hung over the rail not a fish was caught.

But all credit to so genuine an interest on the part of the public in Mr. Hoover's plea for a greater development of our fisheries. It is this spirit of sacrifice and help that will win the war.



GETTING A LETTER

Sometime, when mood and circumstances favor, we shall write an essay on the getting of letters. Volumes have been written on the art of writing letters. Great spirits like Lamb and Stevenson have put into their letters the very essence of their personalities, in the firm belief that to one's friends as to no one else is due the most

thoughtful and intimate expression of one's self. Others, without the charm of style of these great masters, have nevertheless insisted upon the value of letter writing, not only as a means of clarifying one's thoughts, but also as a means whereby people who are not professional writers, may yet pass on to others the influence of their innermost thoughts, their reactions to the life that ebbs and flows about them, and whatever of advice and help they have to offer.

But no one, that we are aware of, has written upon the pleasures associated with receiving a letter, and upon the significance of the event. This lack, we say, we propose in the fulness of time to make good. We shall touch (very briefly) upon the missive we sent to the professor in Indiana,

HOME

Your love is all so quiet
And solemn as the sea;
Like an old song at evening
It comforts me.

For all the merry mad loves
That wither and devour
Are paltry by the firelight
In the quiet hour.

Yea, all the merry mad loves
That I might have had
When they rise up like cymbals
Making me sad,

Your love is all so quiet
It comforts me then,
Like an old song at evening
Or books of dead men.

who has thoughts on all sorts of prodigious subjects. Our essay will have to do with the letter in which we asked him about the perfectability of the human soul, and then will describe at length the emotions with which we awaited the reply; of the cigar which we gave the postman that morning when we took from him the envelope with the familiar scrawl; of the friendliness which I felt for all the world as I disposed of myself in my favorite chair before opening it; of the music with which the crisp paper parted beneath my fingers—and then of the reading, a performance punctuated with much chuckling and an occasional slap of the knee, as I smacked my lips over the various epigrams and whimsical humors that led up to the concluding clause: "And after all, we know very little about the soul and still less about its perfectability—and I for one don't give a damn!"

Then there was the letter from my friend in Connecticut, that was to announce his proposal to the young woman of his heart—an act that I had urged upon him. Acceptance was somehow taken for granted. In the back part of my mind, as I opened the letter, were visions of myself in habiliments proper to functioning as "best man" an office that for seven years, ever since he had given himself over to the determination to marry, I had been predestined to perform. This letter, according to a previous missive, was, we say, to announce the proposal, dates and things like that.

With the strains of Lohengrin running through my mind, and sensing in my fancy the soft odors of orange blossoms, I set forth upon the letter—only to have broken to me the elopement of the young woman in question with the book-keeper in her father's clothing establishment.

Then there are letters from impatient creditors; and bills from my book seller; and invitations done on the backs of envelopes, and very odorous of nicotine, to stag

affairs; and offers, in the very best manner of graduates of correspondence schools of advertising, to sell me stock in subaqueous properties in the interior of Florida—these and a number of other selections from among my letters I propose when mood and circumstance favor, doing into an essay.



APPLE—ADAM'S

A New York man offers to the world a new panacea for all its ills and ills—nothing more nor less than the removal of men's collars. A collar is a sign of spiritual bondage, of subservience to convention; constriction about the neck is a symbol of the restriction of the intellect. George Washington in a collar is inconceivable;

Julius Caesar was free as to his neck; Noah did not know a choker, while as to Adam—why he simply had nothing to attach one to. That in brief sums up the arguments in this weird anti-collar "cause."

The idea is one that might be carried out in a number of directions. No man with a bulgious Adam's apple ever made history. Fancy, if you can, William Jennings Bryan, or Napoleon, or Sennacherib, with an Adam's apple pointing into the wind.

The thing is preposterous on the face of it, and we want to champion a movement devoted to the eradication of Adam's apples.

Or take the counterpart of the Adam's apple—the receding chin—did anyone with a receding chin ever win a war or smoke fifty-cent cigars? His facial topography makes it impossible for him even to raise a respectable beard. Therefore we shall organize a Society for the Prevention of the Recession of Chins.

And come to think of it, history does not record that people who espouse fool causes ever accomplish anything useful in life. The Concatenated Order of Vegetarians is a case in point. And then there are democrats, and the republicans, and the socialists, and the prohibitionists—all those good folks

SUMMER DAY

I walked upon a little hill:
Where the wind came running by
With quick march-music in my feet
And a dream before my eye.

I walked among the slender flowers
That nodded from the grass,
I heard them laugh like city-folk
To see a poet pass.

And I laughed to the laughing
flowers
And the white clouds in the sky,
And I dreamed a dream and forgot it
While the wind went running by.

who assume, first that the world is going to the dogs, all things considered, and who assume, secondly, that they have the one and sure cure, and who assume, thirdly, that the rest of us care a darn. "Down with the causers!" then will be the slogan of our new organization.

Ah, we have it! We shall combine all three orders in one—having eradicated Adam's apples and receding chins we shall also at one fell blow be rid of the propagandists. Hail, then, the Concatenated Order of Suppressors of Chinlessness, Rough Necks and Big Noises.

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PATRIOTISM BEGINS AT HOME

Helping the government buy supplies and munitions for France is a laudable enterprise, but it is only half of the business. The next step is getting these things, first to the seaboard, and then to France. For this, clear tracks are necessary—roads as free as possible from passenger traffic, and devoted, first of all, to the movement of men and supplies. There is just one way of insuring open ways, and that is for everybody to undergo an involuntary interment in one's home town, except as absolutely essential business demands. Director General McAdoo put the thing up squarely to the American public the other day when he said:

"Among the many patriotic duties of the American public at this time is the duty to refrain from travelling unnecessarily. Every man, woman and child who can avoid using passenger trains at this time should do so. I earnestly hope that they will do so. Not only will they liberate essential transporta-

tion facilities which are necessary for war purposes, but they will save money which they can invest in liberty bonds and thereby help themselves as well as their country; and the fewer who travel, the more ample the passenger train service will be."

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THE TASTE OF POLITICIANS

I had intended to vote for Stephen J. Pickelford, who is running for clerk of the criminal court, or something like[®] that, in my city. I didn't much care for the name, but I felt certain that for a man with such a name to run for public office argued a splendid courage, so we planned an "x" before his name. But the other Sunday, while driving along the boulevards in our favorite automobile (which is our friend's), we slipped in behind a big car with a wide spread of canvas flapping around the back of the body and bearing this legend in huge red letters: "Vote for Stephen J. Pickelford for Clerk of the Criminal Court."

That was enough. I am off Stephen for all time, just as I shall be off anyone who cannot appear on the street even on my rest day without flaunting his coarse candidacy in my eyes, in utter disregard of every sense of taste and decency.

Why do they do it? One frequently finds himself in an optimistic, gratulatory mood in which he feels that even our politicians are developing elemental instincts of refinement. The big fat seagars are disappearing, along with the checked suits and flaming cravats illuminated by protruberant diamonds, but as the above incident shows, there are always new ways of being coarse.

T. C. O'DONNELL.



British officers carrying on at an Italian well

In New Orleans-



Drawn for CHARVON MAGNOLIA by MANUEL ROSENBERG

the Crescent City *By Manuel Rosenberg*



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Manuel Rosenberg

With the CARTOONISTS



EMPTY YEARS OF HUSTLING

You, dear reader, will accuse us of taking a page out of that redoubtable work on the strenuous art of rustling, "Twenty Years of Hustling," when we tell you about the early activities of Harry Tuthill, St. Louis Star star cartoonist. But we have the story from Tuthill himself, and we give it hot from



Tuthill, of the St. Louis Star

the griddle, commas, quotation marks and everything, just as he doped it out for us:

"I was born in Chicago," he says—"was even brought up in that town, but left a long, long time ago, to work on and at such things as selling enlarged pictures, solicit-

ing for a corn docteur, and for one delirious season carrying on with a medicine show. I would not mention these things, except that I feel what may be a pardonable pride in their diversity."

Something in St. Louis drew Tuthill to that city, where he studied steam engineering, securing a license to operate an engine—or whatever it is that one does with a license. In the meantime he had been studying drawing as well, and in due time sold some cartoons to the Star, which obtained for him a position on the Post-Dispatch. He was on the Post-Dispatch for six months, and then went to the Star as regular cartoonist, a position which he has held for six years.

To one of his letters to Cartoons Magazine Tuthill attaches a postscript that we feel should be passed on to the brotherhood. He is speaking of the little sketches which we are publishing in this department from month to month: "Since you are committing yourself to artists' biographies, I want to grasp your hand as you climb over the top and say, 'Give 'em hell' and 'Good luck and God bless you.'"

MURPHY MOVES UP

J. E. Murphy, of the San Francisco Call-Post, has been called to New York, to become editorial cartoonist on the New York Evening Journal. He went onto the job July 29th.

Murphy was with the San Francisco paper for three years, previous to that having been with the Oregon Journal, at Portland. He well merits the recognition that he has

gained, and the congratulations of his many friends and admirers.

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ALBERT T. REID—CARTOONIST,
PATRIOT AND KANSAN

This story is about, not a pioneer in the cartoon game, exactly, but a veteran, a man of whose work Darling once said, "Slickest pen handling I ever saw," and of whom Ole May wrote, "I got all I ever had from Reid"—we refer, of course, to Albert T. Reid. We asked our friend and his friend, Phil Eastman, to write up the story, which he has done in a very thorough and engaging manner.

"How in Sam Hill do you expect me to provide you with a fair and impartial census enumeration, score card and butter fat record of a man who shoots an eighty-six score at golf when mine is 120 degrees Fahrenheit?" says Eastman. "You know I simply can't do justice in the premises.

"I shall follow the style of the Congressional Record and say:

"Born—Yes. August 12, 1873. In the wild and woolly frontier town of Concordia, Kansas, where the birth rate was never with-

in gun shot range of the death rate from all causes.

"Of course at school Albert drew pictures on the black board, and all over his geography and on barn doors and other available bare spots. Then Charley Scott, the Congressman, helped get Reid on to the Kansas City Star staff in 1896. The result, so far as Scott is concerned, is that he is running for the United States Senate and the Star is off him.

"Then in the natural course of human events and the progress of a good cartoonist, Reid went on the staff of the New York Herald, becoming also a regular contributor to Judge, McClure's and other magazines.

"Of course Reid came back to Kansas—every good Jayhawker does if he can. He has kept up his cartoon work, despite the fact that he owns the Leavenworth Daily Post, holds a large interest in the Kansas Farmer, is president of the Federal Investment Company, one of the largest bond houses in the State, and when the War Savings and Thrift Stamp Campaign started in Kansas Reid contributed 'chalk talks'



Getting the licker habit—a Reid cartoon.

to school children as his share of the work. He played the kerosene circuit all over the State, drawing anything the children called for (excepting pairs and flushes) using shells and clips to visualize what savings will do

for the boys at the front. He made seventy talks to audiences that averaged over fourteen hundred interested listeners. In many places the business men closed their stores and everybody went to see and hear Reid."

And the last reports were that he is still at it.



Denis Santry

SANTRY VISITS AMERICA

A Chicago visitor last month was Denis Santry, who with Mrs. Santry was en route to New York from Johannesburg, South Africa, where for several years he was cartoonist on the Rand Daily Mail and the Sunday Times. Mr. Santry's work on these papers gained him recognition as one of the best cartoonists in the British Empire. His work has been widely reproduced, both in England and the Colonies, until to mention Santry was equivalent to mentioning the South African cartoon field.

Mr. Santry's is a versatile art. In Africa he produced fifty animated cartoons, known as "Santry's Topicalities," which had a wide vogue, both in the mother country and in

the colonies. Also he is an excellent musician, and has been deeply interested in the arts and crafts movement, which has afforded a splendid field for his feeling for design. Even before he became active in the cartoon field he had gained a wide reputation for his work in silver, copper and brass.

Mr. Santry writes the Editor of CARTOONS from New York to the effect that America has made a hit with him (yes, he used the word, since, as he informed us, American slang has caught on in Africa), and he seriously contemplates staying here. His decision will mean much to the American cartoon world, since it will gain the inspiration of a splendid draftsman, of a man who is familiar with the broader aspects of international problems and politics, and of a forceful personality.



Don Wootton

WOOTTON, OF THE CAMP SHERMAN NEWS

Don Wootton draws thirty per from Uncle Sam and cartoons for The Camp Sherman News, a weekly publication edited

for and by soldiers at Camp Sherman, Ohio.

His interpretations of camp life are truly interior views, for "Don" is a private—makes his own bunk and "chows" off aluminum "china," which he washes himself. He is, therefore, in a position to see the inside of things, and his cartoons mirror camp conditions and happenings in their true colors.

Actual conditions in an army camp need no retouching to supply humor, and, endowed with a keen natural wit, Wootton finds at Camp Sherman an unlimited fund of subjects. His work is original both in art and ideas.

Wootton's cartoons, including a series, "Camp Pests," have proved one of the factors that have made The Camp Sherman News a popular publication both in the camp and in the homes of its soldiers.

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CARTOONIST AIDS WAR DRIVE

Dolgeville, New York, called upon cartoonist Ed Hancock when it wanted to boost its war chest drive. A large platform was built in the middle of one of the most important streets, with a large signboard and drawing materials. Each day at certain periods Ed gave a twenty-minute cartoon drawing exhibition to the crowds that gathered.

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HERBERT L. WATEROUS IN SERVICE

Herbert Lake Waterous, the cartoonist, has joined the service and is located now at the Naval Reserve school, at Pelham Manor Training Station, City Island, studying for the United States merchant marine. After his enlistment in the Naval Auxiliary Reserve, and a couple of training voyages, he showed so much aptitude for the service that he was given credit for seven months' work and sent to the training station school to prepare for advancement.

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MANUEL ROSENBERG

We suppose it is the water that leads the cartoonists, so many of them, into the navy. Manuel Rosenberg, of the Chicago Abendpost, is the latest to join. Rosenberg needs no introduction to CARTOONS MAGAZINE



Rosenberg, unless Garrett Price is trying to kid somebody.

readers, since his humorous drawings have long been a feature of our pages.

Last summer he made a swing around the country that took him as far west as California, and as far south as Dallas and Louisiana. On this trip he made some extremely clever sketches, one of which we reproduce in this issue—Tuthill of the St. Louis Star. Also the two-page of New Orleans sketches on pages 556 and 557 were the result of this trip.

The drawing of Rosenberg was made by Garrett Price, formerly of the Chicago Tribune staff.

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"HELLO, THERE, SEAMAN SI!"

That is the latest form of navy "kidding." When any of Uncle Sam's sailors wish to make their friends suddenly mad, they call them "Seaman Si." The reason? Well, Perce Pearce, a Chief Yeoman at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, runs a daily strip in the Great Lakes Bulletin, with "Seaman Si" as its hero. Pearce picked a typi-

cal middle-western farmer boy, and is taking him through the training period at Great Lakes, with all its adventures and



"Dere he goes coming back"—a Pearce cartoon.

situations except that he had made "Seaman Si" a little more awkward than any other sailor in the Navy and has also given him the gift of pulling "boners," which explains why the bluejackets froth at the mouth when they are called "Seaman Si."

Now about Perce Pearce. Well, in the first place Pearce comes from Waukegan, a few miles north of the Naval Station. He started to make his first foolish figures

when he was ten years old. By the time he was fourteen, through constant work, his cartooning had improved so that it attracted J. Campbell Cory, who took a personal interest in the youngster and imparted to him some of the fine points of the game.

When war was declared Pearce let go a good start, for he was doing work on the Chicago Herald and for the Publishers' Feature Bureau. But he did not hesitate and enlisted at once as a "gob." He thought he had put the cork in the India ink bottle for the last time, but he was not long on the Station before the Recruit, the Station's monthly magazine, requested him to sketch for them. Since then, however, the Great Lakes Bulletin, a daily, has been started at the Station, and Pearce was requested to submit any idea to Captain William A. Moffett, Commandant of Great Lakes, for a daily strip. "Seaman Si," the result of two hours thinking, was approved by the Commandant.

HOME WITH HONORABLE DISCHARGE

Richard J. Smith, a cartoonist on the Seattle Times before enlisting in the army, is home from France, with an honorable discharge and an enviable record for service. He was wounded on two different occasions, and once gassed. The last wound took away part of his hip. While in training at Fort McHenry he was in charge of the sign-painting class, and on arrival in France in August, of 1917, he was put in the camouflage Corps.



Here you see Seaman Si—a Pearce strip



The Eyes Have It

Eyes of black, of brown, of blue,
Oh, I've suffered long for you!
Eyes of blue, of brown, of black,
Eyes—that button down the back!

A Home Run

The office boy was looking for a new excuse to get to the ball game. He had buried countless grandmothers, brothers, sisters, aunts, and cousins, but he felt a renewed enthusiasm for the game that had to be gratified by hook or crook.

Suddenly an idea struck him. Approaching the "boss" with an air of easy familiarity, which had been nurtured by long usage, he asked,

"May I leave at noon today, sir?"

"Why, my boy?"

"There is a fair at our church this afternoon, and mother wants me to go. She was so anxious about it that she bought me a ticket, which cost a dollar, as she was sure you would allow me a few hours off. I have to assist at the refreshment stall, and it seems a pity to waste—"

"But surely, my boy, you are above such things, which take you away from your work. Why not give the ticket to one of your sisters?"

"That wouldn't be fair, sir, for I'm the only one in our family that can eat a dollar's worth, and—"

His supreme nerve won the day!

Let's Shelve It

The worst of a library is that only low conversation is allowed there.



"Go on and put that pillow back, Harold. You know they only have one general in an army."



Drawn for *Charisma Magazine* by Marshall D. Smith

The man in the boat: May the Lord bless the inventor of the periscope.
Besides being a useful instrument, it brings much beauty to the eye.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by R. B. Fuller

Tommy: Look, Pa, this must be where they keep the German spies.

Unsimplified Spelling

He asked her, "Will you marry me?"
In the same old ardent way.
She answered, "No, sir, I will not,"
But she spelt "not" with a "K"!

After the Honeymoon

She asked in accents sweet and low,
"What makes the sea, dear, murmur so?"
He answered, "'Cause it hears a lot
Of this romantic loving rol!"



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by John L. Argens
Little Sambo's idea of paradise

A Laboratory Love Song

Oh! come where the Cyanides silently
 flow,
 And the Carburets droop on the Oxides
 below;
 Where the rays of Potassium glow on the
 hill,
 And the song of the Silicates never is still!
 Come, oh! come!
 Tumti, tum, tum!
 Peroxide of soda, and Uranium!

While Alcohol's liquid at thirty degrees,
 And no chemical change can affect Man-
 ganese;
 While Alkalies flourish, and Acids are free,
 My heart shall be constant, sweet Science,
 to thee!

Yes, to thee!
 Fiddledee!

Zinc, Borax, and Bismuth, and $\text{HO}+\text{Cl}$
 La Touche Hancock.

The Better One

"How do you like these cigars? They are two for a quarter."

"Two for a quarter! You paid that for them?"

"Yes!"

"Um! Sorry I didn't pick the twenty-cent one."

Contrariwise

Beneath a bower, where eglantine
 tined

"Twixt rosy buds was peep-
 ing,

I saw a most entrancing queen—
 I paused, for she was sleeping.
 Then just one kiss I gave that
 maid—

I thought she'd raise a
 pother,

But no! she woke, and, laugh-
 ing, said,

"Oh! please give me an-
 other!"

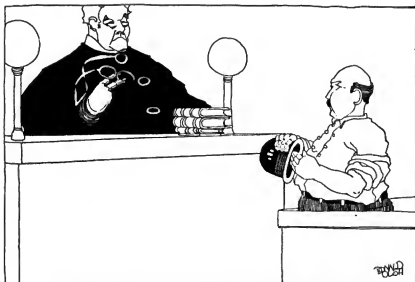
Between Friends

At a Red Cross hog sale held
 down in Arkansas, generously
 disposed people donated pork-
 ers for the occasion. Pink Jackson brought
 along his favorite pig, and remarked to



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by E. R. Messner

A fish, but not a sucker



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Donald Ulsh
 Judge: I discharge you this time, but try to keep in better company hereafter.
 The Miscreant: "Righto, Judge! You won't see me back here again."

Green Reeves, a man of jokes, that his swine must bring at least ten dollars. Otherwise he would take it home. Green agreed to bid up and see that the animal brought the ten dollars.

Accordingly when the animal was put on the block Jackson bid first, offering five dollars; Reeves raised it to six dollars, and then in turn Jackson to seven dollars, Reeves to eight dollars, and Jackson to nine dollars and finally Reeves to nine dollars and fifty cents. Jackson, knowing that the fifty cent bid was Reeves' limit, said, "Let him have the pig!" Reeves nearly fell into a faint, but came across all right, remarking as he took the pig,

"You can't trust a friend, nohow!"

A Strangle Hold

"You know Al Strong, the wrestler?"

"Yes, what about him?"

"Well, he's lost the championship."

"You don't say!"

"Yes, his girl threw him down!"

The Solution

"I know how I'd solve the food problem

if I were in Germany's place."

"How?"

"I'd get all the Russians drunk and have a Bolsheviki stew."



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Tom Brown
 "Mr. Simkins told me he doted on horses, but I don't think it's nice of him to be hugging them in public, do you?"

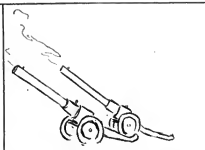


Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Franklin Rogue

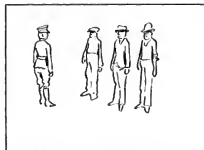
Owing to the late war news from France stock in H. on the M. (preferred) has taken a mighty jump and is now far above par.



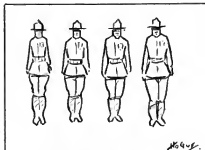
ONE FOR THE MONEY,



TWO FOR THE SHOW,



THREE TO MAKE READY AND—



FOUR TO GO

Drawn for Carbons Magazine by Franklin Rogers

Found!

"Aha!" hissed the Pullman porter. "I have found the secret of his berth!" And he took a flask from under the passenger's pillow.

The Language of the Road

A former railroad brakeman, now serving in France, was bringing in a bunch of prisoners.

"What have you there?" inquired an officer whom he met back of the lines.

"Just a string of empties, sir!" was his prompt reply.

Frank G. Davis.

And in Dry Washington at That!

When Charles Schwab was inspecting the Seattle shipbuilding yards he was accompanied by his friend, Doctor Eaton. Both are eloquent speakers, the crowd always calling for more. It was horse and horse between the two as to which could tell the

most impossible story on the other.

One day while addressing a few thousand shipbuilders, Doctor Eaton scored a base hit with this:

"Boys I'll tell you something in strict



confidence. A few days ago, when in Tacoma, Charlie and I went aboard a new ship that was nearly ready to go in serv-



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by John O. Balda

THE UNION FOREVER

Reverse this drawing and see the helmet we will make Bill the Hun wear after the war.

ice. As we walked along the clean, new deck, Charlie noticed some large lids and wondered what was inside. So the sailors came and lifted the hatch, and when he looked down into the hold, he said, 'Why, the damn thing is hollow!'

Then "Charlie" came to bat and told how on leaving Portland "Doc" rushed to him in great excitement with the announcement that he had lost his baggage.

"It's too bad!" I said. 'How did it happen?'

"'Why, the cork came out!' moaned the Doctor."

A Vocational War Report

A battalion of lawyers charged traditionally, followed closely by a company of ball players who scored heavily. These were backed up by a platoon of swimmers diving recklessly into the fray, only to have a squad of engravers rout the enemy!

R. D. Washburn.

Taking a Chance

It takes a lot of nerve and dash,
A firm, unyielding upper lip,
To usher forth a new mustache,
Prepared to face the merry quip.

Besides no mortal seer can tell,
Just what a young mustache may do,
It may, first, look very well,
And later turn an ashen hue.

And what an awful lot depends,
Upon its being started right.
Suppose it turned up at the ends
Like Kaiser Bill's—Oh, what a plight!
Hinton Gilmore.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Dorothy Phelps

An advanced listening post



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by A. B. Fuller

Farmer Neersite (seeing parachute jumper): Gosh, what be them city styles a-comin' to!

Terpsichore Triumphant

My grace to enhance I practise each dance!
To the bath room I go with a gay bolero!
On the stairs minuet, and then pirouette,
When breakfast is placed on the table.
With the toast saraband, and, hush! I've
"can-canned,"

And would do a maxixe, were I able!

If my spirits are high, a hornpipe I try,
And sometimes I feel like a jig or a reel,
Or cachuca again, when catching the train,
Just suits the exact situation,
And tango, perhaps, the whole business
caps

Of my terpsichorean elation!

La Touche Hancock.

O. Henry Used His Brains

An editor gave O. Henry an order for a short story, which was to be delivered at a specified date.

The time for the story came, but the editor did not receive it. Thinking it would arrive soon, he waited for several days, but



still the story failed to arrive. The editor then reminded O. Henry of the fact that his story was overdue, and the author replied that he would have it ready the next day. When another day had passed, and still no



Drawn for CARTOONS MAGAZINE by MARSHALL D. SMITH

Pat: Five hundred dollars for sewing up these cuts?
 Doctor: Yes, sir.

Pat: Well, Doc, you reap as well as sew, eh?

story, the editor became angry, and wrote to O. Henry: "Dear Sir: If you don't send that story in tomorrow, I'll kick you out the next time you come, and—I keep my promises!"

Beneath this note O. Henry wrote his reply, "And so would I—if I used only my feet!"
 H. M. East.

On the Importance of Crossing Your "T's"

When you write to rich Aunt Julia,
 And recall her family ties,
 Scrutinize the letter, 'ere you send it—see?
 For you'll make her mad forever
 If your "ties" should turn out "lies"—
 Should you carelessly forget to cross the
 "T."

When you write a poorer cousin
 Telling him that you will tend
 Toward anything to help him socially;
 He will touch you in a hurry
 If your "tend" should look like "lend"—
 Should you in your haste neglect to cross
 the "T."

When you're writing to a smoker
 Who is careless when he's full,
 And who has your flat while you are
 overseas;
 Tell him to be quite careful
 Where he throws each "butt,"—not
 "bull,"—
 As you're likely to if you don't cross the
 "T's."

When from France you send a poster,
 To a girl who loves to tack
 Copies of them on her wall, don't write,
 "Marie,
 Find enclosed a little beauty,
 For I hear that you still "lack"—
 You'd have had no trouble if you'd crossed
 the "T."

Harvey Peake.

The Pose Exposed

First Sammie: Writing home?
 The new Sammie: Yes! I'm telling the
 folks I have at last discovered why Napo-

leon is always represented with his hand plunged inside his coat.

First Sammie: Well, what's the reason?

The new Sammie: You'll know all right, when you've slept on straw in a French stable and heard the cooteys sing.



The Two Corporals

Pat Casey arrived home on leave of absence and was being greeted by Mrs. Casey and the seven little Caseys.

"And phat 'do ye think!" said Casey. "O've been promoted a corporal!"

"And are we all corporals, too?" shouted the little Caseys.

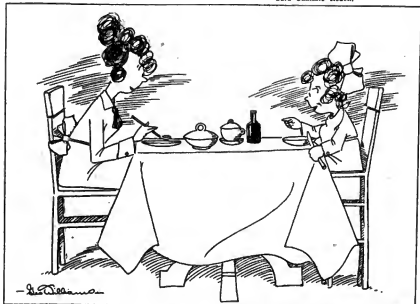
"No," guardedly replied Pat, "only your mother and me!"



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by G. Frank Kaufman

IN THE PINK OF CONDITION

"With my coat of tan
Got at the beach,
I'm a well red man,"
Said Sammie Reach.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by George Willhoms

Little Nellie: Mamma, why can't I be a soldier?
Mamma: You can be if you want to.
Little Nellie: Then, damn it, pass me them beans!



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Marshall D. Smith

Waiting for the ninth



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by C. W. Anderson

"Aw, let him tag along if he can't take a hint, Jimmy."



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Franklin Hovius

"And just to think that Oscar has gone to France. He actually seemed glad to go to the big war. And after I had tried so hard to please him! Sometimes I'm afraid he thought I was only a poor imitation after all. Oh, dear!"



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Norman Anthony

Willie's idea of the iceman in his home

The New Drill

She said with really pleading eyes,
 "Tell me—I know you will—
 The words I've heard your captain say;
 Come! let us play at drill!
 The first commands—'Forward!' 'Quick
 March!'
 'Halt!' Then, I think, 'Right Dress!'
 And wasn't there another thing?
 'Present Arms!' Um! I guess!
 You hold your arms straight out—like this—
 We'll do without a rifle,
 And then—now, Charles, you really must,
 You really must not trifle!
 Now, sir, salute your officer—
 Oh! Charles, for shame, how can you?
 I told you to be serious,
 You horrid, cheeky man you!"
 He ordered arms at her command;
 She smoothed her mangled hair,
 Pouted and frowned and blushed—and then
 Said coyly, "As you were!"

La Touche Hancock.

Scoundrell

Richter von Bierfass: What is the charge
 against this reprobate?

Richtsdiener von Fischbein: Food
 hoarding, Herr Judge. On examination at
 the lockup we found two rations of soup
 and one egg yolk concealed in his
 whiskers.

No Comparison

The Civilian: Yes, it must have been
 awful. General Sherman was right. War
 is hell!

The Veteran: Oh, I dunno! I've been
 through the fightin' in Flanders an' if I had
 my choice I'd say, Give me hell!

All of That

The Gunner's Mate: I think that last shot
 destroyed the enemy's magazine.

The Passenger: If it isn't destroyed it has
 at least suspended publication.

A. P. Ingram.

School News



WANT TO LEARN TO DRAW

OHIO

1918

school—if you can spend just a few hours a week on this course of lessons, this School will develop your ability at home by mail.

The lessons are so simple that a boy can understand them. They teach ORIGINAL DRAWING so clearly that hundreds have learned to draw successfully. Many of the successful newspaper artists of today were boys in school when they started this Course.

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CLEVELAND, OHIO



"BACK IN THE CAR, PLEASE!"
(See "Elevating the Species," page 877)

CARTOONS MAGAZINE

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Elevating the Species

By Robert Lee

Illustrated by Florence White Williams

I am the man who, blowing and with perspiration upon my brow, reaches the elevator just as the grilled gate shuts with a click. At these embarrassing moments I affect to be not concerned and look boldly about me and hum some little snatch; but nevertheless I am confused and conscious and I feel each snickering eye in the hotel lobby as it measures my embarrassment and fallen crest.

But this time I am to tell you about the gate, once shut, opened again and a rich contralto voice said to me:

"Step down a little, please!"

I might have known it. Romeo was off to the wars

in Flanders, and Juliet was keeping the home balcony going. I knew it without looking; for Romeo never opens the ele-

vator gate after once he slams it in your face. Here then, was the war-time elevator girl! I stared. She surveyed me up and down, and said coolly:

"Back in the car, please!"

In added mortification I discovered myself in perilous propinquity to the gate, in which position I must without question have suffered the loss of a portion of my abundant person in passing the next floor. In some precipitate and ill-considered haste I stepped back upon the feet of a large woman, who uttered some indifferent malediction, whereat I executed an agile flank movement and became inextricably involved with a skye terrier, which seemed to possess no sense of reason or fitness. It was then that I heard the rich contralto say:



"Just like
Charlie Chaplin"



"Were you going onto the roof?"

"Floors, please!"

And for the life of me, though it is my perfect habit to occupy a second-floor front in this particular hotel, I could not recall whether I customarily communicated by word of mouth or by just making signs. I stood there completely inane. One by one the passengers were let off, and still I remained, incapable of making the least outcry. I didn't know whether I wanted to get off at the ninth or twentieth floor. We arrived at the twentieth and I was alone with the rich contrato.

"All out!" she said.

"Yes," I replied, in a tone that seemed mocking and far distant, "they are!"

"Were you going onto the roof?" said she. "Or did you come for the ride?"

"Well," I said, "I had some definite purpose when I came aboard. But I think I must have run past my station."

She yawned slightly. "That's one of the troubles," she murmured. "They almost all ride to the twentieth, forgetting their floors!"

This mention of the twentieth gave some coherence to my thoughts and I became

exceedingly fertile in ideas. I determined I would have a room on the twentieth and be thus copiously supplied with reasons for riding up and down with the rich contrato. She must have been a mind reader.

"They all have the same idea," she said. "The twentieth is full of drummers in neckwear and men's suits. They are constantly forgetting a sample of something so that they may have something to go back for."

I detected a droll glint in her eye and decided to stay on the second and walk up and down.

"There aren't many women in this hotel," she continued. "They can't get in. Reservations by men months in advance! There is a waiting list as long as the Onwentsia club. Every morning there's a string of traveling men at the desk. It's like a sell-out performance for Eva Tanguay."

"Why, this elevator is an observation tower," she went on. "That was my idea in taking the job. Most drummers live in hotels. I wanted to see how they act around the old homestead. Most of them are amazed that I don't fall into their arms the first time they step into the car. They can't understand it."

We were still at the twentieth. I wondered why we hadn't started down. She read my thoughts again.

"I have to wait for the bell," she explained. "And besides, I've got to unload on someone, and I know you won't repeat what I tell you—at least not until the first man you meet."

I thanked her for her confidence, and promised not to tell a thing until I had an opportunity. I asked her why she was running an elevator when a nice girl like her—

"O forget it!" she said. "You don't have to strain yourself. I'll tell you my story 'without any invitation.' I'm like Raymond Hitchcock; I don't need applause to get me in front of the curtain. Just let someone sneeze and that's good enough for me. I'll talk for a week."

"I want a man. So does every girl, but I don't lie about it. I just go ahead and admit it. And if I get the wrong one it'll be because I didn't know him like a book. There was one—tee hee!—a nice, sweet, old man who wore an alpaca duster. He

was from the rural districts. I've always wanted to be a farmer's wife and get up and see the sun and everything and go to Florida in the winter—well, my name almost became Mrs. Cornstossel but I—"

She paused and looked up at me with a sort of a confused smile, I thought, as if there may have been a wee barb of disappointment.

"O, it didn't matter," she went on, hastily. "The next day it was a drummer in perfumes. Ever meet one—I mean smell one? I think he was trying to get me by the anaesthetic route. You know—smother me in fragrance. But I was afraid of him. One cannot spend one's life reeking in redolence—'reeking in redolence' is pretty fair, don't you think?"

I admitted, of course, that it was.

"Well, after this by-play in bergamot I knew it wouldn't be a traveling person. I liked that gentle old man in the duster. Say, did you ever sit on a farmhouse porch at dusk and hear a mourning dove away off over the prairie?"

"I had the worst time, though, with smart kids. You know, I didn't have a sense of humor when I took this job. I thought everything was serious and that every young dude was trying to kidnap me. Later on I got wiser and I let one of the freshest ones order me a banquet, from fillet sole to fingerbowl, including two lumps of sugar, and then I didn't go. I guess he sat there like a lonesome Ncro with all the delicacies in the world in front of him and Rome gone a-fishing. I got the reputation of being a nine-minute egg. But I'd rather be a hard boiled egg than a spoiled chicken. What do you say?"

"I'll say so," I admitted, cautiously, and by way of encouragement.

"Say, I met a millionaire, too. I often used to wonder how they got to be millionaires. Try to pry a nickel out of one of them and you'll find out, too.

"But that nice, old farmer I met! I got pretty foolish about him and he wasn't so old, either. He had awful good manners; not the polite kind; he meant it; just came natural for him to be decent. I've often heard that sometimes in the summer afternoons a farmer's wife can take

her sewing out under an apple tree where it's cool and sweet, and listen to the wind in the leaves.

"I had a kind of hankering after a politician, too. He used to come here once in a while, and he was loose as ashes with his money. But say, do you know, I heard him make the same promise to seven different men at different times right in this elevator. I guess I'd have let myself in for something handsome, marrying him, wouldn't I? Every time I wanted a pair of shoes I'd have to carry it up to the supreme court. He was the most promising man I've met, if you get me. I think you do.

"Did you ever hear that it's always the little, mild man with the pale eyes that's dangerous and that you don't have to worry about these big, blustering brigands? Let me tell you otherwise. There was one of those barbarians from the cattle ranches came in here. He certainly was a beauty for pure animal. He grinned with one side of his mouth. I got so I liked him and he was fine to me. But the second time he came to town he must of stepped on a trolley wire. First he got all tangled up in the revolving door, just like Charlie Chaplin. He got out of patience finally, going round and round and never seeming to get anywhere, so he kicked it to pieces and threw it in the street. By this time the porters and house detectives and bell-boys began to gather. One of the porters went to restrain him. He should of kept



"A nice gentle farmer in an elpase duster"

out of it. I don't think that porter has left the hospital yet. The same thing happened to the rest. I think they had to give him strychnine to quiet him. He was a dreadfully emphatic man. I wouldn't of done well with him at all."

"So that's the way it goes?" I said, gently.

"Yes," she said, "that's the way it goes. They all seem allright until something crops out that spoils it all and—"

"But," said I, "how about that gentle, old farmer in the alpaca duster? He didn't seem to do anything wrong, did he? I believe you liked the old boy, after all."

"Why, say, do you know what he did?" she asked me. "I would of married him. But he had the nerve to ask me to promise I wouldn't wear my furs in the summer-time! Whatja know about that? There goes my bell. Back in the car, please! Down twenty! Floors, please!"

□ □ □



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by B. B. Fuller

Sammy: Thanks for th' light, old man.

General Retreat Takes Command

The most significant thing about the constant succession of German defeats is this, that the dispatches have dropped all that camouflage about retiring to "previously prepared position" and "according to plan." There are no skilfully worded alibis to fool the people back home. The new idea is to exaggerate German trench raids and localized attacks into major actions, in order, so far as possible, to cover up admissions of retreat. The idea is not altogether a success, so far as the effect on the population is concerned, for as the allied wall of steel creeps closer

The General
Caricatured in New York Evening World.
Copyright, World Photo Publishing Co.





Cartoon in New York Evening Post

Aiding the enemy

Copyright, New York Evening Post

and closer to German territory, terror is seizing the people, and we have the spectacle of state ministers beseeching the populace to be calm—the mighty Hindenburg pleading with the people to “be hard,” when it became known that Austria’s peace note would receive its answer in cold steel and dynamite. Particularly is fear seizing that part of Germany’s frontier which is faced by American troops. We have it on the authority of the Muelhausen Tageblatt that expectation of an American offensive in upper Alsace, with heavy artillery which could destroy towns in the Duchy of Baden, is causing terror among the population. The evacuation of Muelhausen, and even all of Alsace, is being talked about.

How serious the situation is viewed is seen in the fact that the Bavarian minister of the interior, Herr von Brettreich, recently declared that it was not the mili-

tary situation which makes the period through which Germany is now passing “the very gravest and severest period of the war;” it is due, he said, to the fact, that “many have become faint-hearted and have wavered in moral firmness and the resolve to hold out.”

The military situation is admitted by the Cologne Gazette to wear very serious aspects for the German cause, since superiority of reserves and materials are the predominant factor in recent allied successes.

“We must do Foch the justice to say that he is apparently beginning to obtain on a big scale that strategical unity he has already obtained on French soil,” says the Gazette. After reviewing the situation in the various theatres of war the paper concedes that the prosecution from all sides of an offensive against the alliance of the



Hanny in St. Joseph News-Press

"Now that we have the house full of company!"

central powers would be a master stroke. Having mentioned the unity of command and the superiority of the allies in men and material as conditions favoring them, the Gazette continues: "We have already pointed out the enviable secrecy observed in the manufacture of armored tanks and the training of their crews, which now number not thousands but tens of thousands. To these must be added the increase in the number of guns, mine throwers, flame projectors, machine guns, gas and fog ammunition, and airplanes of all kinds. No proof is necessary that German industry is unable to accomplish this in similar quantities. Especially as regards the armored tanks, there is no doubt that the numerical superiority is on the side of the enemy, and that he is bound to utilize it to the utmost."

The matter of the state of mind of the folks back home we have gone into thus fully because we believe in it lies the real interpretation of the crisis that confronts Germany. Many allied military critics have alluded, with an air of mystery, to the German retreat as being a cover for preparations for another German drive. Last August General von Boehn, the "retreat specialist," was appointed to the command in Picardy, with the special task assigned him of holding back the French and British by any means in his power, and without regard to cost in human life. The General has it to his credit that he has acquitted himself in a masterful way. St. Quentin and Laon still hold out, thus precluding a flank movement against the Chemin des Dames, and forestalling, for the present at



From L'Action, Rome

Still more blood

least, the necessity of a retirement from Belgium. Certainly all is not inactivity behind that wall of defense—big things are afoot, but they have to do, not with a drive, but with defensive measures that

are calculated to keep German territory free from invasion.

The sensational victories of the allied armies in Palestine and Macedonia, together with Italian successes in the Grappa



From Faming Show, London

A SLUMP IN MITTEL-EUROPA STOCK

Ferdie of Bulgaria: War is still business, but dat don't declare no dividend. I vonder would de entente like to buy a nice ally?



Darling in New York Tribune

Doing his best to make 'em like it

region, are further indications that the power of initiative has passed from Hindenburg to Foch. It is the allied, not the German, command that from now on will impose its will on its adversary.

In other words, "der Tag" has arrived—

only it is not pronounced that way. In the new style it is "the day," "le jour," etc., according to whether one speaks English, French, or other of the allied languages. There is no part of the allied line that is not completely dominated by allied arms.

There is no spot at which General Foch cannot strike a blow at will, because his reserve armies, his "masses of maneuver," if you will, are given such disposition that they are always within striking distance of any point where they are needed.

This view of the situation regards the retreats in Macedonia and Palestine and the Czecho-Slovak advance in Siberia as gradually shortening arcs in the ring of steel

that is tightening about the central empires.

Final victory should not be awaited with too much impatience. Ultimate and complete victory is certain, but General Foch, now that he has abundant forces at his command, is just as sparing of lives as during the period when he was slowly building up his reserve groups. When the time is ripe for the final blow, then he will strike.



Bronzino in San Francisco Chronicle

Official communiqué

The Junker and his Pal

Der Junker:



*I am der Junker,
One of der heroes
Dot reign over Deutschland.
Me und der Kaiser
Und Gott iss der Big Bug.
We teach der peoples
Der Notes of der "Hate Song."
We make der "just-as-goods"
For peoples to eat of.
Some ain't so bad
Und others are worser.
I am der Junker
Who wants all of Europe,
America, Asia,
Und also Australia.
Und sooner or later,
By Gott's help, we will haf dem!
Und maybe we'll grab heaven,
Gott iss our ally—
But vot do we care for
Friendship und honor?
Answer iss "Nothing!"
So let us go get 'em;
Und Gott strafe der allies!
Forward mit Me,
Und Gott, und der Kaiser!
I am der Junker!*

Two Poems

by James F. Ring

DRAWINGS

by □□□□□□

ERVINE METZL

The Spy.

*I am the Spy,
The tool of the Kaiser,
Here in America.
I live in secret;
I do the dirty work—
Blowing up factories,
Poisoning children,
And causing disension.
The Yankees are stupid,
So foolishly stupid!
Now on my track
They have secret service men,
Waiting to grab me,
And rob Kultur of me.
They'll never get me,
Those funny policemen.
Why, even—what's that?
It's a noise at the window.
Gott! I am lost!
It's detectives! Der Teufel!
Now for internment!
Kamerad! Kamerad!*



The Glad Hatter

By Hinton Gilmore
Drawings by Robert Lee Eskridge

Have you ever wondered, in an off-hand sort of fashion, what becomes of the hats that fly off the heads of characters in cartoons? It was a question that caused me many sleepless nights, until I discovered, quite by accident, that this important item of overhead expense is being taken care of by Theophilus McMiiff.

Theophilus is the man who goes around picking up the hats that the cartoonists slam around so indiscriminately. Not only does he salvage the hats, but he also sells them hack to the cartoonists at reduced rates for the out-of-town editions of their papers.

Quite by accident, I say, I bumped into Theophilus late one afternoon on the society page. He was chasing a fuzzy Fedora that had blown over from the sporting section. Having caught the stray sky-piece, he sat down for a moment's rest. Seeing me, he smiled affably. Thus emboldened, I resolved to ply him with questions about his strange vocation.

"A good day's work!" I observed, by way of opening the conversation, gazing admiringly the meanwhile at his supply of hats. McMiiff smiled reminiscently as he replied, with emphasis:

"Yes!"

Realizing that I had been fortunate in meeting him when he was inclined to be talkative, I leaned idly against a single-column lingerie advertisement. He made himself comfortable among the society items, placing his well-laden hat rack in the corner of a millinery announcement, smiling humorously the while.

Perhaps he might not have been so frank with a stranger, but I had known Theophilus in a casual way for years. Formerly he was one of our junker class, caroling merrily of bones and bottles in the alleys. I saved all of my bottles for him and thus

grew to know him as well as one may ever enter into the friendship and confidence of one's junketeer. Years of back-door yodeling had proved too great a strain on his voice, however, and he was being gradually forced out of business by a very zealous baritone, when he took up art.

I resolved then and there on knowing more of the details of the McMiiffian past.

"Now that we are alone," I began, disregarding the society chatter from the wedding write-up in the next column, "tell me about yourself and your work."

"I was born in Medicine Hat—"

"Please don't be who's whoey," I interrupted, "but speak informally of your work. Do you find it monotonous, or does it really give you an opportunity to gaze below the surface and study the real pulse of the city?"

I was determined to make my intervals lucid.

"Yes and no!" he replied, with decision.

"The cartoonists are an odd lot," he went on, hastily, as if expecting me to dispute a statement so axiomatic. "They have no more regard for a hat than a Russian for 'Forward March!' You'd think that hats grew on trees, the way they throw them around in the cartoons."

It suddenly occurred to me that it would be a clever thing to say: "Indeed, they grow on trees—hall trees!" but I withheld the merry jest, though I think I must have smiled meditatively.

I could see, though, that there was much justice in what Theophilus had said about the cartoonists. It really takes the snap and zest out of a new hat to be jostled about in the political cartoons, and as for surviving the rude activities of the comic strip, I knew that the rabbit never lived that could produce the beaver fur for such a lid.



"Placing his well-laden hat rack in the corner of a millinery announcement"

"The cartoonists of the fedora school of art," Theophilus went on to say, "begin work on the hypothesis that somewhere in the picture a hat must fly upward and outward, falling just beyond the right hand column rule. It was this custom, I think, that must have brought the mad hatter down out of control. He grew tired of having his best product battered about in the newspapers."

I felt that Theophilus preferred to deal with his subject in an abstract way, but I wanted specific information, having in mind a saleable manuscript for the editor of the "Hatter's Hearthstone."

"How do you work? What of your technique?" I asked him.

Of course, I knew something of his methods, because I had seen him lurking behind a patent medicine advertisement or wedged between columns of unsullied reading matter waiting for the hats to fly out of the cartoons. At the crucial moment when the hat described the parabola—which is something I can't describe—I had seen

Theophilus make a quick thrust with a butterfly net and bag his prize. I knew this much, but I hoped that he might tell me more.

"I don't have any particular method," said Theophilus. "I just sort of go from page to page and pick up the hats wherever I find them. If I want to catch a hat on the sporting page, I go over disguised as a box score and wait until the hat flies out of the picture. Then I make a grab for it and get away before they miss the headgear. Once in a while, I trip up on a condensed news note or get tangled in the batting averages, but generally I make a good, clean getaway. The next morning I come back and sell the hat to the cartoonist who drew it."

"Sometimes, too, I loiter about pretending to be interested in the leading editorial, but in reality just waiting for a little rough work on the part of the artist who does the front-page cartoons. Sooner or later, the hat flies over and I do a handspring over a couple of pert paragraphs and land



"I had seen Theophilus work a quick thrust with a butterfly net and bag his prize."

the lid just as it skids into the 'Letters from Subscribers' department.

"Ordinarily, I meet with very little difficulty in catching the hats, because I'm growing adept at the work, but occasionally I have trouble. Last week, one of the cartoonists gave a new straw hat such a terrific slam that I missed it as it passed me and I had to follow it through the classified advertising section and finally caught it just as it was about to list itself in the 'Lost and Found' department."

"You probably make an excellent livelihood out of your business!" I suggested.

"Yes, I do," admitted Theophilus, guardedly, as though suspecting me to be an income tax collector, "but I'd make twice as much if the cartoonists would keep out of the brick yards. Yesterday, I pursued a hat from the front page over to the 'Beauty

Hints,' and when I finally overtook it, I found that it had been almost hopelessly crushed by being hit with a brick, just as it left the cartoon. If the cartoonists must use bricks, why can't they use round-cornered bricks and save the hats?"

There seemed no reasonable reply to such a logical inquiry, so I shifted uneasily and remained silent.

Some day, I reflected silently, a genius will surely arise who, disregarding the rules of the Fedoration of Cartoonists, will invent a brickless method of expressing such emotions as surprise, fear, chagrin and homicide. Instead of shocking the hats off his characters, this original artist will insert expressive words to convey the meaning he desires to impart.

Theophilus must have divined my thought.

"A few of the milder artists are beginning to be more merciful to the hats," he said. "They do this by making use of the Patagonian idiom: 'Z-o-w-i-e!' to express everything from speed to spasms. The zowieites also use other words, among them being 'Z-i-n-g!' and 'B-l-u-b!' while the old-fashioned 'S-q-u-a-h!' has been a useful prop in the kit of the Sunday supplementers for a good many years."

There was a matter pertaining to the collecting technique that I wanted to be informed of. Accordingly I asked him:

"You have, I dare say, a preference for some special style of hat?"

Theophilus snapped at the suggestion.

"I have a penchant for silk hats," he re-

plied, introducing the French accent with catarrhal resonance. "They slide out of a cartoon gracefully and there is always a ready demand for them in the movies. It used to be that the really fastidious cartoonist would use nothing except the silk tile, but when the bust-head era in graphic art overtook us, the silk hat proved too fragile.

"A piece of lemon pie"—he smiled as he spoke—"will incapacitate a silk hat in one gooey blam, and because the public likes its comic Corots flavored with lemon, the silk hat had to go. They are never used now, except in Easter cartoons and in juvenile studies when the snowballs are just beginning to get ripe."



"Next morning I come back and sell the hat to the cartoonist who drew it"

Then he became more mellow.

"I really oughtn't to cavil at the cartoonists, though," he said. "I pick up a good living, enjoy life and spend the summer with Hattie and the children—my family, you know—at our summer home at Cape Hatteras."

"But is it art?" I pondered.

"I don't know about art, but I—"

Just then an attractive Alpine hat, trimmed with a green duck feather, rushed madly by, closely pursued by an angry brick.

Theophilus, grabbing his golf cap, which had been hanging idly on a capital "J" nearby, started eagerly in pursuit.

As the dust lifted, I saw him turn the corner into the stock-market page.



Lesson in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Here's the latest, girls—an up-to-date pin-cushion



It didn't go off

Thomas in Detroit News

It Was a Dud

A shell that goes through all the motions of being a perfectly good specimen of ammunition, but that burrows its nose in the ground without exploding, has come to be known as a "dud." It is not a very beautiful word—but then, the dud is not an object to rhapsodize over. It requires just as much metal to make a dud, and just as much ammunition to fire it, as a shell in good and regular standing; but somewhere in the vitals of it a thing goes wrong, and the shell, in spite of the screaming

which it sets up as it shoots through the air, falls flat.

And there you have Austria's recent peace bomb. It fell with a thud that caused a slight tremor in the allied world—but there was no explosion. It was dead long before it was sent for after much preambing and stalling, it carried, as the fuse that was to set it off, this paragraph:

"The Royal and Imperial government would like, therefore, to propose to the governments of all the belligerent states



From de Amsterdammer

Germany, who has hitherto held Belgium as a pawn, attempts peace overtures to the country that she outraged.

to send delegates to a confidential and unbinding discussion of the basic principles for the conclusion of peace—in a place in a neutral country and at a near date, that would yet have to be agreed upon — delegates who would be charged to make known to one another the conception of their governments regarding those principles and to receive analogous communications, as well as to request and give frank and candid explanations on all those points which need to be precisely defined."

This after the entente governments have declared, from the roof tops, that they were through,

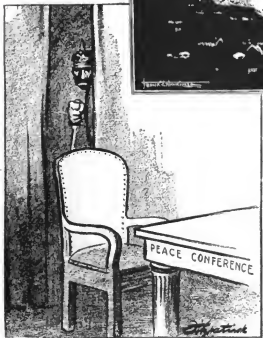


Nankivell in New York Tribune

As near as Germany has ever come to hatching a dove of peace.

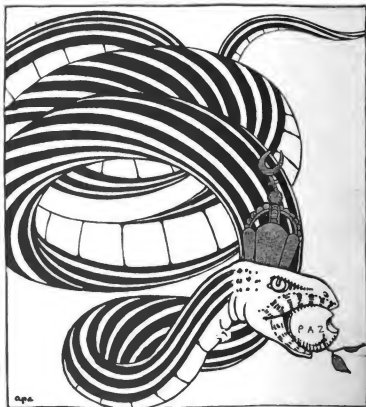
for all time, with secret peace conferences!

The note bore all the earmarks of being made in Germany. This Berlin was quick to deny—in fact, the German leaders affected a look of surprise at the fact of Baron Burian, the Austro-Hungarian foreign minister, having sent a peace note at all. But we have it on the authority of so important a Vienna paper as the *Fremdenblatt* that Germany was consulted. It is self-evident, said the *Fremdenblatt*, that Austria-Hungary speaks in so important a matter only after having acquainted therewith its friends, at whose side it has



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Waiting



From Iberia, Barcelona

The apple ("peace") is hard for Germany to swallow

been fighting for years. Austria-Hungary, adds the statement, is not behind Germany in its determination to defend itself to the uttermost—"and at this very moment Austro-Hungarian soldiers are fighting for peace on the west front with heroic courage, and it is therefore no contradiction if Austria-Hungary comes forward in its own sphere of action with an idea intended to promote the speedy attainment of peace."

No one, we think, had any illusions concerning the real source of the move; certainly no one was surprised at the president's summary rejection of the proposal, though everyone in allied circles chuckled over the dispatch with which the president returned, within a half hour after receiving

the Austrian note, the following refusal to parley over what the world is coming to regard as a non-discussable subject—peace with a pair of murderers:

"The government of the United States feels that there is only one reply which it can make to the suggestion of the imperial Austro-Hungarian government. It has repeatedly and with entire candor stated the terms upon which the United States would consider peace and can and will entertain no proposal for a conference upon a matter concerning which it has made its position and purpose so plain."

France and Great Britain were not so prompt in making known their stand, but one and all were enheartened at the un-



Thomas in Detroit News

"Change your tune"



Harding in Brooklyn Eagle

Don't try to talk with your mouth full



Cullen in St. Louis Republic

The wail of a bully



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"They said 'No!'"



From Iberia, Barcelona

STILL A CHANCE

To sign peace only one feather is necessary. (This cartoon was originally suppressed by the Spanish censor)

compromising stand taken by America. In an eloquent speech, which was, in effect, Premier Clemenceau's reply, the French statesman recalled the "threatening attitude of Germany toward pacific France, which had endured for a half century 'the infamous wounds, brutalities and tyrannies of an enemy who would not forgive us for having saved from the wreck the consciousness of right and our indefeasible claims to independence.'" He told how without the slightest pretext, Germany hurled herself upon French territory, devastated the fields

of France, burned and pillaged her towns and villages and enslaved her men, women and children. "The enemy thought that victory would cause all this to be pardoned," continued the premier, "but fortune has changed. The day of glory has come. Our sons are completing the formidable task of their fathers, and with brotherly nations are securing a supreme victory. All right-minded humanity is with our troops, who are liberating the nations from the furor of evil force."

In an address in which he discussed a

German made peace Foreign Minister Balfour, of Great Britain, was equally emphatic in the stand that a peace not drawn up and signed with the sword was unthinkable.

The effect of President Wilson's reply on the Teutonic nation was as electric as on our allies. "Hysterical stammering" is the phrase used by the Hamburger Fremdenblatt. "America's answer is nothing but hysterical stammering without reflection, like the utterance of a lunatic," says this sheet, not without a note of hysteria on its own account. "Mr. Wilson knows of nothing better to do than to scream out



Ireland in Columbus Dispatch

Didn't get a bite

to the world an almost mechanical cry of 'Might to the last' while others make great efforts to find a way out of this fearful slaughter.

"All appeals to humanity and reason are hopeless in the face of this mental attitude. Even Balfour's more sedate speech cannot mean anything different from Wilson's short and spiteful reply. Balfour wants us to pay damages to Belgium and above all to Serbia—that very Serbia which forced Austria into this unfortunate war. This means, if it is accepted, unconditional surrender and capitulation by Austria."

"We must win the war or go under," exclaims Count Zu Reventlow, in the Deutsche Tageszeitung. "If we lose we shall become a third rate power. There-



Greene in Milwaukee Sentinel

Wound up!

fore we shall spill the last drop of blood to avert defeat and win."

The Cologne Volkszeitung replies to Mr. Balfour's demand for the indemnification of Belgium with these words: "He can wait a long time before any responsible German promises that. Why, Mr. Balfour seems to believe that the English troops are nearing Berlin! This shows the illusions which the allies are teaching. He has still much to learn which he is bound to be taught soon by our steadfastness and by our armies."

Sober second thought, however, brought about a serious admission in many enemy quarters that the last few months have put Germany and Austria in a position where bluster hardly becomes them. The Rhenish Westphalian Gazette, as just one example, makes this admission: "The motives for the note from Austria are multiple, but the refusal is unanimous. The allied war cry is not one of boasting or bluff, but comes

from the heart. We must recognize this fact and also that it is justified, as the enemy must know our serious position so long as offers of peace come from us."

Second thought had a particularly wholesome effect upon Baron Burian, who had a face to save. Sponsoring a dud is not a task that raises a minister's prestige, and accordingly alibis were in order. Well, to make the story short, Burian delivered himself of a statement which really had the effect of something of a dud itself. He was not surprised, he said, at the reception of his peace note; naturally he did not suppose that the entente would straightway declare readiness to enter into peace negotiations. "In a situation like the present," the minister continued, "it is sometimes necessary to clarify things by means of reagents. The note was such a reagent. It has already produced a remarkable phenomenon and will do so still more in the near future."



From L'Homme Libre, Paris

"AND NOW LET US SEE YOU LOOK INTELLIGENT!"

An order signed by Ludendorff bids German soldiers when made prisoners to look as ignorant as possible. It would be hard for them to look otherwise, according to the L'Homme Libre cartoonist.



Pisabks in Louisville Times

The face on the bar-room floor

Well Have to Stagger on Without It America Goes Dry

Abstinence from alcoholic liquors is nothing new. Russia has been dry since the beginning of the war; the prohibitionists are abstainers by temperament, women and children by nature, and the men of Maine and Kansas by legislative enactment. Careful consideration of the experience of these varied classes of dry individuals teaches an important lesson; it teaches that women and children can live on a "dry" régime and still remain essential and lovable members of society.

With this thought in mind the average man must view the new prohibition legislation with a great complacency. There is a finality about it all that inspires confidence. When Buncom County, Missouri, went dry on the local option principle, a semi-willed Buncomnite had but to cross the county line and come home with a jag and a jug. State prohibition simplified the situation by extending the distance which

a man must travel in order to get across the line. But traveling salesmen for shoe houses and members of Congress had things too much their own way, since they are always somewhere else anyway, while people who lived on the edge of Maine, say, and could holler across to New Hampshire, could be an out and out prohibitionist—and at the same time be an in and in wet. This showed that state prohibition was all-right if you built a wall around the state, but who wants to wall in a state. China tried it one time—and now look at China!

The obvious thing was to dry out the entire nation, and put the citizen of Kansas on the same footing with the citizen of Kentucky, and ration both states alike on mint jujubes. No man is so much the slave to alcoholic drink that he would journey into Mexico with a bunch of empty suitcases, and have a rolling barrage dropped in front of him by Mexican banditti. Nor



Thomas in Detroit News

A camouflage that didn't work

is any so foolhardy as to cross three thousand miles of water just to get a mile or two of whiskey. National prohibition, we say, was the obvious thing, and thus after July 1st, next, are we to have the lid clamped down with an effectiveness that must have surprised even the prohibitionists themselves.

The dry legislation was put over in the form of a rider to an agricultural extension bill, and carries the following provisions:

Prohibition of the sale of alcoholic beverages after June 30, 1919.

Prohibition of the manufacture of beer and wine after May 1, 1919.

Prohibition of the importation of wine, to take effect immediately.

Authority to the president to establish "dry" zones around coal mines, munition plants, and shipyards.

The amendment is so worded as to make it effective until the termination of the war and the de-

mobilization of the army.

Some of these provisions are not entirely new, since President Wilson had already ordered the brewing of beer to cease, beginning with December 1st, while the manufacture of spirituous liquors ended nearly a year ago. The features of the bill that are really new, therefore, are those sections that put a time limit on prohibition, and that authorize the president to declare dry any region in which work essential to the conduct of the war is being done—his declaration to take effect at once if he so chooses.

The section pertaining to foreign wines called forth vigorous protest from France, Italy, Spain, and Portugal—but with touching solicitude for the

same wine producers who up to this time were regarded as economic and social outlaws, the backers of the bill argued that to permit the continued importation of for-



Chapin in St. Louis Republic

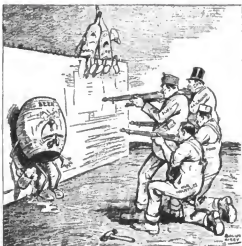
Here's where you get off!

eign wines could mean the flooding of our markets to the extent that American manufacturers could not get rid of the stocks they now have on hand. So this part of the rider rode.

And now the whole discussion shifts from the question of in what particular century nation-wide prohibition will come, to the more engaging problem of when it will go. Will prohibition really be abandoned with the disbanding of the army, or will the drouth be one of the things we shall always have with us, like lumbago?

Opinion, so far as one can judge from people who give expression to their convictions through the medium of the "Vox Populi" departments of our daily press, is divided on a fifty-fifty basis—there are those who have inside information that national prohibition will end with the war, while others believe the war will never end. And there you are!

A more intriguing question arises, however: what is to become of the prohibitionists? Obviously a man ceases to be a prohibitionist the moment he gets something taken away from someone. And yet the



The firing squad

professional prohibitionist out of a job is an object to contemplate not without emotion. His habits of mind have become fixed in the direction of negation and regulation. He is strong for duty—but his idea of duty is this, that one should not do something—and if necessary forceful measures must be taken to keep him from doing it.

The war has taken the regulation business out of the hands of chronic regulators and put it in the hands of scientific adjustment. If results, as shown by scientific investigation, show that national welfare demands the continuation of prohibition, the nation will follow the findings with enthusiasm; but it will not readily follow the lead of men whose chief stock in trade is cant, and who appeal to the emotions rather than to the patriotism and practical sense of the people.

No one is going to suffer as the result even of enforced abstinence; and all the people will be able to stagger on without it, as a few bibulous spirits have hitherto staggered on with it. The American public has reached the point where they are asking why, if a



Page in Nashville Tennessean
Carry Nation



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

The "zero hour"

given economic or political measure will work in war time, it will not work equally well in peace times. If prohibition falls in

this class—and there is every possibility that it will—there is no one who will not welcome it.

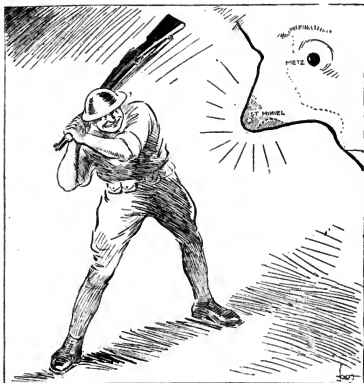
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From Lustige Blätter 25, Berlin

"OUR MOST SUCCESSFUL DIPLOMAT"

This is the boy that was going to win peace for Germany, up to very recent months. He is accomplishing a great deal toward bringing about peace—but rather by the fight that he is NOT putting up than by what he is actually accomplishing for his masters. The cartoon appeared in Lustige Blätter, Berlin.



Knott in Dallas News

"See that hump?"

Taking Up the Slack

The St. Mihiel salient did not look so bad when the entire fighting line, from the sea to Switzerland, had all the aspects of the business edge of a cross-cut saw. At one time salients seemed to be an essential feature of a first-class front; at any rate every front had them.

But more recently salients have fallen on evil days; they have fallen into disrepute in those quarters where they are not actually passé. And with this result, that General Foch has landed squarely on the point of every sizeable salient in sight and

flattened it out, until that once jagged line began to look like the Tropic of Capricorn—you know, that sort of thing. First went the salient that the German Crown Prince had driven into the French positions in the Champagne. The Germans had reached the Marne, and it is clear, dealing as we are with salient facts, that something had to be done; in all logic there was to be found no reason why a wedge once driven as far as the Marne, could not be driven as far as Paris.

With his right, then, General Foch landed



Kirby in New York World

It's my turn now, comrades

squarely on that salient and flattened it out completely, so that today there is not even a bulge where once existed an unsightly swelling.

But salient smashing may become a habit—a habit that once formed is not easily dropped, wherefore General Foch took it all out on the wedge with which Hindenburg, driving into the British lines toward Amiens, had thought to pierce the allied front. What General Haig did to that salient the Berliners are not through talking about yet—because it is not over yet, and will not be over until Cambrai, St. Quentin, La Fere and Laon are safely tucked away into allied pockets.

And the dent in the line to the South of Ypres—even that has been put through an ironing out process and is beginning to conform to the new rage for straight lines.

Then came the American army's turn.

St. Mihiel was situated in the apex of a salient that, like a persistent finger, jutted into the very ribs of France. We should, we suppose, describe what followed with a vocabulary colored by military terminology. But somehow the whole proceeding was so unmilitary that we feel impelled to stick to words that everyone understands (and besides, the present writer doesn't know any war words that have any degree of "kick" to them, "cooties" and "over the top" being our limit). You know—the accepted idea in military matters is to deploy and debouch and invest and charge and enfilade, and a lot more things. It is all done with terrible deliberateness, and to describe it demands a list of words of the preantepenultimate type.

But so far as describing this little affair at St. Mihiel goes, one can find all the words he needs in the first reader. It didn't seem



Broadcast in San Francisco Chronicle

Enlightened

like a regular battle of the kind you read about. The American army was told to iron out that hump—and they just started in and did it. Within thirty-six hours it was all over—hundreds of square miles of territory recaptured from the boche, dozens of cities and villages taken, and American guns brought within shelling distance of Metz. It was one of the most brilliant actions of the war, but was carried through with an air of the utmost casualness.

Successful American activity on the Lorraine front is highly significant to Ger-

many. France assigned the guarding of this front to America, out of regard to America's interest in the home of the great French heroine, Joan of Arc, which was the lost province of Lorraine. It was a delicate compliment that touched all true Americans. No region in France lies so near the French heart as this, and to trust the keeping of the frontier to our men showed a confidence that no American could fail to respond to. And the St. Mihiel job proved to the French that their confidence was well placed, for not only have we held the front as we found it, but

we have advanced the line close to the German boundary; Metz is in process of being invested—the capture of which would mean the early restoration of the lost province to France.

That the Germans themselves are not insensible to the danger is shown by the fact that the kaiser paid a recent visit to Metz, where he bombarded the Austrian officers with a wild harangue about the Americans whom they were facing—Americans who had "promised France to give her Alsace-Lorraine," and who wished, he

said, to "add big deeds to their big words."

To insure the steadfastness of the Austrian officers the kaiser distributed iron crosses—four hundred of them; then he visited field hospitals and spoke to German, Austrian, French and English wounded in their respective languages. Then he adjured the Austrian officers by all that was good and German to "fight our battles as good comrades—and in return for our help, which we have often given you, and for our strong, free, and common future."

□ □ □



From *Simplicissimus* ©. Kautsch

THE CZECH AND THE AUSTRIAN

"You fight while I devour!" Which happened in a way that was little to the liking of Austria—for the Czech has turned about and is doing the destroying—of Austria herself. The cartoon was published in *Simplicissimus*, Munich.



Chapin in St. Louis Republic

Everybody's doing it—are you?

And We've Just Begun to Give

"Essential investment" was President Wilson's characterization of the business of winning this war, in a fourth liberty loan message to the American people.

"Again the government comes to the people of the country with the request that they lend their money," said the president, "and lend it upon a more liberal scale than ever before, in order that the great war for the rights of America and the liberation of the world may be prosecuted with ever increasing vigor to a victorious conclusion. And it makes the appeal with the greatest confidence because it knows that every day it is becoming clearer and clearer to thinking men throughout the nation that the winning of the war is an essential investment. The money that is held back now

will be of little use or value if the war is not won and the selfish masters of Germany are permitted to dictate what America may and may not do. Men in America, besides, have from the first until now dedicated both their lives and their fortunes to the vindication and maintenance of the great principles and objects for which our government was set up. They will not fail now to show the world for what their wealth was intended."

Six billion dollars, of course, is a lot of money to raise in one campaign, but at the time of the present writing the drive is making splendid headway, with prospects good for a heavy over-subscription.

A pleasing feature of the drive have been the efforts made by the government to re-

gard the public, not as being the amiable possessor of a useful leg to pull, but as a stock-holder in the business of preserving democracy in the earth. Figures have been given the public dealing in the most detailed way with war expenditures.

There was the matter of ordnance, for example. The total amount of money directly appropriated by Congress for the ordnance program, or for which authorization has been given to incur obligations, amounts to approximately \$12,000,000,000.

From the beginning of the war to June 30, 1918, the last day of the last fiscal year, contracts were placed by the ordnance department from appropriations and authorizations existing at that time amounting to \$4,300,000,000. It is now estimated that during the present fiscal year ending June 30, 1919, the actual cash expenditures for ordnance total \$7,000,000,000. The major items for which cash expenditures were made, or for which contracts were placed up to June 30, 1918, were as follows:



DeMac in Philadelphia Record

"Vhat, again?"

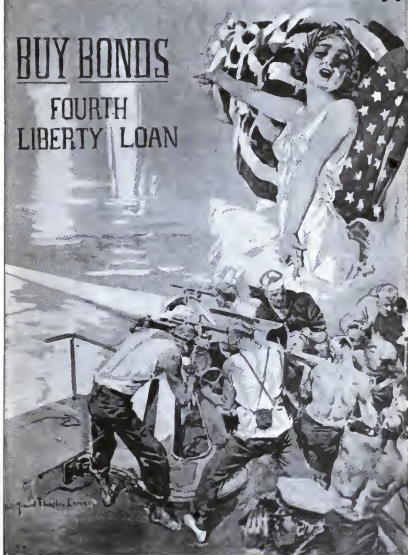


ONE OF THE MOST STRIKING OF THE FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN POSTERS IS THIS BY F. STROTHMANN.

CLEAR-THE-WAY-!!

BUY BONDS

FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN

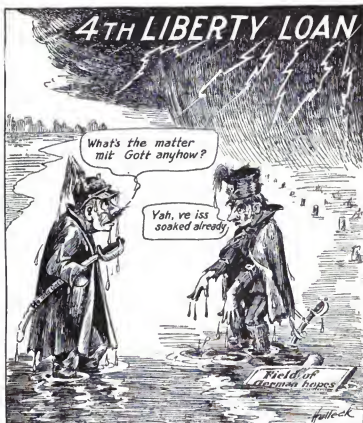


ONE OF THE MOST SPIRITED OF THE FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN POSTERS IS HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY'S "CLEAR THE WAY!"



THAT LIBERTY SHALL NOT
PERISH FROM THE EARTH
BUY LIBERTY BONDS
FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN

THE GREATEST OF ALL JOSEPH PENNELL'S LITHOGRAPHS IS THIS
FOURTH LIBERTY LOAN POSTER. IT IS ONE OF THE
TRIUMPHS OF HIS CAREER.



Halleck in St. Louis Republic

Another flood coming!

Artillery	\$1,050,000,000
Automatic rifles	300,000,000
Small arms	100,000,000
Artillery ammunition	1,900,000,000
Small arms ammunition.....	340,000,000
Small arms ammunition practice	80,000,000
Stores and supplies (personal, horse and organization)....	230,000,000
Armored motor cars	100,000,000
Total	\$4,100,000,000

The principal items for which Congress has made appropriations available for the present fiscal year are as follows:

Artillery	\$1,280,000,000
Automatic rifles	500,000,000
Small arms	260,000,000
Artillery ammunition	2,650,000,000
Small arms ammunition	955,000,000
Small arms ammunition practice	150,000,000
Stores and supplies (personal, horse and organization, etc.)	445,000,000
Armored motor cars.....	277,000,000
For army purposes, contract authorization (purpose not definitely designated)	500,000,000

Total **\$7,017,000,000**



Morris for George Matthew Adams Service

Another war decoration

Figures for supplies are equally interesting. There is food, for example. Since the beginning of the war there have been bought for army use 625,461,392 pounds of flour at a cost of \$43,375,445; 186,582,316 pounds of sugar at a cost of \$14,452,512; 110,451,670 pounds of bacon at a cost of \$43,000,000; 102,894,742 pounds of dry beans, costing \$12,613,469; 72,274,529 cans of tomatoes costing \$9,278,121, and 38,421,256 pounds of rice at a cost of \$2,775,000. These figures give one an idea of the size of the army's market basket, and the huge cost of army maintenance.

The clothing bill for the army from April 1, 1917, to August 1, 1918, follows and shows how great sums have been essential to keep the men comfortably clothed:

	Quantity.	Value.
Shoes, marching	11,933,000	\$55,488,450
Shoes, field	15,343,000	71,651,810
Coats, cotton	6,673,000	16,999,080
Coats, wool	12,864,000	87,217,920
Breeches, cotton	14,361,000	24,270,090
Breeches, wool	15,439,000	74,512,380
Shirts, cotton	4,098,000	4,098,000
Undershirts, cotton ..	50,546,000	30,327,600
Undershirts, winter ..	33,225,000	66,450,000
Shirts, flannel	21,389,000	74,861,500
Drawers, cotton	41,352,000	24,811,200
Drawers, winter	41,690,000	83,380,000
Stockings, cotton	22,654,000	3,624,640
Stockings, wool,		
light weight	70,592,000	24,707,200
Stockings, wool,		
heavy weight	63,426,000	34,884,300

Hats, service	7,779,000	15,558,000
Blankets, 3 lbs.	14,134,000	91,871,000
Blankets, 4 lbs.	6,871,000	54,968,000

The running cost of the war, the same figures tell us, was as follows at the beginning of the present fiscal year:

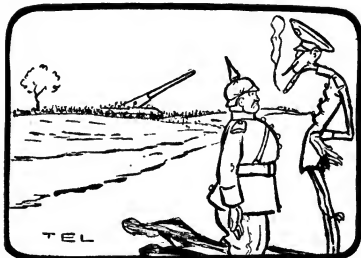
\$18,000,000,000 a year
 \$50,000,000 a day.
 \$2,000,000 an hour.
 \$33,000 a minute.
 \$555.00 a second.

On July 1st next, according to latest estimates by the War Department, the war, for the twelve months, will have cost \$31,000,000,000.

Astounding as these figures are, they are but a beginning of the amount of money America can furnish if called upon. President C. A. Hinsch, of the American Bankers Association, recently stated that this country could raise \$300,000,000,000 if called upon. Whether we shall be called upon

or not, and also the question of just how much we shall have to raise, are problems of far less importance than the spirit with which America is going at the business of self-denial in order that she may give. There is no question that the present loan is being raised more easily than previous loans, and there is also no question that the fifth loan will go over with still greater ease. Not that the people are becoming more patriotic, but that they are getting the habit of being frugal, which carries with it the habit of having money to lend—which is a new and thrilling experience in the lives of an increasingly large number of American people. And as the war proceeds this habit will tend to become fixed, so that the business of financing the war will mean as little in our lives as it does apparently among the French, who seem always to have money, and yet more money, for the war.

□ □ □



From L'Homme Libre, Paris

"Tell your men that we have changed our mind about going to Paris, for it is nothing but a mass of uninteresting ruins."

Impressions of a Spanish Artist At the British Front

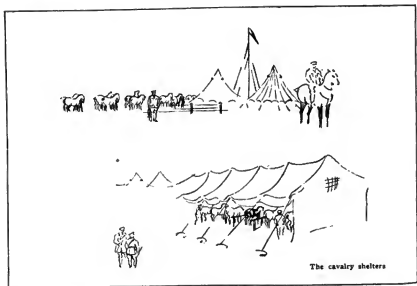
*From
Iberia.
Barcelona.*



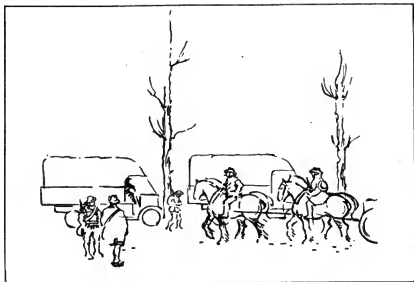
An old village



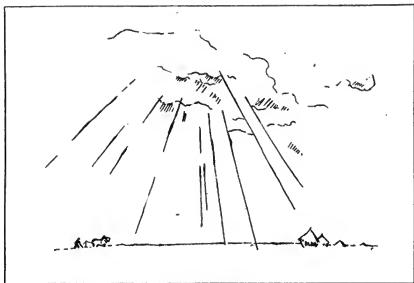
At rest



The cavalry shelters



Anzac



Back of the lines



Webster in *Chicagoland Times-Star*

Copyright, H. T. Webster

An up-to-date Virginian

Stabilizing Allied Labor

The meeting in London of the Trades Union Congress threw into striking relief the paramount influence of American labor among the workers of the allied nations. In France and England a vast amount of energy has been dissipated by futile feuds between conservative groups in labor circles (represented in Great Britain by men like Havelock Wilson, president of the British Seamen's Union) on the one hand, and the radical elements (with Arthur Henderson as their spokesman) on the other hand. The latter, like the Russian bolsheviks, have entertained a firm but misplaced confidence that the German majority socialists, once the opportunity offered, would join with the proletariat of Austria and the entente nations and compel Germany to make a just and lasting peace. An international conference, in which labor

leaders from all the combatant countries should sit, was the shibboleth of the Henderson crowd. Not squelched by the British government's refusal to issue passports to English delegates to such a convention held in Stockholm, they sprang a demand at the Nottingham meeting last winter for a second conference. It was a beautiful dream, but it did not take into account the utter supineness of the German proletariat. Premier Lloyd George put the matter to the British labor leaders in a masterful plea that was as sharp-cut as the Hendersonian outlook was foggy.

"Go to von Hindenburg with them; try to cash that check in the Hindenburg bank," he said, alluding to the idea of peace by understanding, to be negotiated by the inter-combatant proletariat. "It will be returned dishonored. No matter what



American labor (to German labor): Meet you? I'll meet you on the field of battle or nowhere at present. Reedy in Montreal Star

terms are set forward by any pacifist orator in this land, you will not get them cashed by Ludendorff, or the kaiser, or any of those great magnates—not one of them—unless you have got the power to enforce them.

"Do not let us deceive ourselves with a delusion," he went on to say. "You can only make peace with a government. If the government does not represent the people of Germany, let them change their government."

Not one of the allied governments, de-

clared the premier, believed that any good could come out of conferences between sections of the population. They must not cherish the idea that because they formed a majority they were the only people. "It is a fundamental misconception of democracy," he said, "that any section, however powerful, really represents the whole of the people. The only people who can negotiate peace are responsible representatives of the various governments."

But Lloyd George's eloquence was of little consequence, for the radicals con-

tinued to press in his presence an international conference.

It is greatly to the credit of American labor that, under the statesmanly and courageous leadership of Samuel Gompers, it has held aloof from the romantic dreams of British and French labor leaders. We say courageous, because Mr. Gompers has been bitterly denounced by his European colleagues for refusal to share their well-meant but misguided zeal in behalf of German labor. From the first American labor, as represented by the American Federation of Labor, flatly refused to enter any conference at which sat enemy delegates—in the firm belief that no German delegates would be permitted to attend that were not picked and instructed by the German government.

And now British radical laborites have

come to acknowledge their mistake. Arthur Henderson, in a recent interview, said that "it can not be made too clear that British labor has long since placed Belgium outside the category of questions upon which there can be either negotiations or compromise, and regards the question of Alsace-Lorraine as essentially one of right and not of territorial readjustment whatever."

"We have been asking German majority socialists to come to an understanding since February," added Mr. Henderson, "and regret that so far we have not had from them the measure of assistance we were entitled to expect, while the existence of the infamous treaties of Brest Litovsk and Bukharest have created new and almost insuperable obstacles to a peace of understanding on international principles."



Kirby in New York World

"Hold fast and we shall win"

Which is by way of being a splendid vindication of the Gompers attitude all the way along—so much so that the American delegation at the London meeting of the Trades Union Congress were received with a welcome bordering on an ovation, and were easily the dominating influence at the gathering. Of Mr. Gompers as the head of the American mission the Westminster Gazette had this to say (and the statement is all the more interesting because the Gazette has not been unsympathetic with the aspirations of the pacifist groups in England):

"The welcome that meets Mr. Gompers on his present visit to England is on the scale of his own powerful expression of the solidarity of the American and British peoples," says the Gazette. "He is visibly a strengthener of the allied cause. From the first he saw, as the leader of organized labor in the United States, that the cause of free labor was at stake in the war, and that it was not merely not to be served, but not to be helped, by labor negotiations in which German socialists played their part as they were wont to do in international labor conferences before the war. It is now realized by Mr. Branting" (the great Swedish Socialist leader), "and it has just

been made clear to the labor world by Mr. Vanderveld" (the Belgian socialist leader) "in his letter to Mr. Henderson, that the German socialist majority is in effect an instrument of the German government, and that between its members and honest promoters of democratic peace there can be no semblance of coöperation. It is the special proof of the clearness of Mr. Gompers' vision that he saw it all along. He comes, as he says, 'to unite the workers of the world to win the war.'"

"In strict truth, the policy on which Mr. Gompers claims to unite them is that which alone can help the very socialists of Germany and Austria, who plotted to influence the international counsels of labor. Those of Austria are much concerned to have the war stopped by a concerted socialist movement in all countries, to force all governments alike to come to an immediate peace. They were really speaking in the interests of the Austrian people."

And thus will Mr. Gompers, and the great body of American labor which he represents, have contributed to the discussion of the war, and to a clarifying of the atmosphere, as distinctive a service as have American arms to military operations on the field.



From the Bystander, London

Labor plays the winning card

Taking it Out



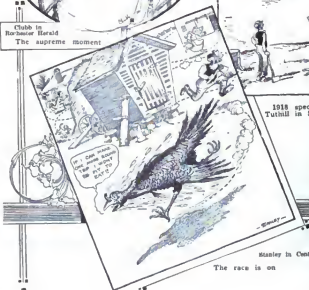
"Just before the battle."—A cartoon by Donahy in Cleveland Plain Dealer.



Club in Rochester Herald
The supreme moment



1918 species.—A cartoon by Tuthill in St. Louis Star.



Stanley in Central Press Association

The race is on

On the Turkey



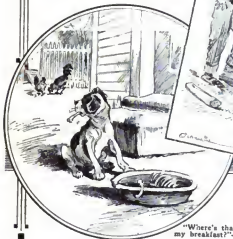
Darling in Des Moines Register
Where preparedness invites war



"Ma, what if Hoover saw us now?"—A cartoon by Clubb in the Rochester Herald.



O'Loughlin in Portland Evening Telegram
It can't be done



"Where's that old gobbler that always drove me away from my breakfast?"—A cartoon by Sumner in the Detroit Tribune.



Williams in Indianapolis News

War-time Sunday, 1918 style

Discovering Dobbin

By James O'Hara

Old Simpson, I dare say, would not impress you on a casual meeting as being more than an ordinary sort—you know, the kind of chap that wears polka dot ties and derby hats and blue-serge suits, year in and year out. His eye does not sparkle with the light of genius, and you might even call him a bit heavy.

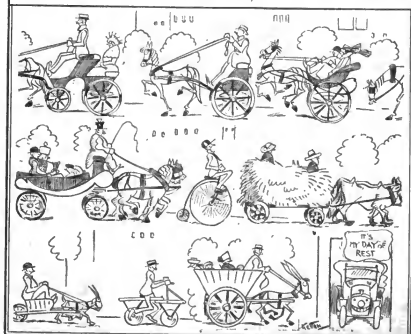
But I'm telling you that Bob Simpson is all there when it comes to reaching right up into the blue and pulling down an idea. I don't mean the sort of idea that you and I have. You know: about patterns in spats, uniforms

for your chauffeur—that sort of thing. No, the old boy is a chap with big ideas. By Jove, he can even change his own tires—believes a chap isn't hurt by knowing things like that. He can get into his things without his valet, if he has to, and is—well, if he didn't have a good vein of common sense, he'd be a dangerous citizen—for a chap can know too much of things like that. A lot of agitators start like that.

But as I was saying, old Bob has a lot of bally ideas, but the balliest of all was when



Briggs in New York Tribune
How to get to the golf course on a gasless Sunday



Getting about

Ketten in New York Evening World



Donahy in Cleveland Plain Dealer
Grandpa shows 'em he's still a sport

der nobody had thought of it before. For come to ponder over it, as the story people say, there really is no reason why, if horses can be used to draw beer wagons they could not also be attached as a propulsive force to vehicles of other kinds. They could be used to rustle around coal, you know, and for delivering things, and thus save gas every day in the week. It is most extraordinary no one having ever thought of it before.

Consequently I said as much to Simpson.

"Really, old gob, I didn't think you had it in you!"

"Easy!" he said, heaving a chest in the style of Miller, the physical trainer chap at the Club. "You know, I think of things like that every day."

And I saw a chance to put him to the test without much ado—you know, without tarrying over probabilities as to his prowess, as it were, but to tie him down to actualities. So I said, in a casual tone, and with an off-hand,

far-away look in my eye, as though I were buying a ticket for Tasmania:

"Well, grant that the police would permit us to appear on the boulevards seated behind a pair of horses, what would you have us seated in? A beer wagon would be adequate, I'm willing to admit, but don't you think it might get us into the beastly papers?"

Simpson rose to the occasion.

"Just you leave that to me, my lad! Have I ever left you in the lurch? Have I ever failed you? Tell me, as man to man, have I? Have I?"

This conversation was going on over a little postscript to a stag affair at my apartments, in which we alone were participating. This accounts for Simpson's reiterated assurance of his ability to get me to Jeffold's. Oft-repeatedness of this kind is always my signal to

get Simpson to moving homeward, so I closed the discussion by agreeing with him:

"Yes, it's all right, but you'll have to keep stepping, for it's Friday night now, and you won't have much time to fix whatever it is you are going to fix for us to ride in."

I sent him on home, not doubting that Jeffold might have a dinner, per schedule, but that Simpson and I would not sit at the festive board.

The scene, as they say in the books, now shifts to Sunday morning. You are to picture me in bed, getting through with my morning cup of coffee, the affair of the horses quite out of my mind—utterly, quite utterly, forgotten, when who should waft in like a zephyr but Simpson.

"You're not ready?" he asked, surprised.

"For what pray?"



Ireland in Columbus Dispatch

The gasoline slacker will make it hard for the rest of us

And he had to remind me of the Jeffolds, only to be reminded by myself that on gasless Sundays the Jeffolds would have to bore themselves, so far as my going gaslessly was concerned.

"On the contrary, as soon as you are ready we shall set out. A conveyance awaits us below."

Why, the man is a wizard, no question. I descended to the street in due time, and there were a pair of horses attached to a vehicle not unlike those high, horseless carriages they used back in the nineties.

In fact, I accused him of rifling a museum somewhere and dismantling one of them.

"No," said Simpson, extending his chest once more, "I just put it together. Of course, I myself didn't do the craftsmanship on it, but—well, it's here, and now get in!"

And my word—Simpson had so cleverly planned its parts that the machine passed along the boulevards as easily and sprightly as a motor!

But the astonishing part of the story is yet to come.

Now that was Sunday before last. Word of our horse car got around so quickly that last Sunday, only a week later, you know, I counted no fewer than nine similarly constructed vehicles in the parks.

□ □ □



Donahay in Cleveland Plain Dealer

THANKSGIVING, 1918

"Hooray for Uncle Sam and Mr. Hoover!"

Wasn't it Napoleon who said that the knapsack of every French soldier contained a marshal's baton? Similarly, every American soldier is a potential general. This applies chiefly, of course, to the young soldier who has a lifetime ahead of him to generalize in. The man of forty-five, however, has reached middle life in comparative peace, and is unfitted for the business of becoming a batoneer. He is generally fighting with his wife, but that does not make a general of him. What he needs is an intensive course of training to help make up for the lost years. To afford this training I have started the Complex Correspondence Military Academy. It offers a course of one

What a Man of 45 e. O'Neal

hundred and fifty-seven lessons, each lesson giving expert, as it were, advice on a number of subjects that the soldier of forty-five should be on speaking terms with. The lessons are sent out one at a time, and with it a set of questions that the student should send in to the Academy. Generally the answers are kept strictly private. Just to show you what this incomparable system is like, and to show you how

easy it is to become a general (if you live that long) I am giving Lesson One, with questions, and answers as you might, or might not, make them. This lesson deals with personality, which you will agree, is something to think about.

LESSON ONE

Personality

To rise from the ranks you have got to have personality—not just a pinch of personality, but you must ooze it. All great men had personality. Noah had it, and Hamlet, not to mention Lenine and Trotsky.

If you don't have personality, and don't want it badly enough to go out and get it, you might just as well stay at home and become a mayor or something.

Question: (a) What must a man of forty-five have (b) to become what?

Answer: (a) He must have a grudge against the army. (b) That depends; generally yes.

Question: Name four people of personality.



Copyright, John T. McCutcheon

McCutcheon in Chicago Tribune

Closing in on him

Forty-Five Ought to Know

Answer: General Lee Speaking, the Fex of Turkey, the Head Influenza of Spain, and that creditor who hopes to extract money from me while my moratorium is on.

Question: If you can't accumulate personality what course should you pursue?

Answer: Of course. If this doesn't work learn to swear and be a sergeant.

Legs

Good legs are an important



Kirby in New York World
Reporting for duty



Cassell in New York Evening World Copyright, World Free Publishing Co.

Hoping to get by!

arm of the service, since you can't have personality and bowed limbs at the same time. If your legs are bent on being bent, get assigned to service in Archangel. They wear overcoats to the ground there, and they'll never know you've even got legs. If you insist on staying in a warmer zone, however, you might make good in encompassing movements, although most units carry compasses and calipers in their kits. Extreme cases of bowed legs should join the navy, where the costumes effectively drape slight deficiencies as to legs. Only they don't have generals in the navy. Then you can always have 'em operated on, either having 'em cut off and wooded limbs, of the hidden hinge, self-starting, three-speed variety, attached, or have



Kettner in New York World

Dad in line, too

'em warped into perpendicularity by binding 'em to heavy splints. Use mahogany—it won't splinter, and can be done in the Chippendale style.

Question: What are important factors in running an army?

Answer: Legs.

Question: The great General DeCline, or somebody, said that an army travels on its stomach. Why, then, have legs at all?

Answer: Give it up.

Question: That's where you're wrong. They have to have legs to fasten puttees to.

Answer: This is becoming personal, not to say intimate. Let's do talk about something else.

Question: Just as you will.

Appearance

Personal appearance—lots of it—is necessary for a man who wants to become a general. You must have regular features—red hair, a beetling brow, an underslung jaw, thin lips, like your mother-in-law; piercing black eyes that never quaver, even in the presence of a second lieutenant; erect carriage, with a chest like von Hindenburg's. Your cheeks should balance, so if you do chew tobacco, part it in the middle instead of mobilizing it on one side of your face.

And now that we are on the subject of faces, wear yours smooth. General Grant had a beard, we know, but a number of things happened to General Grant. For one thing he got in that dreadful war; and besides he had



Rogers in New York Herald

Your Uncle Samuel is going to see it through



McGurk in Philadelphia Record

Batter up!

to be president of the United States,—and finally, he died. Besides, they don't wear 'em this year. You can get away with whiskers in the Dead Sea region, but everywhere else they are passé, just like debacles. Why, you stand no more chance of winning a battle if you go in for debacles than a bolshevik has of becoming lord mayor of London.

It is immaterial what kind of razor you use—only get it straight: you must shave. Close shaves, we might add, are always the rage.

Attention should be paid constantly to clothes. Never permit yourself to become dowdy. Never appear at parade with your coat unbuttoned, or with only one puttee; if you affect the spiral puttee it must not be kept in place by means of safety pins.

Student: Why are they so darned fussy?

Question: Search us. We started out to be a corporal one time, and got the guard house for lifting our hat to a captain. But the army is like that. If you want to become a major you can't go about looking like a miner. You can't be too particular if you want to become a general. Now then, what about features?

Student: You have to have them.

Question: What do you do when you are on the march?

Answer: Throw 'em over the chandelier. By the way, does a general have a manieuring department?

Question: No; he has to depend on the rank and file. But you mustn't interrupt.

What is a becoming gait for an aspirant to a generalship?

Question: Depends on whether he is coming or going. As for myself—

Question: It so happens that you are not running this questionnaire.

Disposition

A general should always be firm, yet amiable.

When a man in the ranks starts to bawl you out you must not mix it with him. The reason for this is, not that he might make you look like a shrapnel explosion, but that it is not manly, nor in the best traditions of the army. You must assert the dignity of your rank and take it out in glaring at him.

Give him the cold and stony, and next time you see him cut him dead. Insubordination must be kept down at all costs. The idea is to strike a happy medium. You must see that your men keep this attitude toward you—that you would be a swell guy to know in civil life.

But you are not in civil life, and your station makes it impossible even to play pinochle with a man from the ranks, unless you

play a rank game, when you can camouflage him as a deck hand who comes to clean up on you.

A simpler way would be to promote him to be aide de camp (pronounced "con").

Question: When should a general cut a private dead?

Answer: When he can't stay in the game any longer.

Question: When should he give him the icy stare?

Answer: He shouldn't; he should meld.

Question: When should you strike a happy medium?

Answer: When he's happiest. It's safest then. But that is not so important as the question of where you will strike him.

Question: Where would you strike a happy medium?

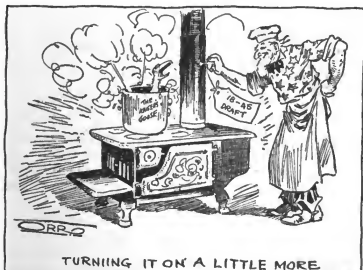
Answer: In the mess tent.

Question: Define "dignity of your rank."

Answer: There is no such thing. You probably mean the "rank of your dignity." This cannot be defined.

And thus the lessons I have prepared for the Complex Corresponding Military Academy!

And there are one hundred and fifty-



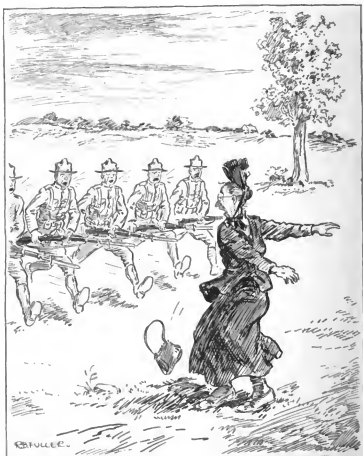
TURNING IT ON A LITTLE MORE

Off in Chicago 1918

six more of them. You will have to admit that they are different from anything else you have ever seen. The cry of the army is for officers. Why, if the war lasts long enough

the Academy will be turning out officers so fast that we shall have to mobilize the Mexicans in order to get privates for them to lead.

□ □ □



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by R. B. Fuller

Aunt Jimima unwittingly strays onto the home guards' training ground

FINDING OUT ABOUT THE INDIAN

BY
JOHN NICHOLAS
BEFFEL

DRAWINGS BY
DOROTHY PHELPS



Scene: Main Street of an agency town in a far western reservation. Wooden houses and stores, with mountains in background. Indians in varied attire, sunning themselves on store porches. Hotel and souvenir stand in foreground. A summer morning.

An Indian, garbed in civilized clothes that do not fit over-well, sits in a lounging chair on the hotel veranda, gazing off toward the hills.

A Tourist approaches, and engages the Indian in conversation. The Tourist writes in note-book when he thinks the Indian isn't looking.

Tourist: "You heap big chief?"

Indian: "No; chief over there." (Points toward a building bearing a sign: "General Store.")

"You speak English?"

"Pretty good."

"Well, maybe you can tell me some things I want to know. I'm a visitor here. I'm spending a month traveling all through the West. Making a study of it. Gathering material for a lecture on the Indian, before a club I belong to back in Vermont

where I come from—the Truth-Seeking Club. You understand what I mean, do you? Lecture—club—many men gathered in a room and one man talking?"

"I know—make noise like Indians in a devil dance."

"Sometimes—yes, sometimes now they do get excited when a strong statement is made."

(Indian continues gazing at mountains.)

Tourist: "There's one very important question I want to ask you. Do you think in the Indian language or in English?"

"Hard work to think in English—and lonesome!"

"Clever answer, I must say. Awfully clever. You're a bright one. What do you do for a living?"

"I'm a farmer, and—"

"Oh, I see, a merry husbandman!" (Laughs.)

(Indian turns to him wonderingly.)

Tourist: "Oh, I didn't mean married man; I meant farmer. Husbandman means the same as farmer. That's a word poets use." (Sudden thought seems to strike him.)

"I don't suppose you have any poets out here on the reservation, have you?"



"Once when the Indians were chasing him he used it for a boat"

Indian: "Poets no good for work on farm. Eat lots, but lazy."

"No, I don't suppose they would be much good for farm work."

(Indian goes on communing with the distance.)

Tourist: "You have ridden on the railroad?"

"Yes."

"How did you like it?"

"Not enough air in the cars."

"Except hot air. Hrrl barl You don't know what that means, do you—hot air?"

"Yes—dry like the winds on the sands—burns my nose and ears."

"Yes, that's right—burns nose and ears." (Makes notes.) "By George, that's pretty good. My lecture will make 'em sit up!"

Indian (touching the Tourist's heavy silver watch-chain): "Where did you get that? Got lots of watch-chains on souvenir stand, but no chains like that."

Tourist: "I should say not. That's an heirloom—very old, you know, handed down from my father and grandfather and great-grandfather. That chain was worn by Daniel Boone when he came over here. I'm a descendant of his. Know who Daniel Boone was?"

"Mr. Boone runs the agency."

"Daniel Boone was an explorer—white man; came from England many years ago—many, many moons. All Indians in America then. He carried an axe and explored Kentucky—Kentucky, big state back East. He was a great man. The Indians killed him because he wouldn't join their tribe. I have a grandfather's clock he carried with him—grandfather's clock, big, high clock with a pendulum—"

"Maybe like cuckoo clock in hotel?"

"Something like that, only great big—like box—like coffin, and Daniel Boone used to pack provisions in it. Once, when the Indians were chasing him, he used it for a boat. You can see where the paddles scraped the sides. A man named Bruler in St. Louis—St. Louis, Missouri—sold it to me for two hundred dollars. It was worth five hundred. Only he didn't know it. I made him think I didn't want it very much. I'm pretty sharp when it comes to buying things. I just came from St. Louis—never had such a long two-days' ride in my life—awfully dusty—too many dry states between here and St. Louis—dry states; you know—where you can't get anything but



ginger-ale on the trains. . . . Any prairie dogs around here?"

"Yes, lots of prairie dogs, over back of the agency."

"Any of them ever bite you?"

"Lots of times."

"What do you do when they bite you?"

"Holler."

"Holler—well, by cracky, that's good. That's just what a fellow would do, wouldn't he?" (Makes notes.) "I wonder if whiskey wouldn't be good for a prairie dog bite? It's good for snake bite. Do you drink whiskey?"

"Yes . . . when I can't get beer."

"You like to work on your farm, do you?"

"I don't work on it. There's a man out here from Ohio running it on shares. I get sixty per cent."

"Don't you do any work at all?"

"Yes, I own the souvenir stand and—"

"Is that so? Nice stand you have here. Reminds me of one in Washington—Washington, D C.—the capital, you know. Good many souvenir stands in Washington—good ones, too. I picked up some fine Indian blankets down there—brighter than any I've seen here. Washington's a great place. I was there at the reunion of the 176th Rhode Island Volunteers—my uncle was in that—he was a soldier—killed in the Battle of the Wilderness. . . . The driver of one of those sight-seeing automobiles told me a corking story when I was there. It was

about a woman who said it was no wonder Washington Irving could write such good poetry when he lived in an inspiring place like Washington. She meant it, too. You meet some funny people when you're traveling. And the driver told me another good story—about a man drinking gasoline. He lived in—"

(Conversation interrupted by telegraph operator in shirt-sleeves, who hands telegram to the Indian.)

Indian (after reading it): "Excuse me. Conference of oil interests in St. Louis day after tomorrow. I'll have to run over on the noon train today to make it. Maybe I'll see Mr. Bruler in St. Louis. I buy goods from him for my souvenir stand. Talk to my clerk in the hotel here—anything else you want to know about Injuns?"

Tourist: "You own this hotel, do you? Well, by hek!"

Indian: "Yes, and if you're in Washington when Congress is in session, look me up, I represent my State in the lower house."



"In Washington"

(Shakes hands with the Tourist.) "Glad to meet you. Good-bye!"

(Indian burries into hotel. Tourist makes elaborate notes, and finally starts in the direction of the souvenir stand.)

An English Fun Maker



From the *Painting Show, London*

HOLIDAY TAXES—A VISION OF THE FUTURE

Government Official: Inhalation of osone tax, please—five shillings!

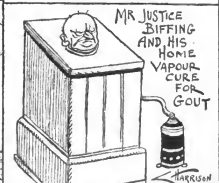
The Art of Charles Harrison By James Malone Farrell

The war has had two effects upon English humorous art. It has "made" a host of new men—Bairnsfather and W. K. Haselden, for example; while it has ripened and enriched the work of the older men. Among the latter is Charles Harrison, whose contemporary work concerns itself with situations created by the war, or not—it matters not at all: his work has taken on added flavor, color, if you choose to think of it that way, that one feels somehow has the war as a background. Every craftsman, no matter what his art, who is alive in these days of stress, who is able to react keenly to the forces that surge about him, has grown in the same direction. Every artist who was truly great before the war, and who has related himself properly toward the war, is vastly greater as the result of the war. His outlook toward things is apt to be more human; more likely than not a mellowness has crept into his work; if

formerly he dealt in satire, he now turns more and more to pure humor, in which the whimsical plays a leading part.

This change has come about very positively in the field of humor, with the result that whimsy has come into her own as never in the past. Gone is the old straining after effect; the complicated jests and the intricate situations; simplicity is the end sought after, and usually achieved, with the result that the new humor is to the old as the O. Henry yarn is to the old three-volume novel.

Among the older English humorists who have grown with the war is, we say, Charles Harrison, who is a sort of twentieth-century Dickens. We use the word "older" merely in the sense that he does not belong to the new school. He is well within the limits of middle age, as years go, and far within the limits of middle age as to spirit, which is that of youth.



From London Opinion, London

AT NEXT YEAR'S ROYAL ACADEMY—PERHAPS
Sir John Lavery's picture of his wife in bed may start a new style in portraiture.



From *London Opinion*, London

Bill (to his friend, a munitionaire): 'Ere, Alf, hurry up and buy this for yer front parlour, before it's taxed as a luxury!

Harrison had an interesting background for his artistic career. He came of a London family with theater traditions, and he himself began life as a child actor when a small lad. One of the plays which he recalls as having taken part in was "Oliver Twist"—but this is not all there is to the story. The cast included such great dramatic lights as Henry Irving, Brough, and Toole.

After a few years, Harrison gave up the

stage and went to London, where in course of time he took evening classes, not many, in drawing. It is an interesting fact that these lessons constituted the only instruction in art that he ever received. His only instructor has been observation and an intense interest in life—and, of course, much hard work in the mastering of his technique. Also, while we are upon the subject of the artist's technique, we may mention the



"Yes, mum, we've all got to cut down our pleasures in war time. Why, for the first time for twenty years we ain't got no performin' here down here."—A Harrison drawing in Punch © London.



From the sketch, London
Tommy (inspecting the museum, to an echolarly visitor): Beg pardon, sir, but who is this 'ere party in potties?—A Harrison drawing in the Sketch, London.



Native (describing attractions of resort to visitor): And on wet days, when the visitors feel a bit dull like, they comes in 'ere and starts the moddies workin'.—A Harrison drawing in the Passing Show, London.



From Punch & London

SOME OF THE GREATEST FIGURES OF ALL AGES
Recently discovered, by German research, to have been of Teutonic birth

fact that his pictures are done without models. For his figures he depends alone upon observation and a keen memory.

But the stage still called him, and presently he returned, going into a stock company that was "doing" the provinces. Judging from Mr. Harrison's account, the manager of this company must have been a person of temperament, for often the company were given not more than twenty-four hours, in which to learn the parts of a new play just decided upon. The artist, him-

self a man of temperament, decided upon a less tempestuous career, and went back to art. He settled in London, and hung out a free lance shingle.

Success came early, his first big commission being to illustrate a series of children's books, chiefly nursery things, which he did in colors. Then came the idea of humorous drawings for *Funny Folks*, a children's magazine. These were a success from the start, and it was not long before he was taken onto the staff. From that time until the present his work has been confined entirely to the field of humor. Only once did he break away from free lancing, and that was when he joined the staff of the *London Daily Express* and essayed a daily cartoon. Mr. Harrison in describing his brief career as a cartoonist, says that it is a great life if you don't weaken. Of course, Mr. Harrison, being a believer in pure English doesn't put it that way, but it represents very well the conclusion he arrived at after six months of the strenuous life. But let him tell the story himself:

"For six months or so I drew a daily cartoon for the *Daily Express*, and it was a unique experience in taking a current topic, extracting all humor from it, and preparing the drawing at a rapid rate. I would arrange the subject with the editor between four and five o'clock, and as the sketch had to be finished by seven, it meant concentrating all my energy to draw a cartoon of six pictures by that time. Anxious engravers eager to make the block would hover about me with their watches in their hands. On days when topics were 'cartoonable,' to coin a word, it was delightful work, in spite of the rush, but on days when there



This the Writer's Plea, London

REALISM IN ART

Pavement Artist: I wish you'd keep your cat indoors, me'am; he's always licking off my fish studies.



From the Passing Show, London

Bert (at other end of booking office queue, to pal at front): There's one thing.
'Erb, we shall ori know each other when we git there.
'Erb: I'm sure. In fact, me an' these toffe 'ere 'ave already arranged to go paddlin' together in the mornin'!

was nothing doing, and topics were flat or difficult to extract any fun from, the cartoonist's lot was not a happy one. Still, though I have sometimes gone up the stairs of the Express office wondering what I was going to make a cartoon of for the next day's issue, the fates were usually kind and something was evolved. But I often used to get home about nine o'clock absolutely worn out. And so I came to the conclusion that the strain was too great."

And back he went to the adventures of free lancing. For this field he is particularly well adapted, being most prolific in ideas. Indeed, he is known in Fleet street as "the idea factory." His versatility is indicated by the fact that his work appears

regularly in Punch, London Opinion, Passing Show, Pearson's Weekly, the Bystander, Cassell's Saturday Journal, the Daily Mail, and the Sketch, while some of his work has appeared in American magazines. He can appeal to a field so diversified because everything is grist that comes to his mill. Flappers, street arabs, flower girls, benevolent old men, actors—these and a hundred other types come from his pen, absolutely true to life—sometimes touched up a bit by gentle satire, much as Dickens would have done, but for the greater part they represent the Smiths and the Joneses and the Browns, just as you meet them on any street, at any time of day, deeply intent upon the various businesses they are about.



From the Bystander, London

A hut among the Italian pines

Patching and Sketching 'Em



Americans and Others

Drawn by
WILL HOPE
of the American
Expeditionary
Force

TOMMY ATKINS—
BACK TO
THE FRONT



FINE
CORPS
MECHANIC
TYPE

BEHIND THE LINES—
WITH THE
SIGNALERS



AN AMERICAN TELLS
THE NEW ZEALANDER
SOME TALL STORIES



By Georges Boudin. In London: Illustrated News

The first Czechoslovak legion in France was formed some time ago, and fought as a corps attached to the French foreign legion. Since then its numbers have been increased by compatriots assembled from all over the world on the appeal of the National Czechoslovak Council, until the legion now counts as a western front army corps, with its own red-and-white national flag. A battalion flag recently presented by the City of Paris is here seen being sworn allegiance to.

Wiping Out the Siberian Salient

Japan has followed the lead of her allies, and recognized the sovereignty of the Czechoslovak nation. Thus the allied world are at one in determining that one part, at least, of the Austro-Hungarian empire, shall have independence



at the close of the war. And how gloriously they, these crusaders of liberty, have deserved it!

So recently as last March the Czechoslovak army numbered but fifty thousand troops under arms, and an additional fifty



From Auckland Weekly News, New Zealand

Why not turn on the tap?

thousand enlisted, but either unarmed or only partially equipped. At present the army has adequately armed and equipped probably eighty thousand men, perhaps more, but they are covering an enormous territory and guarding a very long line of communication. Indeed, that handful of men is now stretched out from Vladivostok almost across Siberia, constituting a meager enough guard for the trans-Siberian railway, but still constantly pushing its way west, assisted by the Japanese and American

expeditions. The army is none too numerous, but it is constantly growing, and has been able, wherever they have come in conflict with the Russian red guards and Germans, to wrest victory from them, and pursue their slow, but steady march.

Siberia, ever since the collapse of Russia, had, for several months, been a problem to the allies; in it the Germans held a dangerous salient that stretched to the Pacific, and that was rich in raw materials of all kinds, with population sufficient to make it a valuable recruiting ground for the German armies, all, as recent documents published by the government at Washington have shown, to be had from Lenine and Trotsky for the asking.

With the triumphal march of the Czecho-Slovak army, this vast territory is slipping out of Germany's grasp; while, with the progress of the allied expedition, working into Russia from the north, even Russia offers promise of being reclaimed to decency and order.

The history of the actual fighting begins from the latter part of May, last. The Czecho-Slovak army, it will be remembered, had been given permission by the bolshevik government to pass across Siberia to embark at Vladivostok for America and France. Bolshevik treachery, however, delivered them into German hands, so that when a troop train arrived at the Irkutsk station it was surrounded by three thousand red guards, the majority of whom were German and Hungarian prisoners of war. All



Besterfield in Fargo Courier-News

Coming events cast their shadows before



From La Victoire, Paris

The Master to the Bolshevik: The Czechs and Japs approach! Cry "The Revolution is in danger!" Louder than that!

were commanded by German officers. The Czecho-Slovaks had only one gun to each ten men, while all around them were machine guns and field pieces. When the officer gave the command in German to shoot, the Czecho-Slovaks with hare hands turned on their enemies, captured their weapons from them, and in half an hour had the station in their power.

On May 29th, an attempt was made at Penza to arrest the Czecho-Slovaks, who were then passing through. The bolsheviks were prepared for resistance, and the Czecho-Slovaks at the depot had to defend themselves until help came from troop trains that had passed earlier, and in a battle lasting thirty-six hours they captured the bolshevik leaders and almost all the munitions that for the last two months had been surrendered by them in that very city.

That was the beginning of the struggle between the bolsheviks and the Czecho-Slovaks. The first step taken by the Russian branch of the Czecho-Slovak National Council was to declare the entire Siberian railroad a military zone and to take it over

from the Russians. From that time on one town after another was occupied, so that in the course of two weeks three thousand miles of railroad track between Penza and Lake Baikal, including the fertile parts of Siberia and eastern Russia, were in the hands of the Bohemians.

Later came open war with the bolsheviks and the Czecho-Slovaks in Vladivostok, who for two months, in spite of many insults and provocations from their enemies in the bolshevik red guard, kept the peace in the great Russian Pacific port, now occupied Vladivostok. The bolsheviks fled up the Amur railroad and managed to hold the track between Chita, the junction east of Irkutsk, and Nikolsk, the junction north of Vladivostok. In European Russia the Czecho-Slovaks strengthened their hold on cities of the lower Volga and began to extend their detachments along the Petrograd branch of the Siberian road in the general direction of Archangel.

Thousands of new recruits in the meantime were coming in from prison camps, so that the original army of 50,000 grew to number fully 100,000. The recruits from



Rehak in New York World

Resuscitation



W.A. Ryder
Rogers in New York Herald

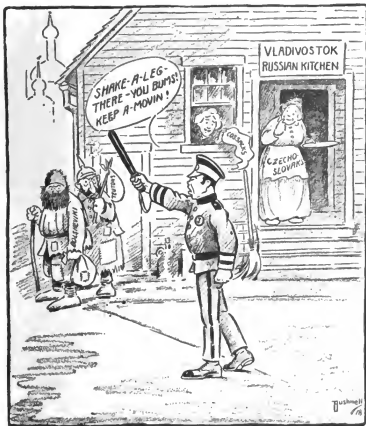
Out of the wilderness

Turkestan and the Caucasus occupied the northern Caucasian provinces and incidentally captured two Russian cruisers in a Black Sea port, while in the northern end of Russia a small Czecho-Slovak detachment defeated a much larger body of Finns and Germans.

"A new chapter in the history of the Czecho-Slovak campaign in Russia begins," says Dr. J. F. Smetanka, a director of the Czecho-Slovak National Council, "with the decision of the Czecho-Slovak leaders to keep their men in Russia for the purpose

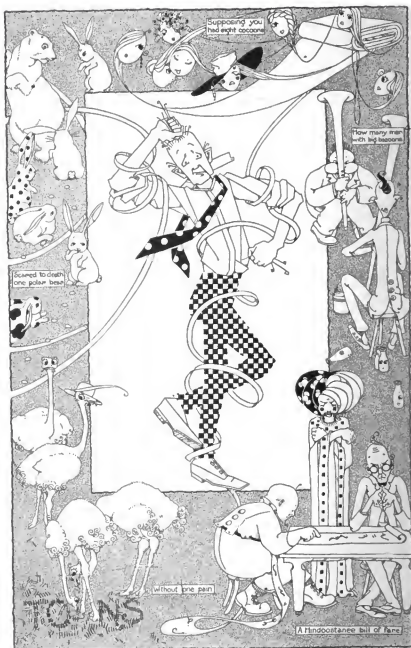
of bringing this great nation out of the chaos into which it fell; a decision strengthened by the important resolution taken by the allies to back the brave Czecho-Slovaks in their Russian operations."

In this way has the bolshevik treachery proved advantageous in the long run, both to the allied cause and to the Czecho-Slovak nationals, and these forces, though small, are proving of greater value, many times over, in fighting on the east front for Russia and Siberia than by fighting with the allies in France.



Bushnell In Central Press Association

A new policeman on the beat



If every hobo
had one home

An Arithmetical Arietta

By Sophie E. Redford

Decorations by JOSEPHINE McCULLY

Supposing you had eight cocoons,
And made them spin a bolt of silk—
How many men with big bossoons
Could drink one hundred quarts of milk?

If every hobo had one home,
And every home was in the clear—
How many cubic feet of foam
Are on a dozen kegs of beer?

If every moving picture show
Would give you ten or twenty reels—
How many miles do chousseurs go
On fifty-five automobiles?

If six jock-rabbits put to raut,
And scored to death one polar bear—
How many folks can figure out
A Hindustanee bill of fare?

If one potato had eight eyes,
And every eye began to wink—
How many funny drogan flies
Could skate at once upon a rink?

If forty ostriches con feed
On tons of nails without one pain—
How many folks will ever read
This song and never go insane?

ten or twenty reels

Upon a rink

Lines of chousseurs

Cubic feet of foam

Every eye began to wink



From the Bulletin, Sydney, Australia

Shall the civilized world treat this hideous thing as an equal?

The Lonesome One

The German kaiser, on a recent visit to Essen, was described as looking very grave—"and his hair has become very gray." Other reports from Germany represent von Gott's boss as showing signs of the rough handling that four years of war have subjected him to. Long ago the fact began to filter into his feeble brain that the jig was up, and the grave look and the gray hairs are for the disaster that he sees ahead of him.

The kaiser's wrinkles are a symbol of a wrinkled and gray-haired nation. The people of Germany see just ahead of them, not only disaster to their arms, but they see themselves an Ishmael race, ostracized and cold-shouldered by the entire civilized world. And the intellectual isolation will be had enough, but coupled with this will be an economic isolation that will forever put an end to insane Prussian dreams of world conquest.

Herr Ballin, the greatest figure in the German shipping world, saw this when he said a few months back:

"We need a doughty armored peace. We

cannot demand liberty from our antagonists when we apply compulsion ourselves. We cannot fight for the freedom of the seas and at the same time seal the door of central Europe."

Especially are the German leaders concerned just now with what they speak of as the "transition period"—that is to say, the months that will intervene between the signing of peace and the turning of industry back into its normal channels. Gone is the cocky assurance about Germany imposing her will upon the rest of the world during this period; no longer do we read about an economic peace dictated and worked out in Berlin. Germany now begins to talk about "cooperation" with the other world powers—all with a note of craven fear that goes well with the grave looks and gray hairs of the nation. Herr Feiler, of the editorial staff of the Frankfurter Zeitung, an authority in the field of economics, has gone so far in this direction as to give his support, in a long article, to a proposal advanced by Doctor Dernburg (who will be remembered as the kaiser's personal spokesman in this

SOUVENEZ-VOUS!



A POSTER ISSUED BY A FRENCH ORGANIZATION WHOSE EFFORTS ARE DIRECTED TOWARD PROMOTING A BOYCOTT OF GERMAN GOODS AFTER THE WAR

Translation: Remember! This German who has killed, burned, pillaged. And this representative of the factory, who will offer you its products, and who will wish once more to install himself in your midst—he is ever the same! Don't forget it! Join the league. Remember!

country after the outbreak of the war in 1914) in favor of an international board to control the distribution of shipping. He suggests that all the countries come to an agreement and establish an international distributing committee, armed with the powers of an arbitration court, which, on lines determined upon beforehand, will decide how the raw materials that may be forthcoming should be distributed, forwarded by sea, and paid for. It will be necessary, he says, for a large part of the world's shipments to be under uniform management, and the various states should be led, or, if necessary, compelled, to deliver large quantities of raw materials for the benefit of mankind at large. In other words, there must be an alliance of the nations in order that all may be supplied with the raw materials they need.

At all events, if we are to believe this writer, it cannot be too often emphasized that "the war can only be regarded as not lost for Germany, economically speaking, and that the peace can only be an actual peace for Germany when every form of economic war, at all events one with government sanction, is eliminated. After the war Germany must be able to carry on her

world-economy as before, buying from every country what she needs, selling to every country what her labor has to offer in payments for her imports, plying at will on every sea-route and in every port, and that, too, without the payment of special dues, all differentiation being eliminated, equal rights being shared with other nations, and the most-favored-nation clause being applied to Germany, as she is willing to apply it to other nations."

That does not sound like the junker junk we had to listen to up within the past year, say. Why, the writer even pictures a Germany sitting at the feet of England, much straddled England, and learning of British "transition" plans, in order that Germany may keep up her end in the era of good feeling that she jollies herself into believing she will participate in.

In a spirit of the utmost magnanimity he points out the importance to German manufacturers of acquainting themselves with English proposals for the transition period, and alludes to the part played by Dr. Addison in diverting English industries to war work. Scientific business management on a large scale is to be England's motto for the future, he remarks, and it should be noted

that England's former hostile attitude to cartels has been considerably modified during the war, and such measures as the non-ferrous metals bill, the Anglo-Austrian zinc agreement, the Anglo-colonial wool agreement, the contemplated control of Egypt's cotton export, and the preferential duties, in favor of the entente powers, on India's export of raw jute, are all to be regarded as part of an economic war, says the writer.

And just there Germany is nursing a well-

developed in-growing fear. Herr Feiler professes to believe that sensible people in England regard these proposals with disfavor as leading to no real peace, and adds that all such schemes merely emphasize the importance of colonial possessions and also of maintaining the "open door" in such colonial possessions.

But he knows, just as all observers in Germany know, that there will be no open door for German trade—that whatever of



Harding in Brooklyn Eagle

"We are friendless."—German Press.



Harding in New York Tribune

Folks with children in the house should be careful about using rough on rats.

open-door agreements the allies may make among themselves, there can be no place for a German commerce on a common basis with the allies and the rest of the world.

All this climbing down from the great structure of pretensions that Germany had built up is amusing, indeed, but the most mirth-provoking feature of Herr Feiler's article is its reference to the textile trade, which summarizes the resolutions of the British committee for examining post-war commercial policy, which, Herr Feiler be-

lieves, are of great importance to Germany.

If the principal producers, Britain and the United States of America keep their produce to themselves and their allies, the situation, the writer proceeds, may become very critical for the German and Austrian textile industry. It will have to do with a great deal less cotton, and even this small amount will be very difficult to get, so that war substitutes, flax, hemp, kapok, vegetable silk, nettles, bulrush fiber, and cel-lulon yarn will still have to be widely used.

Cotton growing will have to be increased in German colonies, but it will not be possible to achieve much. Egypt is the only part of Africa with considerable cotton production (that is, with 350,000 tons) which might be seized at once. If Germany, he says, could occupy this country—only temporarily, until it establishes its own government—there would be no more worry about raw materials during the transition period, for, with command of the supplies of the Egyptian long-staple, fine fiber essential to Britain's fine cotton spinning, she could force the allies to give it the coarser fiber

necessary for its industry on easier terms than she could otherwise obtain.

If Egypt could only be in the possession, even temporarily, of Germany—! For that matter if Germany could control any of the sources of raw materials essential to rebuilding her commerce! But those markets are forever closed to any Germany that puts her ambitions for commercial supremacy above the business of being decent—closed to any Germany, indeed, that fails to regard spiritual and intellectual supremacy as entirely outweighing commercial welfare.

□ □ □



Published in *Cartoonists* 11000-0000

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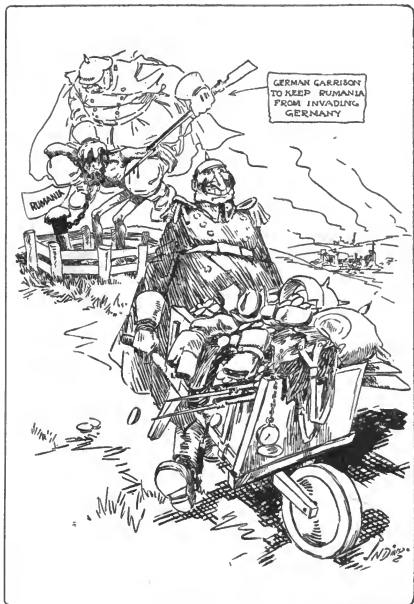
A literary discussion is pulled off in the front line trenches during a grenade attack.



From *London Opinion*, London

**WILHELM THE PICKPOCKET: DONNER UND BLITZEN! ANOTHER
EMPTY PURSE!**

(It is officially admitted by Germany that the Rumanian wheat harvest has been
a complete failure)



Germany's idea of peace

Darling in New York Tribune

two eastern allies, Turkey and Bulgaria, are at loggerheads, prepared to battle out between them the question of who shall have the lion's share of the Rumanian province of Dobrudja, which was ceded to Bulgaria as a reward for her entry into the war on the side of the central powers. But Turkey also lays claim to part of the province. Germany finds it to her interests to let the two countries fight it out so long as they confine their fighting to a battle of words, punctuated with an occasional snarl and growl. A decision either way, in fact, might easily mean a withdrawal of the other from the war. The recent resignation of Premier Radoslav, of Bulgaria, who failed, in his ne-

gotiations with Berlin, to secure guarantees for the satisfaction of his demands, indicates the tenseness of the situation, so far as Bulgarian feeling goes.

German statesmen have no illusions now concerning the kind of "hell brew" they wished on their country when they formulated the Rumanian peace terms. To distribute sweetness and light among peoples so utterly diverse as the Bulgarians and Turks, and to keep them gentle toward one another, is a big job all in itself; then to add to the list a proud race like the Rumanians, with intense national ideals, is only to provide a task to tax a more ingenious set of diplomats than Germany will ever possess.



Ireland in Columbus Dispatch

ALL PRESENT AND ACCOUNTED FOR

The heroic death of Quentin Roosevelt, American airman, well demonstrated the spirit of embattled democracy, as against the selfish spirit of Prussian caste. Ireland's cartoon catches the significance of the incident with fine satire.



From London Opinion, London

May the time never come when a man is forced to share his cigarette with a friend.

No Smoker Can Feel Really Puffed Up *Moral: Join the Army*

The old woodshed—remember the refuge which it offered when you first learned to smoke? Father and mother did not sympathize with you in your desire to acquire a manly art like smoking, and, you know, had a blue-beech gad all warmed up should you emerge upon their view with a pipe or a cigarette in your face. And you did not dare confront the other fellows, lest they squeal. So, scrunched down behind the rain-barrel, you smoked in dire dread of being caught at it.

That is the experience that comes to you today as you put on your slippers and smoking jacket and hop to it. You know—a delicious feeling of seclusion comes upon you, and as you blow soft rings that tremble a

moment in the air and then melt away, you would not care if Herbert Hoover, himself, and a whole regiment of conservers came past—only you would make sure the shades were drawn.

On the street, even with a liberty bond on your person, you feel a very slacker to be seen smoking up good tobacco, while fellows over there are obliged to go without. The hard glances that you feel beating upon your face as the jaunty sailors and undaunted soldiers pass by are bad enough, but when Bill Devons and Jack Bevin go past, beatified by a look of self-imposed abstemiousness, when all the boys are navigating the street with one foot on the water wagon and the other on the tobacco cart,



From Le Mire, Paris

"Is that a general staff chart?"

"No, it is a tobacco map, charting all the Paris tobacco shops, making it easier for one to get about and assure himself of his monthly tobacco allowance."

and you alone smoke in solo—when things come to such a pass as this, you might just as well fold up your pipe and lay it away, or else confine your indulgence to your own fireside, in full view of your lares and penates, with a prayer on your lips that till after the war a moratorium might be declared on conscience.

That explains the first reason why it is hard for the smoker to be puffed up. The second reason has to do with the fact that, until tobacco becomes a more important

and therefore more plentiful commodity than wheat, less and less puffing is going to be done at all. In Germany tobacco is a luxury, practically unheard of. An ersatz or substitute, tobacco is sold, but it is a disgusting product, according to the German papers. In France tobacco is almost as rare, being rationed to the public, and cigarettes and tobacco being got only with difficulty. In England the situation is less acute, though showing clearly the effect of war upon the supply.

Thus far the American civilian smoker has been able to get all the tobacco, of most kinds, that he desires—provided he was willing to pay the price. But to take no chances on the soldier in France having his smokes, and unwilling that the supply over there shall depend upon the uncertain mercies of public benefactions, the war department has put tobacco upon a ration basis, and will issue to every soldier four cigarettes, or two-fifths of an ounce of plug cut, daily.

Wherefore—if you want to make sure of getting yours, join the army.



From Enquella, Barcelona, Spain

If many more tobacco rulings go into effect, smokers will be restricted to ten puffs a day



From *Simplicissimus* © Munich

"I don't think the moon is quite so full and fat as it used to be!"

The Last Laugh

German humorous art will have very little reason in the future to be proud of its achievements during the great war. From the very start it has taken itself and the war with extreme seriousness. Scarcely ever does a ray of light and genuine humor strike across the pages of *Simplicissimus* and *Der Jugend*, and other of the leading German humorous journals. Especially is this true in the case of *Simplicissimus*, which seems to have given itself over, body and soul, to the propaganda of hate.

The ersatz cigar cartoon on another page represents very well the spirit of German war humor when occasionally it

does so far forget itself as to approach a whimsical attitude toward things. But how far is this from the art of a Bairnsfather!

Also the German cartoonist turns his shafts now and then upon a purely domestic problem like profiteering—a specimen of which we reproduce on another page. But forming the favorite, and almost universal, theme of the German humorous cartoonist are the hated allies—and particularly the British. The French, for some reason or other, have not been assailed with a great degree of venom by the German cynics, but no cheap joke, no acrid witticism has been overlooked in their efforts to cast aspersions



From Skepticism ©, Munich

ENGLISH POLICEMAN IN PARIS

"You mustn't run away from the Germans!"
 "Oh, is that the privilege of the English soldiers at the front!"

upon the British. The Picardy retreat of last spring has been worked over-time; every particle of juice in the orange has been squeezed out—if, indeed, there were any material for humor in the situation to begin with, even from the standpoint of victors. As a result we have such cartoons as those contained in the group on another page.

And there is a favorite trick that the German artist loves to ring the changes on, and that is to present the British in a relation to the French that is calculated to



From Lustige Blätter ©, Berlin

"Only a few drops of rain and my cigar begins to sprout."

cause friction and suspicion between the two peoples; always the British are shown in a position of inferiority to the French;



From Lustige Blätter ©, Berlin

THE MUNITIONS MAKER IN GERMANY

German War Profiteer: We don't want any bill of fare; just bring along three portions of all your most expensive dishes!



From Der Brummer 65, Berlin

**ONE BY ONE THEY EAT THE PEACE SOUP WHETHER
THEY LIKE IT OR NOT**

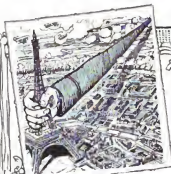
This cartoon was published in Der Brummer for April 30th, and has reached America only at this late day. It is an allusion to the peace treaties which Germany had recently signed with Rumania, the Ukraine, and the soviet government, then located at St. Petersburg.

as often as not they are in the position of learners, in which case their instructors often take them sharply to task for their stupidity—while one of the cartoons presented in connection with this article shows the British as having a corner on the prerogative of flight.

The newest object of the shafts of German ridicule are, of course, the American troops. It matters not at all that said

troops are engaged in the very pleasing business of thrashing the German armies—trifles like this do not discourage Teutonic humor from venting its spleen on the subject nearest at hand, which just now is America.

It is not to be wondered at, of course, that German artists use to the utmost whatever presents itself in the way of a war subject, with due consideration to the



From Lustige Blätter O. Berlin
120 Kilometres'



From Jugend, Munich

Generalissimo Foch: Now, then, naughty England, see that you stand firm when I issue orders.



From Simplicitas O. Munich
"Where did you get your military education, Major-General?"
"With Buffalo Bill as a trick shooter."



From Simplicitas O. Munich
"The war is lasting so long, Mr. Haig, that you will have a chance to go through a course at St. Cyr."



From Simplicitas O. Munich

PROGRESS IN THE WEST

British General: We have learned from the Germans that there should be only one commander. Now we want to learn also what orders he is to give.



From Kladderadatsch O. Berlin

THE FUGITIVES OF THE MARNE

The Gendarme: Look pleasant, please, till you have got past Paris.

psychology of winning. For German armies have had things pretty much their own way.

But wisdom should have led them to have some thought always to the fact that victory might play fickle with them and

one day side with the allies; they should have remembered that the last laugh is always the best laugh, and that their own discomfort would be bitter just to the extent that they had covered their adversaries with ridicule and cheap cynicism.



BRASS TACKS

Some things are easier to understand than others. Why Dutch merchants should ask Great Britain to settle for ships sunk by German U-boats is one of the others.—Knickerbocker Press.

That fine workman, Military Necessity, is again on the job in Germany. He never strikes, demands no extra pay for overtime, and has no objection whatever to working on Sundays.—New York Evening Post.

The "flivver tank" is next. That man Ford is certainly losing all chance of ever being decorated with an iron cross.—Oil City Blizzard.

A proud lineage may be a social asset, but many a family tree bears nothing but wall flowers.—Philadelphia Record.

Many a man exempted from military service will one day be exempted from political service.—Columbia (S. C.) State.

It is really expecting too much of a thrift stamp, Harold, to try to make it serve as letter postage and draw interest, too.—Chicago News.

The embargo on sardines is lifted. Coincident, it will be noted, with the cutting down of passenger service.—Milwaukee News.

When the wives go into politics at least it should strengthen home rule for the husbands.—Columbia (S. C.) State.

You never can tell. Many a man's power of diction succumbs to his wife's power of contradiction.—Philadelphia Record.

The Russian revolution started a year ago and it is still impossible to see the spokes of the pinwheel.—New York Sun.

Nevertheless it is on record, by no less authority than the kaiser's word for it, that Germany was once greatly alarmed over the Russian mobilization.—Rome Daily Sentinel.

And our guess is that the average patriotic Russian is about as haughty as a freshman in a hazing college.—Dallas News.

Don't set too much store by unremitting industry. The aut has been working steadily for six thousand years and is still an ant.—Topeka Capital.

Soon we may expect to hear a yawp from Berlin about the folly of American soldiers who cannot be frightened.—Albany Evening Journal.

On the whole Secretary Lansing has really got more good out of Count von Bernstorff's correspondence than the Count did himself.—Rochester Post-Express.

The Kansas automobile licenser had better lay in an extra supply of number plates. Indications are that the state will raise 100,000,000 bushels of wheat this year.—Indianapolis News.

Some reporters are so careless. For instance, the Athens man who sent in the story of the old negro woman who described a trip she made to Heaven while in a trance forgot to ask her if republicans are as scarce as ever there.—Macon Telegraph.

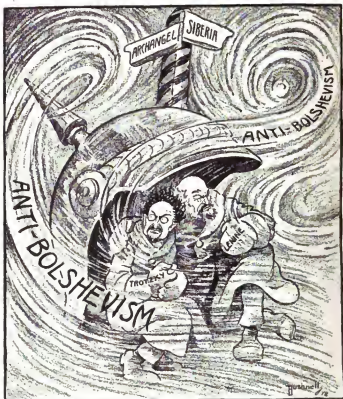


Illustration in Central Press Association

Shelter from the storm

Reaping the Whirlwind in Russia

Any doubt that may have remained about the relations between Lenin and Trotsky, as heads of the revolutionary movement in Russia, and the German government have been removed by the recent disclosures made by the state department at Washington. We have had charges of corruption brought against Lenin and Trotsky—and especially Lenin, Trotsky for some reason or other being regarded usually as an inno-

cent victim of the wiles of Lenin. Always, however, the bolsheviks in our own country and in Russia have met these charges with demands for proof, perfervidly asserting the innocence of the pair.

Well, our government, through the efforts of Edgar G. Sisson, who was in Russia last winter on behalf of the Committee on Public Information, has caught both men red-handed and has shown them both to have



From the Evening News, London

And more trouble coming!



Reprinted in New York Herald

SAID TO BE LEAVING

(Rumors were current at one time that Lenin and Trotsky had been forced to leave Moscow, and had taken refuge in Germany. Judging from the new revelations, that is the only fit place for them.)



From Iberia, Barcelona, Spain

Because he can't see me he thinks I don't exist

been in the pay of the German government; to have delivered Russia, part and parcel, into the hands of the Germans, according to contract; and to have betrayed even their comrades of the bolshevist group in Russia.

The long history of outlawry reveals nothing so dastardly as the course pursued by this pair of super-pirates. For gold they not only sold their country and their fellow radicals, but their very souls as well.

The story is of particular interest because it throws light on the nature of the animus back of the entire bolshevist movement. Bolshevism is based, first of all, upon greed

—the greed of a class who haven't as against a class who have; in order to take from the one class and degrade it that they might give to the other, and elevate it they would resort to any means, no matter how foul. And whenever the issue has been boiled down to the individual socialist leader, and that individual leader has been given a chance to benefit at the expense even of his own class, he has usually been ready to yield to the greed that has eaten its way into his soul, and to sell his fellow workers for a mess of pottage.

This has been the history of the bolshevist revolution in Russia. The reve-



From TI 420, Firenze

The giant is not slain, but is overcome with narcotics

lations made by the state department show that Lenin and Trotsky acted throughout as German agents by suppressing their own bolshevist revolution in the Russian provinces where their doctrines interfered with German plans of annexation. One of the documents is an original letter from the Petrograd department of the German general staff, addressed to the bolshevist commissar of foreign affairs. It reads: "According to instructions of the representatives of our general staff, I have the honor once more to insist that you recall from Estland, Liva and Courland all agitators of the central executive committee of the soviet of workmen's and soldiers' deputies." And in another document the general staff orders the bolsheviks to cease the agitation in Estland which had "finally led to the German landlords being declared outlawed," and to "take immediate steps for the restoring of the rights of the above mentioned German landlords."

Not only this, but Trotsky had given his personal word to the German government that he would not permit socialist agitation among the German troops. A note, sharply worded, reprimands Trotsky for failing to make good on his promise, and on the margin of the note Trotsky makes this minute: "I

ask to discuss it.—L. T." This note was as follows:

"(G. G. S. Nachrichten Bureau, Section R. No. 278-611, Feb. 7.)

"To the Commissar of Foreign Affairs: According to information of the secret service department it has been ascertained that the promise given personally by you, Mr. Commissar, in Brest-Litovsk, that socialistic agitational literature would not be circulated among the German troops is not being fulfilled. Tell me what steps will be



Humor in St. Joseph News-Press

The season for green apples



1918 Punch London

BURNING HIS FINGERS

Bolshevik (poising for the Triumph of Freedom): I don't think I feel like carrying on much longer. I believe this cursed thing must have been made in Germany.



From Kucuk, Barmina, Gyal

THE CUCKOO

Ukraine: Oh! Poor little dear! It is sad to see you so hungry!

taken in this matter.—For the head of the department, R. Bauer; adjutant, Heinrich.”

On February 25th, of this year, came another note in the same vein:

“(Gr. General Staff, Nachrichten Bureau, Section R, No. 753, Feb. 25.)

“To the Chairman of the Council of People’s Commissars: According to reports of our secret service in the detachments operating against the German troops and against the Austrian Ukrainian corps, there has been discovered propaganda for a national rising and a struggle with the Germans and their allies, the Ukrainians. I ask you to inform me what has been done by the government to stop this harmful agitation.—For the head of the department, R. Bauer; adjutant, Heinrich.”

Across the top was written: “Urgent to the commissars of war and special staff. M. Skripnik.” The last sentence is underscored, and in the margin appears a question mark, initialed “L. T.” The first is Lenine’s order through his secretary, and the second may possibly be taken as Trotsky’s opposition to any action. The loss of the Ukraine by counter German intrigue was a sore point in the matter of prestige with

Trotsky. But his essential obedience to Germany was not lessened.

But most treacherous of all Trotsky’s acts was his promise to the German General Hoffman to effect the cessation of all attempts to socialize Russia. The evidence takes the form of a protest against the spreading of socialist propaganda, in the face of Trotsky’s promises:

“(The counter-espionage with the Stavka, No. 311, special section, Jan. 29, 1918.)

“To the Chairman of the Council of People’s Commissars: The counter-espionage at the Stavka advises that at the front is being spread by unknown agitators the following counter-revolutionary literature:

“1. The text of circulars of various German government institutions with proofs of the connection of the German government with the bolshevist workers before the passing of the government into their hands. These leaflets have reached also the German commanders. The supreme commander has received a demand from General Hoffman to stop this dangerous agitation by all means possible.

“2. A stenographic report of the conversation of General Hoffman with Comrade



From La Vindette, Paris

THE DEATH OF MIRBACH

Trotsky: Oh, horror! They have killed a German!



From L. Azzaro, Rome

THE GERMAN HELP IN RUSSIA

The Bolshevik: Stop, stop! You're beginning to hurt me.

Trotsky, whereby it was supposedly proposed to the latter to make peace on conditions of considerable concessions on the part of the central empires, but on the obligation of the Russian government to stop the socialization of the life of the state. Comrade Trotsky supposedly offered the

termination of the war without peace and the demobilization of our army. When General Hoffman announced that the Germans would continue to advance Trotsky supposedly replied: 'Then under the pressure of force we shall be forced to make peace and fulfill all demands.'

"This document has created indignation among the troops. Against the Council of People's Commissars are heard cruel accusations.—Commissar S. Kalmanovich."

To get a real understanding of the meaning of the second and important section of the letter, it must be pointed out that until February 1st Russia was thirteen days behind the western European calendar. The real date of this letter, therefore, is February 10th. This is the date Trotsky's "No peace; no war" pronouncement was made at Brest-Litovsk. The news of it did not reach Petrograd until the next day. Yet on that day printed circulars were being distributed at the front stating Trotsky had agreed to do the very thing he did do, and giving an augury of events that did take place a week later, when Germany did begin its advance and when the bolsheviks did fulfill all demands. The fact is that simple truth was being told. Nor is the means by which it was secured at all obscure. A few daring and skillful Russians had found a means to get information from Brest-Litovsk.

It is not the purpose of this article to go further into the intrigue by means of which Lenine and Trotsky betrayed Russia at the Brest-Litovsk "peace" conference; of how German staff officers have been secretly received by the bolsheviks as military advisers; of how they have acted as spies upon the embassies of the nations with which

Russia was allied or at peace; of how they have directed the bolshevik foreign, domestic, and economic policy wholly in the interest of Germany, and to the shame and degradation of Russia.

We have desired to place before our readers the evidence which proves without doubt the guilt of these two arch rogues in their betrayal, not only of Russia, but of their fellow socialists as well. This evidence is sufficient to explain the wholesale murders and assassinations that have made Moscow hideous during the past few months. For the truth is getting out, and any man with anything on this pair of criminals is a marked man. The attempted assassination of Lenine a few weeks ago was merely a symptom of the tremendous resentment and hatred that some day will sweep him and his associates from power and deliver Russia from the terrible nightmare of revolution. Already the situation is clearing. With the steady progress of the Czecho-Slovak armies, assisted by American and Japanese troops, westward through Siberia; with the pressure of the allied armies in the Murman region in north Russia, and with the counter-revolutionary movement making rapid headway in Russia, it cannot be long before a truly popular government will be established in Russia, and bolshevik tyranny forever put an end to.

□ □ □



From the Bystander, London

Italian troops on the march

"The Biggest City of its Size" Grand Rapids, Mich.

EVERYBODY ELSE
IN GRAND RAPIDS
SPEAKS WELL OF IT.



GRAND RAPIDS IS THE SIXTH HEALTHIEST
CITY IN THE UNITED STATES, AND
THE HEALTHIEST EAST OF THE
MISSISSIPPI RIVER.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Ray Barron



Badge of the Spad
73 Squadron
of the French First
Aeroplane Group

The Invincible Armada

You remember how the huns took the arrival of American troops in France. First America didn't mean to fight; then a few thousands were in France, but they were there as a mere matter of form, for large numbers could not be transported in the face of the watchful U-boats—and then final admission that we were there, and that only by a firm trust in von Gott and the indomitable power of the German will to win could the allies, thus strengthened, be turned back in confusion.

It is the same way now with the allied mastery of the air. Huge German air losses are admitted,—with the usual alibis, of course, but also with growing indications that Germany is beginning to sense her danger.

In this connection a statement by Captain Otto Lehman is significant. Writing in the *Tageblatt*, of Berlin, he gives two reasons for growing losses in the German air service:

"Development of the fighting aeroplane as a weapon against enemy infantry, and the enhancement of the number of fighting machines due to the transfer of those on the eastern or Russian front to the west front.

"It will be noticed that since January and February, 1918, our figures for losses show a steady increase," Captain Lehman writes. "The reason for that, however, is the in-

creased participation of aeroplanes resulting from the fact that the German flyers who had been operating on the eastern front migrated to the western front when fighting ceased in the Russian theater. The increased participation, of course, resulted logically in larger total loss.

"The eastern flyer, who had been accustomed to quite different fighting conditions, in the beginning, undoubtedly had to pay a bloody apprenticeship in fighting with French and British. The Russian as an aerial opponent is nowise to be compared with the Frenchman and Englishman.

"It would be fundamentally wrong to draw the conclusion from the rise in German losses at the beginning of 1918, that our superiority had waned. Still another factor explains our higher losses. As an infantry plane the aerial weapon is taking part in a considerably increased measure in fighting the attackers on land.

"These attacks are made often at the ridiculously low altitudes of 100 meters, and even ten meters. It is therefore at first glance clear that these new tasks expose the aeroplanes to every shot fired from the earth, and must increase our loss account."

The outlook is good for a major part to be played by the aeroplane in the drive of 1919. Liberty motor production is speeding up, so that the vast armadas of air ships



The airy godmother

From the *Byzander*, London



From the *Illustrated*, London

Making it hot for him

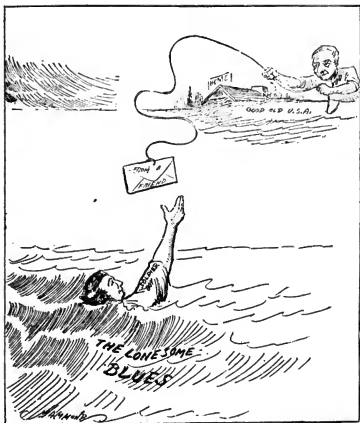
looked for next spring will be ready for action, ready to bomb their way to Berlin.

In the meantime, American fliers are making good. Already our fleets have seven aces—Captain David Peterson, with six victories against enemy fliers placed to his credit; Major Thaw, Sergeant-Major Parsons, Lieutenant Douglas Campbell, Lieu-

tenant Meissner, Lieutenant Rickenbacher, Lieutenant Tobin, five each; Lieutenant Porter has shot down four.

These of course are the fighters—but splendid work is being performed by the bombing and observation squadrons—whose work is less spectacular, but as substantial in results.

□ □ □



Hammond in Wichita Eagle

DROP HIM A LINE—OFTEN!

Hammond's cartoon is a reminder of a very important duty we owe our men, whether in training here, or whether they are over there. Never have the folks back home meant so much to them as now—and a letter is like the handshake of an old friend just come from the old town.



THE FOURTH ONE

This will not be the last liberty loan, but it will be in many ways the most important of the entire war.

The coming winter will see a succession of peace drives by the huns, more insidious than any yet launched. The allied world looks hopefully to America for our answer, while our army in France expects our country to remain steadfast to the principles which have been laid down by President Wilson in no unmistakable terms.

The best answer to the enemy's peace efforts will be a clean-up on the fourth liberty loan. Every movement of the American public is known promptly in Germany—and the gloom that will come over Berlin the morning when news reaches there of our over-subscription of the enormous loan will make the kaiser's blue Mondays seem like Christmas morning.

President Wilson said that America would apply force—force without stint or limit. An over-subscription to the loan will constitute a commission from the American people to our war leaders to lay plans without stint or limit. A world war cannot be run or won on an appropriation that might suffice to win an election in Podunk county, but that would be lost in the gigantic appropriations which the European nations are making.

Then, again, a vast number of men are going into service from the new draft ages. These are men who have helped to make previous loan campaigns a rousing success. Their going puts a heavier load on us who remain behind—and it will be playing the part of good soldiers, and also will inspire the new men, if we redouble our efforts and

get the loan across with a vim and a gusto that will astonish even ourselves.

HIGH ADVENTURE

With the constant shifting of female labor from a peace to a war-time basis, the business of shopping is rapidly taking on the qualities of high adventure. The haughty blond who officiated behind the marble slab at my favorite soda fountain was familiar with all the foibles of my temperament, and as soon as I entered the swinging doors knew from my countenance whether I would have it plain that morning, or whether I would have it further enriched by the addition of a crushed fruit. But alas! she has taken to running an elevator in a department store, and I am reduced to bargaining for my drinks from a maiden lady who seems sadly out of place in a shop where accuracy is essential to the best success. I describe with dreadful definiteness the drink I desire, only to have her jab at a row of push buttons with the most casual of airs. "Abandon," I think, would be a better word. By what mental process she passes her hand from one end of the keys to the other, every bit as though she were playing a Bach fugue, and finally selects one particular lever rather than another, is more than I have been able to fathom. I only know she is watched over by some kind providence, for no worse tragedy has come upon me than to draw a lemon phosphate one morning when I had concluded negotiations with her for a non-fizzable decoction.

Then there is the purchasing of a collar. This in peace times was a simple enough operation. One ran one's eye up and down a specimen case, selected a Northwood, or

a Greenleigh, indicated a size, and there was an end to it.

Gone is the starched youth who served me with a manner nicely compounded of hauteur, and condescension, with just a pinch of chumminess sprinkled in, and in his place an eager young woman disputes my judgment, and attempts to sell me an underslung affair that would do very well for an octogenarian, but not for a man who prides himself on being slightly aggressive in sartorialia. And as if that were not enough she thinks to advise me with respect to socks, growing positively intimate as she discusses with me of double heels and roomy insteps, and that kind of thing.

It is difficult to simplify even the business of purchasing a ticket to suburban Tootumville, what with repeating the name of the place three times; scrutinizing the ticket, once it is in your possession, to make certain that you are not booked for Kokomo; and counting your change twice—once for accuracy, and once for getting the thing out of your mind.

And thus has war made living, not dying. the great adventure.

EXPEDITIONARY POETS

To the Stars and Stripes, the official organ of the American Expeditionary Force, a lot of good verse is being contributed, some of it signed, most of it not—among the latter being three poems that we reprint

in the panels in connection with this department. We wish we might give further credit than this—but having your stuff republished creditless is one of the penalties of anonymity.

THE CREAM

General March spoke of the American troops the other day as "the cream." But they are not by any means cold cream.

LENINE, TROTSKY AND CO.

The favorite socialist explanation for the perfidy of Lenin and Trotsky as made public by the administration's recent revelations, amounts to this—that these two blackguards operated on a compartment conscience basis—that they regarded any methods as justified that promoted the cause of the revolution, so long as the means and the end were kept apart; with the revolution accomplished, their low methods of rapine and loot and thuggery were to be dropped.

But strong arm methods have never been dropped under

SONG OF THE GUNS

*This is the song that our guns keep singing,
Here where the dark steel shines;
This is the song with their big shells
winging
Over the German lines—*

*"We are taking you home by the shortest
way,
We are taking you out of this blood and
slime
To the land you left in an ancient day,
Where lost lanes wander at twilight time;
We are bringing you peace
In the swift release
From the grind where the gas drifts blur;
On a steel shod track,
We are taking you back,
We are taking you back to Her!"*

*This is the song that our guns keep roaring
Out through the night and rain;
This is the song with their big shells
soaring
Over the battered plain—*

*"We are taking you home by the only way,
By the only road that will get you back
To the dreams you left where the dusk was
gray
And the night wind sang of a long-lost
track;
We are bringing you rest
From the bitter test,
From the pits where the great shells whirr;
Through the bloody loam,
We are taking you home,
We are taking you home to Her!"*

these conditions. Wherever thuggery has been employed as a stepping stone to power, there it has continued to be used, either to maintain power or to line pocket-books. Revolutionary control such as the bolshevik socialist wishes to impose cannot be operated in any other way. It takes corruption and brute force to impose upon a whole people the autocratic rule of a class, such as the radicals propose; and once the tyrant has tasted of unlimited power he can-

not drop it. The left hand of corruption and the right hand of power cannot be kept ignorant and free of each other's doings.

BOUGHT AND PAID FOR

At any rate the absolute control of Russia was bought and paid for by Germany. The hands of Lenin and Trotsky were absolutely tied; the price of resistance to the German foreign office would have been exposure and consequent damnation before the world. In witness whereof we have the bolshevist leaders' frantic efforts to cover their tracks.

In no instance have the allies' policies in Russia been more completely vindicated than in their refusal to recognize the soviet government.

INTO THEIR OWN

With women getting more and more into the trades, we may yet see the day when we shall have women milliners, women costumiers, women chefs, and women bakers.

DISLOYALTY

American voters applied, at the fall primary elections, a test that went a long way toward ridding American politics of a lot of men who have been willing to go the limit in sacrificing the welfare of their country to gratifying their personal ambitions. Senator T. W. Hardwick, of Georgia, who sought a re-nomination to succeed himself, was one. Mayor William Hale Thompson, of Chicago, who aspired to become United States Senator, was another. Both of these men continue the worst traditions

of the old time politician who would sink to any level in securing his own aggrandisement, but who would not sink his prejudices and his ambitions.

The voters of Georgia and Illinois applied very decisively a test that is going to be applied, not only during war-time, but for a long time after the war is over, to every man seeking public office—the test of his attitude toward the war. Both men failed in

the test, and have embarked for that region up Salt Creek way that means oblivion for politicians who have defied the popular will.

To have gone wrong on the war argues one of two things: ignorance of the big issues involved, or a malicious determination to further selfish interests. The man who was not aware from the start of Germany's criminal designs, who did not know that it was a finish fight between civilization and barbarism, who did not realize that a German victory meant the loss of our own economic and eventually our political freedom—ignorance so appalling as this is enough forever to brand a man as unfit for high office.

But ignorance does not necessarily carry with it a stigma. It rarely means more than a defective training, whereas the man who is willing now to play into the enemy's hands merely to get into the limelight and thus secure the votes of mis-guided German-Americans, of pacifists, and of socialists, will be equal after the war to double-crossing his country if it will further his own interests.

And meanwhile in many of those states

C'EST LA GUERRE

*There was a man in our town
And he was wondrous wise;
He batted some three hundred odd,
And he was there for size;
He weighed a hundred eighty-five,
With not an ounce of fat;
This wise boy joined the Q. M. Corps—
Now whaddaya think of that?*

*There was another man in town
Who never earned a cent,
For Mother bought the cigarettes
And Father paid the rent.
He was as thin as any soup,
Could hardly lift his hat;
They picked him for the infantry—
Now whaddaya think of that?*

*But after six months' office work,
The Samson guy fell off;
His collar stood out from his neck,
And he began to cough;
He swung a pen from morn till night,
And right from where he sat
Dragged heavy letters 'cross his desk—
Now whaddaya think of that?*

*They put the light boy in a camp
And fed him up on slum,
Till he became a human being
And learned to cuss, by gum.
The big gink's in a hospital,
And down and out and flat;
The doughboy's got the "Qua dee Gare"—
Now whaddaya think of that?*

where there were kaiser swatting contests at the primaries, the November elections will afford opportunity to strike still another blow against disloyalty. Party lines should be obliterated where suspicion of taint attaches to a candidate, and only a rugged, one-hundred per cent Americanism put into places of trust.

THE MORAL EQUIVALENT OF WAR

The fact that a disloyalist dare run for office at all, the fact even that he can be promised some measure of support, indicates a weakness somewhere in our national life. Disloyalty is of several kinds. Sometimes the disloyalist represents deliberate treachery, and would betray his country merely because of his predilection for the other side. This kind of disloyalty is rampant in many of our German-American communities, and in our bolshevist circles. Among the pacifists disloyalty takes this form: a willingness to combat the will of the majority, and to subvert the interests of the country rather than forego the privilege of spouting his personal opinions.

Sometimes the spirit of disloyalty is constitutionally incapable of siding with the majority. Whatever the issue at stake, this type of disloyalist must be against the crowd, in the mad belief that thereby he is preserving the freedom of personal opinion. Disloyalty of this kind is frequently found among socialists and so-called "intellectuals"—the idea being that to be an intellectual one

must hold himself aloof from popular movements; that the mere fact of a cause being popular is enough to stamp it as being wrong. It is an attitude of mind that explains the preference of so many of our cloistered and exotic souls for autocracy.

Often, too, a man is disloyal merely because his disloyalty serves to attract attention to himself, or because, in the case of candidates for public office, it will gain him

favor and votes in his community—and this is the most nauseating of all forms of treachery.

The spirit of disloyalty must be combated in the future by the development of a healthy sense of team work. It is all right to criticize your team in the early innings, when the game is going well and belongs to anybody. Your pitcher may be pulling whole rows of boners, and the fielding may be of the "busher" variety—under these conditions criticism from the grand stand will perhaps have a corrective influence; at any rate it can do no harm. But when your team goes into the ninth a run behind, your pitcher needs the support of every rooter present. It will not jeopardize your intellectual

dignity to yell your head off by way of encouragement. It may save the game; your personal theories of inside baseball will remain inviolate, and you have shown yourself a good sport.

A lack of the elemental sporting spirit, indeed, suggests one of the most important preventives of disloyalty in the future. There is one class of Americans among

KILLING RUMOR

*I met Mister Rumor today,
Just after returning from chow;
He began, in his asinine way,
To tell me the Why and the How.*

*"I hear," he remarked with a smirk,
"That the British were walloped again—
That the Liberty Motor won't work—
That Tumulty's gone to the pen—
That, up in the sector of Toul,
The Yanks were cleaned off of the map—
Oh, my, the U. S. was a fool
To ever come into the scrap."*

*He stopped rather suddenly there,
For I'd busted him one in the mug,
And I'd garnered a fistful of hair,
Though I'm never a typical pug.
A shanty I'd built on each glim,
The claret I'd drawn from his beak,
In short, I near massacred him,
But still he was trying to speak:
"They tell me," he started to mock—
But I kicked him out into the mud,
And, grabbing an eight-cornered rock,
I killed him as dead as a dud.*

*Then, wandering back to my tent,
My soul was with happiness filled,
For I knew when I finished that gent,
There was one little Rumor I'd killed!*

whom disloyalty has been conspicuously absent—the sportsmen of the country. And in the term we include followers, both of amateur and professional sport... The spirit of outdoor sports is the spirit of team work, of willingness to sacrifice self when the interests of the team or the game are at stake.

That is the spirit of democracy for all time to come. We must have more baseball, more football, more golf—and we must see to it that more people take part in these sports, and that there are fewer people in the "gallery." Tennis must be cultivated, and swimming, and the quieter games, like archery and bait casting—and even croquet—so long as the competitive element is maintained. For it is competition that alone calls out the instincts of team work and the submergence of the player's self.

ECONOMY IN RAILS

While Director General McAdoo is lopping off unnecessary expenses in the management of railways, might we suggest the superfluous character of "information" clerks in railway stations. There is a tradition, we believe, that long ago they served the very definite purpose of dispensing more or less pertinent facts to an inquiring public. But never, all our life, have we been able to get nearer than the eleventh row to the young Chesterfield in charge, nor have we ever come upon a person who has. At the same time I am informed that by sitting hard by one may, in the still small hours, find it possible to hold converse with him. Once by a clever ruse I obtained what I thought to be information regarding connections at Zanesville. The ruse consisted in this, that I stood within listening distance of the desk until some one, favored by providence, got the car of the young man and asked about the same connection. I drank in the information and proceeded to Zanesville, in all the pride of a clever plan well followed through, and found the information correct, except in this one particular, that one-half the connection (the train "out" of Zanesville) did not op-

erate on Sunday—and the young lady was leaving early Monday morning for China, or some place.

The train announcer is scarcely less dispensable. No train ever left a station such as he announces. His gibberish does not indicate even a train of ideas. He would make a howling success as an announcer of train wrecks, but as a harbinger of train departures he just oozes dispensability.

PEACE

Any suggestion that the allies should discuss peace with Germany on any basis except an unconditional surrender is little short of treason. Germany for the past fifty years has been running amuck, and one does not enter into formal parley with an insane beast who awaits the first opportunity to cut your throat. Germany has frankly announced preparations already under way for her next war of aggression, and the world's job just now is to see that there will be no next war. The only way to impose peace upon Germany is to fight it out to a finish. The Hun must have nothing to say about peace terms, until he acknowledges his willingness to accept the following conditions as a starting point at which discussion of other terms shall begin:

The giving up of Alsace and Lorraine.

The evacuation of Belgium, and restitution for all the havoc that she has wrought.

The union and freedom of all the Poles.

The independence of the southern Slavs, and of the Czecho-Slavs.

The relinquishment of the influence which she has forcibly imposed upon Russia, and the Ukraine, as also in the other states carved out of western Russia.

A non-militaristic policy for Germany and Austria-Hungary.

Reparation for outrages committed in all territories occupied by German troops since the war began.

These principles do not admit of debate, and to accept less as a basis from which to discuss further problems is for the allies to commit hari-kari.

T. C. O'DONNELL.

With the CARTOONISTS



WHO'S WHO IN DALLAS

John Knott, of the Dallas News, told us one time that he was brought up in Sioux City, Iowa, but we forgot to ask him whether the fact was for publication or not. Anyway, anxious always to say a word for Sioux City, we are going to put it in, and risk Knott's displeasure. Let's see—that was in the year—

Sioux City was not anxious to have the boy become a cartoonist right away, but first offered him an apprenticeship with an architect, in whose office he became an effi-

cient draftsman. His first cartoon was published in the Sioux City Journal, but, as Knott says, "I got no encore."

But let Knott tell it himself, as he told it to us: "About this time I won some prizes in the Chicago Record's weekly want-ad cartoon competition. I decided to become a cartoonist, so went to Chicago. Naturally I wanted to give the Record the first chance at my services, and applied there for a job. There was no opening, but of course they took my name and address. I called on Frank Holme and asked him which paper I ought to see about a job. He looked at my stuff and suggested I make the rounds. I did so and got a job in an architect's office. A year later I went to Texas to grow up with the State, doing commercial drawing in Dallas."

Knott says that some of the harness men tell him that he has never done anything so good as the harness pictures he turned out for catalogue illustration back in 1903.

"Anyway, I found that harness and agricultural implements cramped my style, and went onto the News as sport cartoonist. In 1910 I went to Munich to learn to be a painter, studying eighteen months under Carl Marr at the Royal Academy. I did not become a Chase or an Alexander, but improved my drawing somewhat, and got some knowledge of Germany and its people's habits, which has been of value to me since the breaking out of the war. Also the large number of shabby artists in Munich, and the masses of shabby art they turned out had a depressing effect on me and no doubt reconciled me to 'art' as practiced on United States newspapers—the kind of art



Knott, of the Dallas News

that insures a steady income. So I returned to the Dallas News, where I have been ever since. I still do a little painting occasionally, but not enough to endanger my standing as an amateur."



Red Rambeau (sitting) and Cobb X. Shinn

Rambeau, Shinn and Co.

Speaking of camoufleurs—but let Cobb tell it: "Why draw cartoons, when you can get cartoons like this for a few francs? But you must leave it to the Frenchman to pose and he will make you look like, Ah! guess for yourself. The one sitting is Red Rambeau, of San Francisco and the long boy is 'yours truly' and we are both proud to say we are buck privates in that camouflagé section of the A. E. F."

STARRETT GOES TO PROVIDENCE

W. K. Starrett's cartoons will hereafter reach the public through the medium of the Providence, Rhode Island, News, to which he goes from the New York Tribune.

Though still a young man, Starrett has accomplished the work of a veteran, from

the earliest days appearing on the front page of the bigger American newspaper. Beginning his cartoon career at the age of seventeen on the Brooklyn Eagle, he was an instantaneous success. After that he went to the Philadelphia Public Ledger, the New York World, the Sun and later on the Tribune, where he worked under the direction of its editor, Frank H. Simonds, student of war strategy, with whom he collaborated in the composition of cartoons dealing with the war. Starrett's fame is international. The French government has used his striking pictures in its propaganda, while they have also appeared in English official publications.

Why They Enlist in North Carolina

The headquarters for the recruiting district of North Carolina is at Greensboro, and stationed there in the capacity of poster artists are T. S. Davidson and Fred V. Owen.



Owen, whose photographs accompany this story. In a letter to the editor the boys say:

"Using pen and brush posters as our main effectives, we have conducted a vigorous offensive against Bill Hohenzollern and his flock of ruthless baby killers. Our posters are distributed throughout the districts of North Carolina. Also we have a

regular schedule that we keep up; that is, we display our posters here and then pass them on to the other twelve stations that compose our district, thus enabling us to keep something new continually before the public. This continuous flow of posters is maintained for the purpose of offering the people real arguments for volunteering their services to the country."



"Just Like a Father to Him"

Wherefore we may be pardoned the fatherly pride which prompts us to publish this drawing by Schmidt.

Newton McConnell

The talk was about Newton McConnell, of the Toronto Daily News. "There's a lot to tell about Mac," Gibbons—C. H. Gibbons, of Toronto—said, getting into the midst of his subject without any pother and that kind of thing. "He has the eyes of a poet and a dreamer, hirsute hangings that would qualify him for a part in 'La Boheme,' a strong analytical faculty and good drawing, these latter in conjunction having been implanted by Providence but hoed and watered and cultivated to their present maturity stage by the owner personally.

"McConnell was in his impressionable youth and early manhood a farmer," said Gibbons, after pausing a moment for his breath, "and although he was converted

about the time he cast his first vote and has ever since led the irreproachable life of a working journalist, the bucolic atmosphere of his rural life sketches and his farm type people of fancy are as true and outstanding as are Frost's loved and immortalized home folks. 'Uncle Hezekiah' is one of the industrious Mac's favorite brain children. The farmyard apprenticeship shows, too, in his friendly relations with dogs, one at least of which invariably accompanies him on his rambles through cartoonland."



Newton McConnell

The bald facts of McConnell's life, and the work that is part thereof, and unadorned by Gibbons' eloquence, are these, that he was born in Elgin County, Ontario, June 29, 1877; that he farmed until twenty; that he studied at the Ontario School of Art and Design with William Cruickshank, George A. Reid and Frederick Challoner as his masters, beginning cartooning people and putting his sketches in the Toronto Saturday Night in 1902; that he joined the Daily News staff two years later, contributing his daily grist thereto for an even decade; that he rested his mind, eyes and hand by doing miscellaneous work for the Conservative Publicity Bureau, the Canadian Courier and other publications from 1914 to 1916, and rejoining the Daily News in the autumn of 1916.



Why there was no cartoon that day

K. K. K. JOINS UP!

No, no! Not the army, but the numerous and justly famed order of benedicts. The event, to use K. K. K.'s phrase, was pulled off August 22nd, at Evansville, Indiana. The bride was formerly Miss Jennie E. Moore, of Evansville.

Knecht (the first two "K's" are for Karl Kae) for twelve years has been cartoonist for the Evansville Courier, and hailed originally from Freeport, Illinois. In 1903-1905 he studied at the Chicago Art Institute.

K. K. K., by the way, is a member of the American Press Humorists, and is active in club circles in his own home town. On our own and our readers' behalf Cartoons

Magazine extends congratulations and wishes for all happiness.

Villeneuve Booked Up!

Villeneuve, Idaho Daily Statesman cartoonist, has been title-paged. The book is a collection of his war cartoons, issued, as the publishers say "in the hope that those interested in the cartoonist's craft will appreciate a pictorial record of the humorous, the pathetic and the serious phases of the events leading to and concerning this nation's entry into the great struggle to make the world safe for democracy. They date

from the beginning of the war in 1914 to the close of America's first year as a combatant and recall, not only the history of the war, but Germany's infamy and America's attitude toward Teutonic barbarism—at first stunned and unbelieving, then patient, then wrathful, and then a slowly deepening conviction of the American people that the cause of the allies is the cause of righteousness."



T. A. Caddell, Jr.

Caddell.

A post-card greeting from T. A. Caddell, Jr., bears the above photograph, together with the information that he is in Montreal, engaged in free-lancing. Caddell was formerly on the staff of the Brooklyn Times.

BRIEF MENTION

Clifford B. Knight, for three years cartoonist for the Hartford (Connecticut) Post, is now doing animateds for the Universal Film Company, and is also serving as staff artist for the McCready Publishing Company, of New York.

Word reaches us that Lieut. Allan B. Butler, of Washington, D. C., is doing cartoons for the Observer, a daily paper issued by his division in France.

Ralph C. Faulkner, cartoonist at large, began his career with the San Antonio Express, later doing cartooning on El Diario, of Mexico City, and still later transferring his activities to the San Antonio Times, is now doing vaudeville in a sketch entitled, "Prexy W. Proxy," in which, impersonating President Wilson, he delivers a "message to the people." Faulkner has appeared in several patriotic film productions in the characterization of President Wilson—and a splendid characterization it is, too.

A Stockholm dispatch reports that on protest of the German minister to Sweden, the Swedish government seized a recent issue of the New York Herald because of a cartoon of the kaiser which it contained.

Dennis McCarthy, formerly cartoonist on the Fort Worth Record and the Denver Post, is now staff cartoonist on the Kelly Field Eagle, the camp weekly published at Kelly Field, San Antonio.

"Gan-pal" That is Windsor McKay's new official title. The baby, son of Captain and Mrs. Raymond T. Moritz, was named, of course, Windsor Raymond McKay Moritz.

Clare Briggs and H. T. Webster, of New York, spent their vacation the past summer circusing with Barnum and Bailey. Besides gathering a coat of tan and an appetite, they came back with portfolios bulging with cartoons and ideas for cartoons, portraying various phases of circus life. It must not be imagined, however, that they took it all out in drawing—for they went in for clowning, at which art both men are adept.

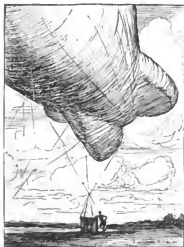
We have just received a copy of "Smiles," a collection of humorous drawings illustrating the adventures, in his several swings around the country, of Albert Dressler, who will be remembered as the author of a collection of drawings entitled "Seeing San Francisco in 1915."



The Home Guard

Judge: "The complaint against you is that you deserted your wife."

Prisoner: "I ain't a deserter, judge; I'm a refugee. Look at the welts on my head and this black eye."—Boston Transcript.



Sent in reply to the following request:
"Darling, do send me a picture of yourself
standing by the machine you fly in."

But He'd Hang Around the Hanging Gardens

"There goes Professor Diggs. He's a very learned man."

"He looks the part."

"Yes. I dare say the professor could find his way around in ancient Babylon more easily than he can right here in this town, where he has lived for thirty or forty years."
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

And Puts 'Em Over the Home Plate

"My daughter is taking a course in domestic science."

"How is she making out?"

"All right, I infer. She writes that she just made the scrub team."—Kansas City Journal.

'Specie-us Looking

Plaisantin offered in payment of a bill a gold piece which had a suspicious ring.

"Here, you've given me one of those false coins that the counterfeiters have just been arrested for making," said the merchant.

"Impossible," answered Plaisantin. "It is



From the Yale Record

"Wadda ya mean camouflage?"
"They're makin' the bottoms of the cupe rough so you'll think you heve sugar!"



From the Sketch, London

The Mistress: The master seemed exceptionally well this morning, cook. He went off to the city whistling.

The Cook: Yes, mum; it was my carelessness—I 'ad an accident an' made 'is porridge with birdseed.



From the Passing Show, London.

A SLIGHT MISTAKE

"Where's my horse? I told you about two hours ago to get him shod."
 "Shod, sir? Lumme! I just bin a buryin' of 'im. I thought you said 'shot,' sir!"



From Cassell's Saturday Journal, London.

WHY?

First Lady (speaking of mutual acquaintance). 'E's a German, ain't 'e?
 Second Lady: Yes, 'e is.
 First Lady: Well, then, why ain't 'e interred?

dated 1863; if it were false, surely it would have been found out before this."—La Gaulois.

Does the Roasts, Probably!

A country editor, who is also an authority on certain industrial matters, recently came up to town, bringing his wife along with him.

This good woman was one afternoon the guest of a rather patronizing club-woman.

"So your husband is an editor?" the latter asked.

"Yes."

"Since you have no family, and have considerable leisure on your hands, I dare say you assist him in his editorial work?"
 "Oh, yes," said the editor's wife, who is also his cook. "I edit nearly all his inside matter."—San Francisco Chronicle.

All Over the Top

"You bet I have a service flag,"

Said Farmerette Miss Nan.

"A million freckles, more or less,

Upon a field of tan."—Detroit News.



From the Sketch, London

Tommy: Jest think o' it, Carly; this is the very spot where Moses stood.
Carly: Moses who?



From the Pasting Show, London

A MIS-"UNDERSTANDING"

Visitor: Yes, Reggie looks very well in uniform, but—er—he ought to pad his legs, don't you think?
 Fond Mother: But—he DOES!

Or Yellow?

"Any pink knitting yarn?"

"No, ma'am. Slackers' department is in the basement."—Detroit Free Press.



From the Bulletin, Sydney, Australia

USEFUL

"I won the prize at the cooking competition!"
 "What was it?"
 "A book entitled 'First Aid to the Injured!'"

Pluck the Duck

The man who had made a huge fortune was speaking a few words to a number of students at a business class. As usual, the main subject of his address was his own successful career.

"All my success in life, all my tremendous financial prestige," he said, proudly, "I owe to one thing alone—pluck, pluck, pluck!"

He made an impressive pause here, but the effect was ruined by one student, who asked, impressively: "Yes, sir; but how are we to find the right people to pluck?"—Passing Show.

Plant Life

A soldier was forced to remain on duty for many hours in a flooded trench. When he went to his post the water was knee-deep; when he was finally relieved it was up to his neck.

"I'm sorry, my boy," said the officer who found him. "This shouldn't have happened. I'm very sorry, my boy."

"I'm not your boy," answered Tommy. "I'll tell you wot I am, though—I'm a bloomin' bull-rush."—London Opinion.



From Punch C. London

Officer (to sentry, who claims to have killed a German who was attempting to swim the canal): But how do you know you killed him?

Sentry: "Well, sir, as soon as 'e sees me 'e dives. I throws a bomb at 'im, and then I sees oil come to the surface."

Double "L"

Tommy (writing): "O, Bill! 'Ow many h'ells in 'Oenzollern?"

Bill: "Two h'ells, same as in 'ell."—Camouflage.

But the Merry Wives? Did they Escape?

"Gadzooks, I am thankful!" said the ghost of Shakespeare.

"Why the great joy, William?" inquired the shades of Bacon and Johnson in chorus.



From Cassell's Saturday Journal, London

"Oh—have you a mouse trap? And please be quick—I want to catch a bus."

"Because, me lords, I see by this American paper that the latest cyclone destroyed several Hamlets!"—Chapparral.

Spilling the Spelling

Old Mrs. Donahoe managed to get along in the world in spite of her educational deficiencies. One day she was called upon by a lawyer to sign a rather important paper.

"You sign it yourself, young man, an' I'll make me mark," said the old woman. "Since me eyes gave out I'm not able to write a wurrd."

"How do you spell it?" he asked, his pen poised above the proper place.

"Spell it whatever way ye plaze," said Mrs. Donahoe promptly. "Since I lost me teeth there's not a wurrd in the wurrld I can spell."—Boston Transcript.

So There!

"How is it ye've never married, Norah?"
"G'long wid ye, Mikel Shure the man I'd marry ain't been born yet, an' his mother's dead."—Curtiss Flyleaf.



From London Opinion, London

WHEN TABLE CUTLERY WAS INTRODUCED INTO GERMANY
From "The History of the Hun," by Arthur Moreland.

What Could It Be?

A newly-fledged barrister was called upon to arbitrate in a compensation case in regard to certain slum property.

Accompanied by an official from the Town Hall he proceeded to inspect the houses—there were six of them—and di-



Donahy in Cleveland Plain Dealer

A letter from France



From the Pasting Show, London

"I've given up smoking, and now my old cigarette case comes in handy for my lunch."

rectly they set foot in the first one they noticed a distinctly disagreeable smell. In the second it was the same—only more so. The third one they entered was even worse. The official sniffed and sniffed.

"What an unpleasant—ahem—odor!" he said, at length. "Can it be the drains?"

The owner of the property shook his head.

"Can't be the drains," he replied, emphatically; "there ain't none."—London Fun.



From *Esquella*, Barcelona, Spain

BENEVOLENT DAMES

"We can't help the dwellers in the slums. It is useless to try."
 "But ought we not to inspect those slums?"
 "What? We who live in the west end?"

Find an Umbrella?

Professor: I went to the railroad office today and got that umbrella I left on the train last week.

His Wife: That's good. Where is it now?

Professor: Eh? By Jove, I—really, my dear, I'm afraid I left it on the train.—
 Boston Transcript.

Taking No Chance on His Pants

"Oh, Jack, think of coming to ask papa's consent in such old clothes."

"That's all right. I've had one suit ruined."—Awwgan.



From *Le Petit-Matin*, Paris

"A tax on chocolates! This is where I leave France."



From *La Balconnette* (C), Paris

AFTER PEACE HAS BEEN DECLARED

"And to think this is the girl who took such tender care of me as a Red Cross nurse!"

Gracious!

The teacher was giving her class a lesson on grace, and asked the question:

"Now, can you tell me what grace is?"

There was a deadly silence, when she said to a small lad:

"Now, Tommy, what is it your father says when he has had his dinner?"

The small boy rose slowly to his feet, and answered:

"He unbuttons his weskit, and says, 'Now Richard's himself again!'"—Tit-Bits.

Here's Another One —



Charge!

Smith: I've discovered a way to stop these dastardly German gas attacks.

Smithkins: How?

Smith: Why, simply install a meter and charge them the regular rates.

Strengthening the Alliance

She (looking at pictures of captured German guns): Those trench mortars must work dreadful havoc in the allied lines.

He: Yes, but it only cements the allies more closely together.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Norman Aspinov

Optimist (who reads the comic papers): "Well, I haven't stepped on a tack yet, anyway!"

Bow Wow!

Our vulgar neighbors
We must freeze
Who dare to say our
Dog has flees.

Suitable Shoes

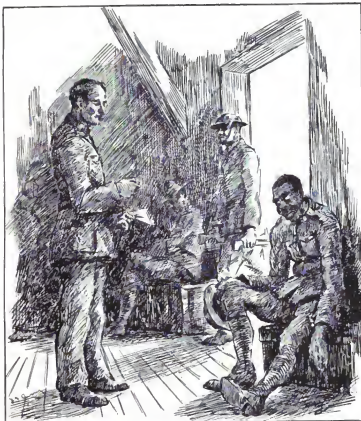
For pianist, short-vamp.
For atheist, half-souled.
For Christian Scientist, high-heeled.
For inventors, patent leather.
For criminals, copper-towed.
For children, dressed-kid.
For busy-bodies, pumps.

Hoops, My Dear!

That chorus boy is
Much to blame,
Who's not called "Lizzie,"
"Maude" or "Mame"!

The Bald Facts

As a kid I had tresses of gold,
To retain them became my ambition;
But I've reached, as I keep growing old,
A very dis-tressing condition.
George Morehill.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by J. C. Curry

PERPETUAL MOTION

Field Hospital Surgeon: You are shell shocked? Do you shake and tremble?
Rastus: Continually, Doctuh, continuously.

Love's Metamorphosis

We parted last night—said "Goodbye"
With a sigh!
While the music Love's ecstasy brings
Was played on Aeolian strings,
We vowed most impossible things—
You and I!

We said we'd be true till we died!
We'd confide
Every wish, every thought, every word,
That we'd ever imagined, or heard,
But this morning it seems so absurd
How we lied!

Yes—extravagant things that you say
Yesterday.

When the moonlight and music you miss,
Need a radical analysis,
For that was last evening, but this
Is today!

Sophie E. Redford.

The Dent in Dentistry

Dr. Luke Lukins, an old-time Texas dentist, took young Bob Simpson into his office to teach him dentistry. Early in young Simpson's course of instruction a negro came to the office with a badly swollen jaw



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Alice Harvey

An autumn war(d)robe

and asked to have a tooth extracted. Lukins turned the job over to Simpson, who piloted the patient into a back room, from which for five full minutes there issued wild shrieks of pain. Presently Simpson came out.

"Doctor Lukins, I can't pull that nigger's tooth, nohow!" he announced.

"Nonsense!" said the doctor. Go back and pull that tooth."

Again young Simpson came out of the room, this time weary and perspiring.

"Doctor Lukins," he said, feebly, "I just naturally can't pull that nigger's tooth!"

The doctor was supremely indignant.

"Simpson," he said severely, "I took you

out of that sawmill in the belief that you had enough nerve and spunk to be a dentist. Here I've spent the good part of six weeks teaching you to be a dentist, and along comes a nigger with a tooth you can't pull. You're a mighty poor dentist. Go back in there and pull that nigger's tooth or you go back to the sawmill!"

Bob, flushed with anger and embarrassment, went back to his patient. For five minutes there were groans as of someone dying, ending at last in one convulsive shriek of pain.

Presently young Simpson appeared in the doorway, triumphant, and flashing a four-

pronged molar, clutched in the forceps which he held aloft.

"Did you get it?" asked Doctor Lukins.

"Get it?" said Bob. "I always get 'em!"

Hinton Gilmore.

My Word!

That sailor ne'er will

Make a mash

Who doesn't blow in

All his cash.

A Timely Family

Hodge: My great-grandfather was a minute man.

Podge: And you?

Hodge: I'm a second lieutenant.

Appropriate Army Pets

For trench-diggers: moles.

For engineers: cranes.

For quartermasters: seals.

For aviators: eagles.

For submarine-sailors: sharks.

For men at listening-posts: ferrets.

For General Pershing: the kaiser's goat.

All the Difference

"When I hit a man, he remembers it."

"Um! When I hit a man, he doesn't!"

Why Another?

"You say you love my daughter?"

"Love her, my dear, sir! Why, I would die for her. For one soft glance from her lovely eyes I would throw myself from yonder cliff, and perish."

"Indeed! Well, I'm something of a liar myself, and I fancy one is enough in a small family like mine."

LaTouche Hancock.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by S. Delevante

It's for him

Oh, Come On
That debutante seems
Out of place
Who has no make-up
On her face!
From the July Cartoons Mag-
azine.

She has no make-up
On her face,
Perhaps it is
Some other place.
Peoria Journal.

Dragging in Greece and Every- thing

The higher pork soars in price the less punch there will be to this story, so we hasten to pass it on while its humor retains something of its pristine freshness. The scene is laid in a Mississippi court room, and the list of actors consists of one person, a young and ambitious attorney; the case had to do with a stolen pig, which theft was laid at the door of one Eph Jackson, with our hero in the role of attorney for the defense. After a fervent, not to say perfervid, even spirited, examination and cross



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by R. B. Fuller

"That German patrol oughta be along any minute, Joe—gosh I hope there ain't somethin' happened to him."



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by O. F. Kauffman

A BUSINESS PROPOSITION

"Here comes a book agent, Mammy; for three cents I'll bark like a dog and scare him away."

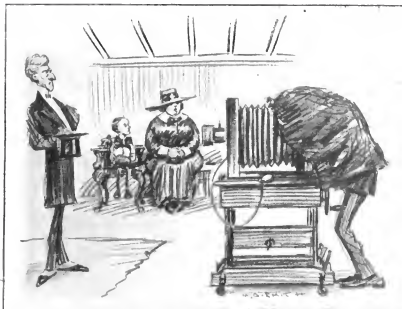
ditto, the attorney for the defense, with a view to a profound impression upon the jury, rested his case with this gem:

"May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury, while Europe is bathed in blood; while classic Greece is struggling for her rights and liberties and trampling the unhallowed altars of the beardless infidels to dust; while the United States, entering the war, shines for the brightest orb in the political sky—I, with due diffidence, rise to defend the cause of this humble hog-thief."

And because of it the jury gave Eph three months.

The Uplift

Ben Greet was once discoursing, after-dinnerly, upon the efforts being made to improve the American drama, asserting that what the reformers sought to do was to



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by M. D. Smith

"What's he hiding his face for, Momme? Don't he like Papa's looks?"

elevate the stage. But, unfortunately for Ben, J. U. Higginbotham, that prince of repartee, was among those present, and cut in with this:

"It's only an optical delusion, Ben. What you are really doing is to depress the audience!"

Which suggests a story Augustus Thomas once told about a new Shakespeare club.

"I understand your new Shakespeare club is a great success," Thomas observed one day to the treasurer of the organization.

"Great success? You bet your sweet life it's a great success," that official answered, warmly. "Why, we accumulated enough in fines for nonattendance during the first month to take us all to a box party at the musical comedy of 'Back Up, Bettina.'"

Hip, Hip!
A "classic dancer"
Wins applause
By romping in a
Yard of gauze!

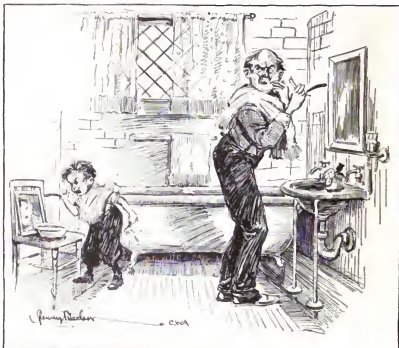
Don't Begin to Count Yet

Chicagoans residing on a quiet north-side thoroughfare had their curiosity aroused recently by the many men of various social classes who gathered nightly behind closed doors and drawn shades in a dingy old building that once had been a noodle factory. Frequently passersby could hear a tumult of sharp voices inside, but no one outside the mysterious organization was



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by B. Messner

"I thought you told me the other day that your town went dry."
"I did!"
"It's funny, I'm sure I saw Willie Firefly all lit up last night!"



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Perry Barlow

The echo

ever able to distinguish the cause of the evident dissension within.

Finally, one evening, people in the street were startled to see a man come flying through one of the front windows, with glass crashing about him. He landed in a heap on the sidewalk. Kind onlookers hurried to help him to his feet.

The man was angry. He waved his arms.

"That's my club in there," he shouted—"the Twenty-fourth Ward Free Speech Club. They didn't want me in there because I tried to tell 'em what I thought about John Brown's raid. . . . But they won't get away with that stuff. I'm going in there and wreck that place. I'll make it look like a gambling house on Sunday morning. You fellows wait here and count 'em as they come out."

He peeled off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, rushed up the steps, and smashed in the front door. There was a wild commo-

tion inside for a long minute, and then another figure came flying through the window.

"That's one!" said the onlookers.

The man on the sidewalk held up a protesting hand.

"Don't begin countin' yet," he said.

John Constantine.

For What Ailed Him

The nervous wreck had explained at great lengths his symptoms. All that were described in the medical books he had, and some besides—all of which were described at great length.

"Do you understand me?" he finally asked the doctor, when he had ended his enumeration.

"I do," replied the doctor, "and I'll give you something for your pains."

The Twins

Hear the twins with their yells,
Colic yells!
What a world of sorrow their cacophony foretells.
How they yell, yell, yell,
In the silence of the night!
While the sleepless neighbors say,
In a sort of sneering way,
"It just serves that fresh boob right!"
How he walks, walks, walks,
And what soothing talk he talks



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Perry Barlow

"What did your wife say to you for getting in so late last night?"
"I haven't time to tell you. I must catch the 8.10 train."



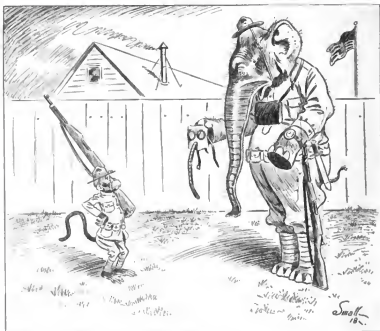
Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Tom Machamer
Of Mr. Stork: What th'—!

To the tantalization that so discordantly wells
From the yells, yells, yells, yells, yells,
yells, yells, yells, yells, yells,
yells, yells, yells,
yells, yells,
yells,
Of the innocent babies having colic spells!
H. M. East, Jr.

Bacon and Bunkum in Blank Verse
Should I affirm that Shakespeare wrote the plays
Attributed to him, it would be rash,
But, were I on the other hand to say
That Bacon wrote them, it would be—well,
rasher!

Class

Miss Polly Progressive Patrician
Asked Pretty Miss Primrose Parisian,
"What color of hair
Should a suffragette wear?"
And she answered: "My Dear
Polly—Titian!"



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by C. D. Small

MORE INEFFICIENCY

"Think of sending me into the trenches with a gas mask like this!"



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by G. F. Kauffman

Absent minded school teacher: My boy, will you please put your gum in the waste basket?

A Letter from France

(Deletions by the Censor.)

Hello, old man! This little note
Is just a line to thank
You for the letters that you wrote;
They reached me safe at blank.

Half-way across we saw a U-
Boat; fired, and soon it sank!
They say, and I believe it's true,
It was the famous blank.

When we arrived, whom should I see
Down at the dock but Frank!
A Lord High Muckamuck is he,
First aide to Colonel blank.

And then we came to camp! Old man,
You know I'm not a crank,
But, say, our troubles straight began—
The foods we get in blank.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Franklin Hogue

Our little society friend, now a farmerette, writes us to say that she is meeting many old acquaintances in the country these days.

I've been up in an aeroplane,
I've ridden in a tank,
And two whole weeks in trenches lain,
Quite near the town of blank.

From what I've seen, from what I've heard,
I'm proud I am a Yank,
For, pray excuse a vulgar word,
The kaiser is a blank.

Harold Seton.

Proverbs of a Prohibitionist:

Grape juice that maketh glad the heart of man.—The Psalms.

From lemonade what sudden friendship springs?—John Gay.
Oh, for a beaker full of the warm chocolate,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
—John Keats.

The Honorable Order

The Briton: Since the King has been honoring your military men you Yanks will be able to boast of a few Knights of the Bath.

The Yank: We've always had 'em—Saturday nights.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Donald Uish

The sad predicament of Willie Jones whose pants, to carry out the conservation idea, have no pockets.

And Well Done

Strange, but true—you would not think it—
There's nothing new beneath the sun—
Now that they are bill collectors,
Women's work is sometimes dunt!

Or Good Liver

Poet (reading a book of Lowell's poems):
Oh, what is so rare as a day in June?
Friend (who knows nothing of poetry):
The porterhouse I ate at noon.

We Will Weigh the Matter

(Irritability, says a doctor, can often be cured, in a woman, by feeding her cream.)

To feed her with cream
Is a capital scheme,
To which one might defer,
But a still better scheme—
Instead of the cream,
Why not give whey to her?



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Dorman H. Smith

"It sure's tough luck, matey. This paper says we've become extinct."



School News



WANT TO LEARN TO DRAW

OHIO

1918

SOLDIER CARTOONISTS

The letters printed on this page certainly indicate what can be done, even by men in the Army and Navy. This School has many students in the various branches of Service.

These men find that their ability to draw makes them popular among their comrades, and in many cases leads to desirable appointments. For instance, Don Wooton is cartoonist for "The Camp Sherman News;" William Hicks, for "The Camp Dix Times;" Don Palmer, for "The Sheridan Reveille;" C. P. McCartney, Cartoonist for "The Camp Holabird Spark;" Elmer Sager, for the "Canadian Machine Gunner," and others.

Newspapers and magazines welcome sketches from the men in service. The work of soldier students of this School has been bought and paid for, not only by American newspapers, but by "The Tattler" of London, "London Opinion," and other overseas publications. Students are continually reporting the sales of their work. *The following letters represent the opinion of students of this Course:*

"I value the few lessons finished at five hundred dollars, and I've sold the only eight cartoons I've sent to papers. Without your aid this would have been absolutely impossible. I wish you the greatest success, but will always wonder how you do it.

Very truly yours, CLINTON DeLACY,
"Tacoma, Washington."

"Have done much drawing since being in France, and find your course very valuable and recommend it to any young artists who want to take up art after the war. Very sincerely, R. R. BOARDMAN,
"A. E. F., France."

"Just a word of appreciation of the value of your course from another of your pupils. I am just finding out that the Army has bigger opportunities than any other job for sketching and making use of your lessons. I had thought it was good-bye to Art when I

joined up, and here I am making sketches for the Machine Gun Corps magazine ('The Canadian Machine Gunner'). You will probably have many pupils among the American Army now. They will certainly find the Army rich in materials and your lessons the ideal kind for getting started right. I can only say that all credit is due you for my sketches. I can't begin to express my appreciation of what your course has meant.

ELMER SAGER,

"Canadian M. G. Depot."

"I am making cartoons of prominent business men, politicians, etc., and in this place of 5,000 will clear about \$300.00, and have been here only eight days. Today I made three cartoons at \$15.00 apiece, and that is how things are going with me. I write you to let you know that I learned more in eight or nine lessons than I could possibly get elsewhere with a full course.

C. M. HICKEY, Mantica, Calif."

But the real reason for choosing the Landon Course is that such a surprising proportion of the younger generation of successful cartoonists of today are Landon trained men.

If you want to prepare for a successful future, send for full details of the Course, samples of students' work and evidence of what you also may accomplish. Address, stating your age—

The Landon School 1495 Schofield Bldg.,
CLEVELAND, OHIO



"How our cultured allies must smile. We could at least say 'Father-got-it' instead of 'Pawtucket.'"

CARTOONS MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT 6 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO

Volume 14

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Number 6

Words Will Win the War By Hinton Gilmore Illustrations by Constance Oehler

Words will win the war, don't waste 'em. Our supply of words may, in a pinch, suffice for ourselves and for our armies in the field, but in order to have the last word when peace negotiations begin, we must conserve every syllable.

By going on a voluntary rationing of words at this time we shall have enough words for all, but if we insist on wasting conversation, the government will have to issue word cards and commandeer all the dictionaries.

Even a casual consideration of the subject will reveal palpable wastes of words. Take for instance the lamentable case of Walla Walla. In a time of stress and war like this, when every "I" is needed for the "la las" our boys are using in their French conversations, there can be no excuse for "Walla Walla."

Of course, Walla Wallapers will insist that the pronunciation is not wasteful and point out that the second Walla is the echo of the first.

But even the echoes must be conserved, they must even be melted down and used again.

With our vast supplies of echoes, little thought has been given to saving them. But war makes a difference. In Germany, returning reporters say, the civilian population has not been permitted to have an echo in its possession since the winter of 1915.

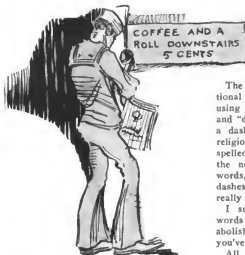
Walla Walla is a most melodious mouthful, and is naturally the center of our great yodel industry; I am not denying that, mind you. But, during the period of the war, the city should not have to be asked to lay its second Walla on

the altar of patriotism.

I suggest also that the Committee on Abbreviated Nomenclature give its early



"He then slides into the barber's chair"



"Be satisfied with what you get"

attention to Sing Sing. Why should it be Sing Sing anyway? Nobody ever goes there with a song in his heart, except some New York alderman, who feels lucky to have escaped hanging. If the place must have a musical name, let it be Ukelele or Klankety-Klank, but we must save our sing-sings for the war songs.

And while the Committee is in session, somebody ought to suggest a rechristening for Pawtucket. How our cultured allies must smile when they hear that word. If we must be provincial in naming our cities, we could at least say "Father-Got-It" instead of Pawtucket.

A similar case is that of Paw Paw, Michigan. While I yield to no one in my respect and veneration for fathers, yet it seems as if the old gentleman could consent to plain Paw until the war is over.

Then there is Cincinnati—certainly one of the "cins" ought to be taken out of Cincinnati. This would save Billy Sunday the trouble, and Cincinnati would never miss one little "cin."

Keokuk and Kankakee and Kokomo, without the use of which no American humorist can ever hope to become famed, could surely lend a few extra "k's" to the nation. These could be used in naming our new k-boats, and the humorists could get along with Oshkosh for the period of the

war. Kissimmee, Florida, is another place that ought to be investigated. If we can't say Kiss-Me without getting nervous and wasting an extra "i," the name of the place should certainly be changed to Osculate.

The newspapers can help out in this national campaign of word conservation by using fewer dashes in words like "h—ll" and "d—n!" The practice has been to use a dash in each expletive, except in the religious departments, where the words are spelled out. During the period of the war, the newspapers can well hyphenate the words, thus: "h-l" and "d-n" and save the dashes for the western front, where a dash really counts for something.

I suggest as another plan for saving words in the present emergency that we abolish the use of the phrase, "Perhaps you've heard this one before, but—"

All over the nation—in clubs, offices, banquet halls—wherever men gather—that phrase is used over and over again. Its use ought to be discontinued until the war ends. Of course, everyone has heard that one before, because everybody either attends vaudeville or reads the Congressional Record. Instead of prefacing our stories with such a halting, word-wasting apology, let us begin unhesitatingly with: "Two Irishmen and an Italian were on board ship—" and then go right on with the story.

And besides, if we discontinue the use of "Perhaps you've heard this one before," we may be induced to discontinue "That reminds me!" although the suppression of the latter phrase would probably be frowned upon in Congress, where its employment is considered highly essential.

Thousands of serviceable monosyllables are wasted every day in the barber shops of the nation. The government by clever subterfuge has taken advantage of the influenza epidemic to curb this waste of talk by putting gauze masks on the barbers. This has helped some, but gauze is porous and bits of conversation will trickle through in spite of all our health authorities can do.

A better plan has been evolved by my friend Judson Sylvester Riggs. He not only makes use of the plan himself, but he has offered it to the government, which will probably try it out in the Senate barber shop within a short time.

The Riggs method is simplicity itself. One slips quietly into the barber shop and, in spite of the efforts of the boy who is attempting to assist him, quietly removes hat, coat and collar. He then slides into the barber's chair, having taken time to select a bald barber in order to avoid being canvassed on the subject of hair tonic. Just as the barber, filled with splendid ideas about the weather and baseball, clears his throat preparatory to beginning his wasteful words, Riggs recites the following lyrical poem:

The weather's very fine today—
I think I'll have a shave;
You're right, the Sox could surely play—
We'll make them Huns behave.

No doubt my beard is rather tough.
Ty Cobb is over-seas;
I'll say we'll treat them Germans
rough—
Witch hazel, if you please.

I know my hair is getting thin—
Yes, Jackson hits 'em high;
Those Yankee troops are sure to
win—

Please comb it dry, good bye!

I was about to say that street car conductors waste a good many words in



"Well, you got one, didn't you?"

announcing streets, but this would be a mis-statement. Conductors, in strict fact, do not use words, but odd combinations of syllables that could be made into words after being unravelled. When a conductor thrusts his head into the car and yells "Ongthallax," meaning St. Paul avenue, he is wasting consonants that might be used to good advantage in our dealings with the Bolsheviks. The "Exig-hoolo," which is conductorese for Hemp-hill street, might be handy in our diplomatic relations with the Sen-galese.

In our daily use of the telephone, we could conserve countless words by exercising a certain amount of patience. If you are calling for Ex-moor 3478 and the telephone girl, being interested in the jackie band that is passing the telephone building, gives you Elkridge 6432, be satisfied with what you get.

You asked for a number, didn't you? Well, you got one, didn't you? It will save words to use the number that you get. By doing this you will form many new and interesting acquaintances.



"I was proud"

One of the most important wastes of words is in connection with the blank verse that is so popular just now. The writers of "vers libre" seem to have no idea as to conservation. They are particularly prodigal in the use of the space at the end of lines. The first line may go completely across the column, while the next line will use up only half the space. My point is well illustrated by the following poem composed by Newt McKissick and published without comment in the Thought Waves Magazine—it is entitled, "Mustaches I Have Reared:"

The first was little Vel, child of my youth.
I called him Vel
He was so soft and velvety and inconspicuous.
Somehow, little Vel never grew strong and vigorous
And he was inclined to be a little
Off color.
And so to improve his appearance I decided to dye.
And he did
Also!
The next was Sandy, in name as in color.
I waxed him and he waxed strong and lusty.
And I was mighty proud—
Of Sandy.
But one day when I was having my front teeth fixed,
Sandy became entangled in the dentist's drilling machine
And left me.
The last was Herman.
There was something to Herman.
He had color and texture and was inclined to be

Heavy set.

Finally, he began to curl up at the end like the
Kaiser's mustache;
And so, in a fit of righteous patriotic rage,
I shaved Herman
Off!

The poem amply illustrates the sad waste of vacuum. Such an extravagant use of vacuum is unforgivable at a time when the vacuum mines are running much below their ordinary standards of production. It is already well known that there will not be enough hard or chestnut vacuum for the people who have carpet sweepers. Soft vacuum will have to be used, out of necessity, and even the soft vacuum can be obtained only by applying to one's dealer weeks in advance of the expected delivery.

If we must have vers libre, we must see to it that the vacuum used is scrupulously conserved. Some of the leading poets of the free school are applying the vacuum to the underlying thought of the poem instead of wasting it on short lines and while this helps, it does not completely solve the problem.

For those needing free verse, a better plan is to take a column from a railroad time table and cut it in half. In this way, two splendidly complete columns of "vers libre" may be immediately prepared.

I cannot conclude this protest against wasted words without referring briefly to a practice largely used by the trades people with whom I find it necessary to do business. Their constant use of such phrases, as "Past Due—Please Remit!" is an inexcusable waste of words and detracts greatly from the pleasure one has a right to expect from one's private correspondence. ~

Remember These!

Remember that December 6th has been set apart by our government as "British Day." It is fitting that the American people should thus honor their great ally, whose faith and unswerving allegiance to the cause of liberty have been one of the fine things of the war, and whose army and navy have lived up to the very best British traditions. Display the Union Jack, then, and vow, anew, that as for yourself you will consent to no peace that does not make an end of Prussianism and Hohenzollernism and all the "isms" that have been our evil heritage from the past.

And this leads up to our second point: remember also that by making your voice heard in favor of an unconditional surrender you will help to get American opinion hard set in the direction of just this kind of a peace. Let "complete victory" form part of your greeting to your friends—on the street, and in the market place, and in your home. And let every letter that you write—love, friendship or business—close with a vigorous statement to the effect that you are for "unconditional surrender."



From *Liberty*, Haroshima

German Peace Angel: This time we offer a specially favorable peace. We will forget all injuries received. That should square everything.

What You're Up Against, Wilhelm!

You think you are playing a mighty smooth game, Bill, in your bid for peace.

But we're on to you!

You've only got a pair of deuces, and deuces are not wild.

You're trying to bluff the very people that invented the poker game, and you might as well lay your cards on the table and shove over the chips.

That is what you are up against, Bill, in trying to use America as a greenhorn at the game. You're up against a people who for nearly three years stood behind you and saw how you played your hand; who

saw how dirty and yellow you were, a tenderfoot who lacked every sense of decency and sportsmanship, willing to stoop to the most miserable tricks to get your point.

For nearly three years we watched you grow from bad to worse, and then you got us into it. You took us for easy marks. You thought we would be pliant at the peace table and could be made to play your game. You thought because we kept our gun in our hip pocket that we were not fighters. You thought because our left eye was on our own cards that we did not see the cards going down your sleeve.



From LA CRITICA, Buenos Aires

HOW HE HAS CLIMBED DOWN!

"With God's help we will succeed in breaking the enemy's will to war and secure for the fatherland the peace it is worthy of among the people of the world."—The Kaiser.

But all the time, Bill, our right eye was on you! You haven't made a move that we have not seen, and now it's time to get down to business.

You whined for peace and we asked you whom you were talking for, yourself or the German people. Through your shadow, Misty Max, you replied that you spoke for the German people as their official mouth-piece.

How is it, Bill, that without the slightest change in your constitution, without the slightest change even in the personnel of your parliament, your people become overnight, not your vassals, but your masters? Answer that!

Our president has bluntly told you in spite of your assertions to the contrary, that "the German people have no means of commanding the acquiescence of the military authorities of the empire in the popular will; that the power of the king of Prussia to control the policy of the empire is unimpaired; that the determining initiative still remains with those who have hitherto been the masters of Germany."

Answer that by deeds—not by camouflage, not by a verbal smoke-screen, not by a stall—and you will have peace overnight! If you mean business, get busy!

If after that you still think we don't mean what we say, let these words in the same message by the president sink in:

"The nations of the world do not and cannot trust the word of those who have hitherto been the masters of German policy."

. . . Just a minute before you protest against the accusation. In reply to President Wilson's second peace note you said: "The first act of the new government" (which was no new government at all, but merely a clumsy shifting of ministry members) "was to lay before the reichstag a bill to alter the constitution of the empire so that the consent of the representatives of the people is required for decisions on war and peace."

You held that out to us as a bait, with the implication that the change would be effected at once, so that in our negotiations we should be dealing with a government



From La Batonnette © Paris

"And yet it was a substantial peace that I offered—it was Krupp made."



From De Amsterdamer, Amsterdam

Germany: Enough! Have done!
Death: You chose me for a partner; you will continue to dance!



From Sebelapaltor, Zurich

HOW IT LOOKS TO THE NEUTRALS

The Dying Giant: Now the moment for peace is not far off!

whose teeth had been drawn and that consequently would be unable to break the terms of the armistice.

But there is bad team work between your chancellor and yourself, for hardly had the note been dispatched to Washington, before Misty Max declared before the reichstag that the measure providing for the lodgment of all decisions for peace or war in the hands of the people—that this measure was to become effective only after peace was declared and a league of nations had been formed.

Here are his words, if you want evidence: "In such an extension of the people's rights the imperial government is willing to lend a hand when a league of nations has taken practical form. When such a league puts an end to all secret separate treaties, I am con-

fident that all agreements can be amplified in this sense."

Which means—precisely nothing! For you know that secret treaties are the very life's blood of imperial Germany, and that a German victory would mean the continuance of the very methods that have made your empire possible.

We have caught you in a lie, just as you lied when you stated that in accordance with the president's representations you had ordered the cessation of all atrocities. Forty-eight hours had not elapsed before your guns fired on an American hospital, while your troops before departing from Belgian villages have carried on a systematic house to house looting, destroying everything they could not lug away.

Your talk about the exhaustion of Ger-



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"How can I expect to look like Thomas Jefferson?"

many, militarily and economically, does not for a moment mislead us. It is as transparent as your cheap shift to make us believe that your people are now in the saddle. It is an attempt to cause us to relax our vigilance; talk like this is timed always to come when America is absorbed with a lending or a giving campaign. If your people are on the edge of exhaustion, they can do but one thing, and that is to surrender and take a vanquished people's medicine. If they are not exhausted, let them fight on until they, like the rest of the world, see you for the moron you are.

No army that is on the verge of collapse, Wilhelm, can conduct the masterful retreat which the world has recently witnessed in

Flanders and northern France. You know, and we know, that retreats like this are possible only when a military leader has highly organized resources back of him, when he has large bodies of men whom he can sacrifice in rear-guard actions.

Yes, we give you credit for pulling off that retreat in an astonishing fashion, knowing full well that it is a typical German stunt, performed as usual, by a reckless squandering of men and materials.

Then there is this, Wilhelm, that the shortening of your line which results from your retreat will release for your reserve supply no fewer than a quarter of a million men. These, with the wounded which on recovery you will send back to the firing

line, and the 1920 class whom you will call up, will give you a total of at least one million men for your reserves.

An army with one million reserves, Wilhelm, is not a defeated army. With one million men we remember that you intended to capture Paris at the end of the 1918 drive.

You guessed wrongly, of course, but you will not make that mistake again. You are a dolt, but not that kind of a dolt. Your present retreat shows that you have learned your lesson, and that your reserves from now on are going to be husbanded and used where they can fight most tellingly.

And just because we and our allies are wise to that little fact, Wilhelm, we are going to make certain that there will be no telling blows. We shall beat you to it, and with rifle and bayonet and dynamite we shall force you back, inch by inch, until your craven soul cries out for peace on any terms—into the very heart of Berlin, if need be.

But mind you, peace by parley will not come; the word "negotiate" is not in the allied lexicon—until you cry "Enough!" we shall reply to every whine with a new drive that will mean one more nail in the gallows we are erecting for you.

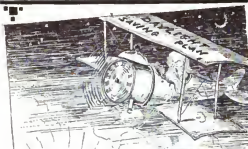
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Copyright, 1918, by H. T. Webster

Webster in Cincinnati Times-Star.

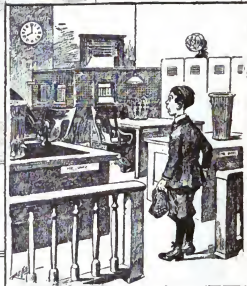
Home on a furlough!



What Did you Do with Your's?



Chapin in St. Louis
"Backward, turn
backward!"



Rebo in New York World

Jimmy (whose father forgot to set the clock back): Gee whiz! A hour early! If the boss could set me now he'd raise me wages!



Williams in Indianapolis News Republic

They'd like to turn it back four years



Whitford in Cincinnati Times-Star

Did you forget to turn it back?

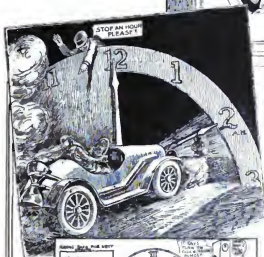
-saving an hour with the Cartoonists



Lesson In St. Louis Post Dispatch

"Young man it's eleven o'clock—time to go home!"

"Only ten, Mr. Jones—we've moved the clock ahead."



Over In Chicago Tribune



Hall In Chicago Daily News
Slipping back that hour of ours

slow, and events in Austria have outstripped them. A powerful revolutionary movement within Bohemia continued to increase in momentum, and on October 18th, last, a declaration of Bohemian independence was published from Paris—a paper that is destined, we believe, to serve as one of the great milestones of human freedom.

The declaration is a crushing indictment of the empire of which it was formerly a part. "The Hapsburg dynasty," it says, "weighed down by a huge inheritance of error and crime, is a perpetual menace to the peace of the world, and we deem it our duty toward humanity and civilization to aid in bringing about its downfall and destruction.

"We reject the sacrilegious assertion that the power of the Hapsburg and Hohenzollern dynasties is of divine origin; we refuse to recognize the divine rights of kings. . . .

"We hereby declare the Hapsburg dynasty unworthy of leading our nation, and deny all of their claims to rule in the Czecho-slovak land, which we here and now declare to be a free and independent people and nation.

"We accept and shall adhere to the ideals of modern democracy," the declaration goes on to say, "as they have been the ideals of our nation for centuries. We accept the American principles as laid down by President Wilson, the principles of liberated



The monkey wrench

mankind—of the actual equality of nations—and of governments deriving all their just power from the consent of the governed.

"The Czecho-slovak state shall be a republic. In constant endeavor for progress it will guarantee complete freedom of conscience, religion and science, literature and art, speech, the press and the right of assembly and petition.

"The church shall be separated from the state. Our democracy shall rest on universal suffrage; women shall be placed on an equal footing with men, politically, socially and culturally.

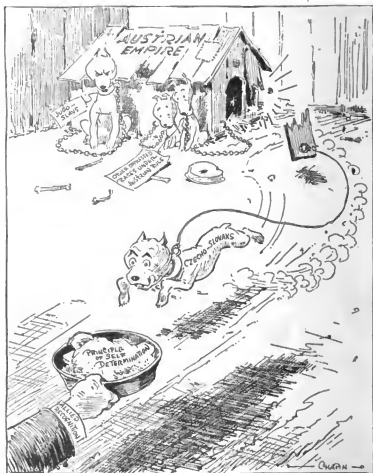
"The rights of the minority shall be safeguarded by proportional representation; national minorities shall enjoy equal rights. The government shall be parliamentary in form and shall recognize the principles of initiative and referendum. The standing army will be replaced by militia."

In the meantime nationalist agitation became more and more open among the slavie elements in the south and among the Austrian Poles, the Polish members of the reichsrath withdrawing in a body from parliament. Not only were the subject races in open rebellion, but there was no sentiment at home upon which the imperial government might base an iron-hand policy. The people were too hungry to entertain little except an attitude of total indifference.

Then came a crisis in the relations between Hungary and Austria. A strong nationalist movement suddenly showed itself



"Songs before sunset"



Chapin in St. Louis Republic

Breaking the home ties

in Budapest, and demands for complete separation from Austria became insistent.

At this point Emperor Charles pulled himself together and announced a plan for the federalization of the various peoples within the empire, each to be given full political and economic autonomy.

"The terrible struggles in the world war have thus far made the work of peace impossible," said the emperor. "The heavy sacrifices of the war should assure to us an

honorable peace, on the threshold of which, by the help of God, we are today.

"We must, therefore, undertake without delay the reorganization of our country on a natural, and, therefore, solid basis. Such a question demands that the desires of the Austrian peoples be harmonized and realized.

"I am decided to accomplish this work with the free collaboration of my peoples in the spirit and principles which our allied

monarchs have adopted in their offer of peace.

"Austria must become, in conformity with the will of its people, a confederate state, in which each nationality shall form on the territory which it occupies its own local autonomy."

But the proposal comes too late. There is scarcely a group in Austria that will listen now to anything except absolute independence—absolute politically, socially and industrially—from what was the Austrian empire. Even German Austria wishes to erect a new state, and, according to reports, has gone so far as to create a provisional assembly for conducting the affairs of the Germanic element of the Austrian population. Karl Seitz, leader of the German socialists in Austria, is president of the assembly, and has announced the German Austrians to be a unit in seeking peace. "We must act in favor of peace," he said, in taking the presidency of the new state. "We must do all possible to lessen the misery of the German-Austrian people. The new German Austria, for which we shall lay the foundation, will be constituted in conformity with the free will expressed by the German-Austrian people."

In opening the assembly, Deputy Waldner announced that he had been commissioned by the German deputies in the Austrian reichsrath to convoke the assembly as the representative assembly of the German Austrians. The organization would have

the right of free speech and would proclaim solemnly an independent political state for German Austria.

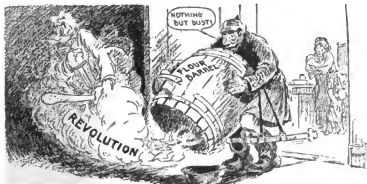
There has been evidence for some time that the German people in Austria, distrusting the wavering policy of Austria-Hungary, and fearing its dissolution, or that it might draw away from Germany, were desirous of insuring their own close unity with the German empire.

The German population in Austria forms the center of Austrian society and is the largest of the many racial elements of the kingdom. The census of 1910 gave the German speaking population as 9,950,000, out of a total of 28,325,000.

Thus has the Hapsburg empire passed—passed without the expression of a regret—the empire that, through her insistent attempts to crush the national life of her subject races, and through her constant bungling of the Balkan problems, not only precipitated the war, but even laid its foundations.

As Count Apponyi, opposition leader in the Hungarian lower house, said, apropos of the decision of Hungary to seek a separate national existence, "It is not we who bring about the fall of the dual monarchy—it has collapsed of itself."

And Germany is content, for between her and the south will exist a fine collection of buffer states—though as for that, when the allies have shorn her of her power, she will no longer be in need of buffers of any kind.



Brown in Chicago Daily News

The source



Phil Patrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Ready to give up Belgium

The Beast in Belgium

At no period of their occupation of Belgium have the Huns lived up to form more truly than during their retreat. They had already offered to the stricken people a Hun peace, making professions of the utmost concern for the interests of the Belgian people. The proposition was a crowning insult to the little people who had been the objects of a hate as virulent as that directed against the British.

Then came the retreat, and the systematic deportation of the Belgian civilian population, including political prisoners. On receipt of President Wilson's second peace

note, accusing Berlin of continuing, even while they talked of peace, their atrocities in Belgium and France, Baron von der Lancken, chief of the German political department in Brussels, was instructed by his government to assure the Belgians that the civilians taken captive would be set free upon the complete evacuation of Belgian territory.

The note is addressed to Cardinal Mercier, and is as follows:

"You are the incarnation of the eminence of occupied Belgium. You are its venerated and heeded pastor. It is then to you that

the general government and my local government have charged to announce that when they vacate your territory they will spontaneously set free deported Belgians and political prisoners. They will be in part free to return to their country on Monday.

"This declaration is of a nature that will fill your heart with rejoicing. I am all the happier to make it to you in that I could not have lived four years among Belgian people without esteeming them and without appreciating their patriotism at its true value."

This from the man who had acquiesced in the murder of Edith Cavell! Even in a simple transaction of this kind, however, the Hun had to show the malign spirit that actuates him, and he felt called upon to protest his personal admiration for a people that he had helped to loot, and that he had planned to loot a lot more. Also, running true to form, the Hun could not communicate an important announcement of this kind to the Belgian government, as

representing the people whom he so highly esteems, but must make it to a man who, though venerated and loved by every friend of the allied cause, yet is not an official representative of the Belgian government. We refer to this phase of the incident because it is another illustration of the evasive character of the Prussian mind, which, in those cases where it has been forced to back down, will never make a frank and open statement if an indirect, roundabout negotiation will serve his purpose as well.

So far as the deportation of the Belgian people is concerned, it was but an incident of four years of the vilest slavery that a people has even been subjected to. Not only have civilian property rights been absolutely ignored, but men, women and children have been forced into hard labor under the most revolting conditions. We have for this the word of the working men of Belgium themselves. In a recent address to the workers of other lands they made the charge that from the first Germany has martyred the Belgian workers:



Deporting Belgian workmen

Wallace Morgan for the Vigilantes



The firing squad

Wallace Morgan for the Vigilantes



Thomas in Detroit News

The German idea of peace

"She has turned the land into a prison: the frontiers are armed against Belgians like a battle front. . . . All our constitutional liberties have been abolished. There is no longer safety anywhere; the life of our citizens is at the mercy of the policemen—arbitrary, limitless, pitiless. . . . Belgian industrial idleness has been the creation of the Germans, maintained by them for their own profit. To these 500,000 unemployed they have for the last month been saying: 'Either you will sign a contract to work for Germany, or you will be reduced to slavery.'

"In either case, it means exile, deportation, forced labor in the interests of the enemy and against the interests of our country: formidable punishments, the cruellest ever invented by tyranny for the punishment of crimes—and what are the crimes alleged? . . . On the Western front, Belgian workmen—your brothers and ours—are being forced to dig trenches, to build

aviation camps, to fortify the German lines, and when the victims, in spite of everything, are firm in their refusal to take part in work forbidden by international law, they are starved and beaten into illness, wounded, and sometimes even killed.

"In Germany they are turned on to work in the mines and at lime-kilns, quite regardless of their age, profession or trade. Youths of seventeen, old men of seventy, are deported in haphazard masses. Is not this a revival of ancient slavery, with all its horrors? . . . Do you know, brothers, what the Germans throw to their victims by way of pay? Thirty pfennigs (6 cents) a day!"

The retreat itself has been carried out with the most wanton destruction—all, as the people who write the German war bulletins would say, "according to plan." What happened to Roulers is an example of what took place everywhere. Before evacuating the town the German officials stole all the



I may have to leave you

Rollin Kirby in New York World

supplies of food and merchandise of the Roulers victualing committee. These supplies, valued at \$100,000, were stored in quarters erected in the town. Great stocks of flour and other foodstuffs were wantonly destroyed.

More than this, the German troops drove the townspeople out of their houses and removed all the furniture for shipment to Germany. They then assembled the inhabitants and drove them out on the Roulers and Menin road, where they left

them for two days without food or shelter. The majority of the victims of this barbarous treatment were women and young children, some of whom finally succeeded in making their way back to town, after suffering of the most intense kind. In one instance in Roulers a woman and her child were shot down in cold blood by a Hun soldier, just as the flight was about to begin.

In most places, notably at Iseghem, the Germans defended themselves in the cellars

where the townspeople had sought refuge. Into one of these cellars the assassins threw bombs as they were forced to retreat, fighting, and wounded several women and children.

In the case of La Parvue and Adinkerke, these towns were shelled by the Germans with long range guns, killing many of the civilians, while in other places poison-gas shells were used.

This wantonness, we wish the reader to remember, is not to be excused as due to

the impulse of the soldier, fired by the excitement of the moment. It was premeditated; it was calculated, having been worked out before hand, just as further destruction in Germany has been deliberately planned, as witness a statement by Herr Mühling, writing recently in the Berlin Lokal Anzeiger, to the effect that the forcing back of the Germans will be at the expense of a desolated Belgium.

"All Belgian industries," said Herr Mühling, "will be destroyed and the mines made



From Le Rire (C), Paris

"Listen, my friend, I want to make you a proposition. You have this place free, only you are no longer to talk French, and you are to pay us rent, see!"

useless; forests and fields will be condemned for half a century to unfruitfulness by the steel rain from millions of shells. For there can be no doubt that every foot of Belgian soil must be conquered with unheard of weapons of destruction if Wilson's peace is to be dictated to us.

"The destruction, which would have no parallel in the world history, would be the work of English, French and American howitzers, guns, aeroplanes and mines. All these entrancing systems in stone—Ghent, Palace of Justice at Brussels, and the Rathaus at Antwerp—would be turned into ruins by English guns.

"All Belgium would suffer the fate of Liege, and it would be the fault of Belgium's liberators because they would not negotiate about peace, but want to dictate

it. Can there be a better proof that the fate of the Belgian people and of Belgium itself is a matter of complete indifference to those bringers of happiness to mankind?"

In other words, the Germans would put the onus for all this wantonness upon the allies, because of their attempt to drive the German army permanently out of Belgian territory.

There you have the German attitude toward Belgium—a small people to vent her spleen upon. The spirit that now dictates the destruction of the land merely because they have to evacuate it, is the same spirit that murdered old women and men in 1914 and bayoneted helpless children, just because a heroic people were willing to sacrifice their last man against ruthless invasion.



From Lee-Ann Ophelen, London

Little Willie (who has been told to speak appropriately to the curate): For
heaven's sake, pass me the jam!



"Only ashes and clinkers remain"

You've Noticed it Yourself

By Hamilton Craigie
Decorations by Carey Orr

The indoor winter sport par excellence is fixing the furnace. Experience is your only teacher, and the degree you receive is unaccompanied by a diploma, since virtue is its own reward.

Fixing the furnace has that element about it that our English cousins call "sporting"—it is so deuced uncertain, don't y' know.

Furnaces, like individuals, have their little peculiarities, which must be studied to be understood. If you have ever attempted to glean a little information as to their mysteries at first hand from the Brotherhood of Furnace Engineers, you must undoubtedly have discovered that the Hippocratic Oath is a mere trifle by comparison with the evident compact by which they

have sworn never to tell you the same thing twice in the same place.

You ask one of them, for instance, how one goes about it to start one of the new models, and with an engaging frankness he tells you how absurdly simple it is.

And it does sound too perfectly easy, doesn't it? But when, your head full of dampers, drafts, number two nut, egg, and other professional cant, you attempt to put your theories in practice, you realize the immeasurable superiority of the practitioner over the mere theorist.

For when, by some miracle, you have succeeded in getting your fire started and have retired to bed with the ill-concealed self-satisfaction which is yours, after a fitful



"A fervency of lurid language"

sleep you awake at five o'clock with the uneasy feeling that all is not well. Shivering, you investigate, to find to your horror that of your glorious achievement of the previous evening only ashes and clinkers remain.

But, for instance, let us take the case of the more advanced amateur furnace-chauffeur ("chauffeur" means "stoker," as everybody knows). You have your fire started, let us say, and several times, leaving your comfortable chair and your pipe (which needs no tending other than a mechanical cleaning, tobacco, and a match), you proceed to the cellar to gloat over your handiwork. You fuss with the draft, open the ash-pit door, cast a professional look at the glowing coals, and then, suddenly, you can't for your very life remember whether or not you have set the chimney draft properly!

Then you remember the cold-air box, and you shiver with the chilly premonition of an indefinable apprehension.

You repeat over and over the cabalistic abracadabra: "When it's open it's closed—when it's closed it's open!" until the words degenerate into a meaningless hodgepodge of despair. For your new-born resourcefulness has simmered down to a procrustean

bed of feverish doubt. Cold logic will not help you here, nor yet the warmth of a fresh enthusiasm for your job.

Finally you confess to yourself that your winter garment of repentance has come at



"Longing for that steam-heated flat"

last to the sincere longing for that steam-heated flat which you but lately left for the doubtful joys of a country house without servants. You feel, even if you do not see it, the pitying look of your wife. Everybody is your enemy, and as you gaze upon the blank surface of that inconsistent heating (?) apparatus, you anathematize it with a fervency of lurid language whose calorific

intensity is in inverse ratio to the stony surface of its glacial exterior.

Ashes to ashes—dust to dust—thus is the last chapter written in your struggle with the perverseness of its strange and complicated individuality. Finally you come to the sadly definite conclusion that as a furnace-fixer you are an excellent "No. 2 nut."



Rebas in New York World

Chaufeur (ordering): Cup o' coffee, doughnuts, and some griddle cakes!
Waitress: Cylinder oil, couple o' non-skids, and an order of blow-out patches!



It

"It," or "Rabbit Face," as he is variously known among the English humorists, has recently written to his imperial dadda a letter full of heart throbs. If you weep over the death of little Eva, if great lumps come into your throat whenever Bida Thara rolls her wondrous orbs from side to side to the accompaniment of a heaving chest, if you burst into patriotic sobs as the passing bands pipe up the lilting strains of "Over There"—if your emotions are of the pent-up but easily unpentable kind, then you will be moved by this touching letter from "It."

We found the letter in the Carrolton, Missouri, Democrat, and the Democrat vouches for its authenticity. But then you, dear reader, may also be from Missouri, and besides you may be a republican—and the last word in incredulity, in our opinion, is a republican from Missouri taking the word of a democrat for anything.

Waugh in New York Tribune

This is the thing itself



Forward in New York Tribune

The clown prince's pipe dream as Salome

Anyway, if "Rabbit Face" did not write the letter it was a grave dereliction on his part. He ought to have written it. Having said which we give way to the letter:

"Somewhere in France.

"Dear Papa: I am writing on the run, as the brave and glorious soldiers under my command have not seen the Rhine for so long that they have started that way, and of course I am going mit dem.

"Oh Pap, dere has been some offel dings happened here in France. First I started

in my big offensive which was to crush the fool Americans but dey know so little military tactics dat dey will not be smashed just like I want 'em. I sent my men in der fight in big waves, and when dey got to de Americans dey all said 'BOO!' as loud as dey could holler.

"Vell, according to what you haf always told me, dey Americans should have turned and run like hell! But what you tink? Dem fool Americans don't know anything about war, and instead of running de odder



Seibel in Knickerbocker Press

It is still safe

vey, dey come right toward us. Some of dem was singing something about 'Vee von't come back till it's over over there,' or some odder foolish song, and some of dem laffing like fools. Dey are so ignorant.

"But dem Americans are offel reckless mit der guns and ven dey come toward us it vas den dat my men took a notion dey wanted to go back to de dear old Rhine. Ve don't like de little old dirty Marne river anyhow.

"And oh, Pau, dem Americans use such offel language. Dey know nothing of kultur, and say such offel ding right before us.

"And dey talk blasphemy. Vat you tink dey say right in front my face? One big husky from a place dey call Missouri, he said—Oh, Papa! I hate to tell you vat offel ding he said—but I can't help it. He said: 'To hell mit der kaiser.'

"I didn't tink anybody would say such an offel thing. It made me so mad I wouldn't



From the Bulletin, Sydney, Australia

Ludendorff (to Crown Rabbit, after the usual smash): Ah, Highness, if you would only lead the French as you lead the Germans!

stand and hear such an offel ting, so I turned round and run mit de odder boys. Vas I right?

"And, Papa, you know dem breast plates vat you sent us, can you send some to put on our backs? You know we are going de odder vay now, and breast plates are no good, for de cowardly Americans are shooting us right in de back. Some of our boys took off dere breast plates and put 'em be-

hind, but de fool Americans are playing 'De Star Spangled Banner' mit machine guns on dem plates. Can't you help us?

"You remember in your speech you said nqthing could stand before the brave German soldiers. Oh, Papa, I don't believe dose ignorant Americans ever read dat speech, for dey run after us just like ve vas a lot of rabbits. Vot you tink of dot? Can't you send some of your speeches right



From the *Bystander*, London

"It": Simply sickening—not getting into Rheims or Eperney! Biggest and finest stores of liquor in the world—millions of bottles hiding away there!

"H. I. M.": Biggest and finest liquor, indeed! Instead of which you've had the biggest and finest licking in the world, nearly got yourself bottled up, and had a hiding we shan't forget in a hurry!

away? Dey don't know how terrible we are.

"Can't you move my army back to Belgium, vere ve von all our glory? My men can vip all de vimmen and children vat de Belgians bring up. But dese Americans are so rough and ignorant. Ve can't make 'em understand dat ve are de greatest soldiers on earth, and ven ve try to sing 'Deutsch-

land uber Alles' they laugh like a lot of monkeys.

"But we are getting de best of de Americans. Ve can outrun dem. Papa, if ve are not de best fighters on earth ve are sure de best runners. Nobody can keep up mit us ven ve tink of dear, dear old Rhine, and my army never did tink so much of dot dear old river. CROWN PRINCE WILLIE."

□ □ □



From the Bystander, London

AT THE CAFE DE GUERRE

All Highest: Bring me some of that!

Waiter von Hindenburg: Sorry, sir, but the band is playing it!

The Fifteenth Condition

Drawing and article by
McKee Barclay in the
Baltimore Evening Sun

By common consent President Wilson has become a world arbiter, and he has the confidence of all those who wish to see full justice done to Prussia's victims. The French, British and Italian leaders and the newspapers that give expression to the public sentiment back of them, show no signs of weakening in their support of his stand.

The press dispatches from abroad show that our allies are ready to maintain in full the President's "fourteen conditions," and they seem, happily, to be not only willing but anxious for the addition of one or two even more drastic conditions. President Wilson has told Germany that we will not treat with her present rulers. Frankly stated, that means: "Get rid of the Hohenzollerns. The Hohenzollern Government has proved that it will lie, cheat, steal and murder. Get rid of the Hohenzollerns and we will treat with you."

This dictum may be considered as composing the preamble to the fourteen conditions.

But the fourteen conditions do not include what to most Americans is a real *sine qua non*:

"Personal responsibility and accountability of the war's great criminals."

The crimes committed in Belgium, Serbia, Armenia, Russia, France and on the high seas can in no way ever be fully atoned for, and, of course, no adequate recompense can be made to the victims, dead or alive; but that the arch criminals who plunged the world into the war's slaughter pen should escape scot free or be entertained on a St. Helena will not satisfy the sense of justice of right-thinking men. Even the disinterested men—if it were possible that men who stand in the shadow of future wars can be "disinterested"—though they be citizens of neutral nations, must ad-

mit the necessity of the strongest deterrent measures for the guarantee of continued peace. If statesmen and rulers are to be protected as in the past by the hypnotizing glamour of high position from the operation of the laws of common justice, the men who in the name of the victors dictate the terms of peace might as well subscribe formally to the Prussian superman theory and give the "might-makes-right" principle a place in the new code. That the men who admit that they invaded Belgium only because of "reasons of necessity," who initiated or sanctioned liquid fire, poison gas, submarine murders, Zeppelin massacres, the deportation and torture of non-combatants and the systematic starvation of prisoners, should be punished only by the destruction of their plans of conquest will only add to the accumulated rancour of outraged humanity. It is unthinkable that the officer who ordered the burning of the church full of innocent Serbian men, women and children; that the submarine commander who submerged his ship and drowned the prisoners on her deck; that the aviators who bombed hospitals and the wounded—that these should be allowed to return peacefully from active duty as murderers to the enthusiastic acclaim of their fellow Huns.

The peace settlement must include the acceptance of a new international law code. The new laws must be subscribed to by real representatives of the German people and a police force must be organized that will enforce them. Unless the new code has the indorsement of the individuals who make up the mass of men and women who compose the victorious nations, as well as the acquiescence of the beaten peoples, there can be no absolute assurance that any international police organization can enforce the new statutes. The only way in



The line that will not break

which the new statutes will be made to command the confidence and moral support of the victorious nations as a whole will be by convincing them that full justice, so far as that is humanly possible, has been done.

Let Mr. Wilson add a fifteenth condition, and let it contain a declaration that an international tribunal shall judge the war's most notorious criminals, and that, as a last act of the martial law that shall end the

great war, its agents execute ignominiously the brutes who took advantage of the anarchy of war to carry out the inhuman impulses of fiendish outlawry.

Only in such a way can the German people be made to realize the sordidness of war and the baseness of those who outrage even what little resemblance of decency and humanity the technical observance of the laws of war making had left to the world.



Westerman in Ohio State Journal

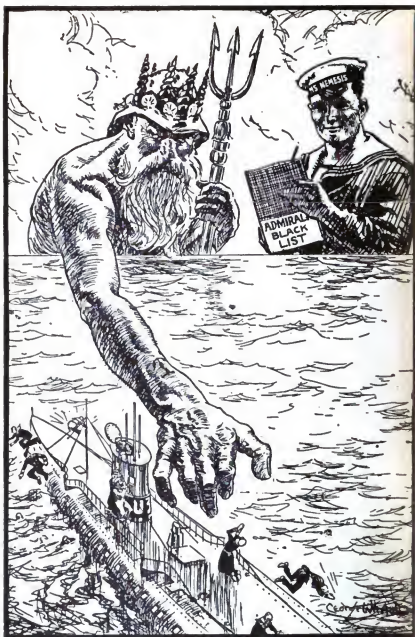
"My rage must be appeased! Order another hospital ship sunk!"

The Kaiser's Charge Account

Some one—the kaiser's American chauffeur, or baker, or something who has recently returned from Berlin—has pictured the kaiser as a shrewd business man. Our own notion is that Wilhelm's acumen has been vastly over-rated, else he would have been more thoughtful of the account he has been running up in France and Belgium, with a chance, no matter how remote that chance may have been, of having to make a remittance sometime. No man of sound sense burns all his financial bridges behind him; if he buys a five-hundred dollar coat

he has five hundred dollars, in one form or another, lurking about in one of his vest pockets. It is done, of course, by an occasional Wallingford, but it is not good business—and the kaiser likes to pose as having an eye to the main business chance.

Germany has run amuck in all the territories which she has overrun. She has looted, she has destroyed, and she has befouled everything that her filthy hands have touched, utterly without thought that a day of reckoning might come, until now she has run up a bill that at the very lowest esti-



From the Evening Star, London

Neptune (to U-boat commander): Come here, you vermin!

mate amounts to \$30,000,000,000, and that by many people who are wise in these things is put as high as \$100,000,000,000.

Some idea of what Germany must do in the way of making good her ravages in invaded lands may be gained from the following items pertaining to Belgium:

Local contributions and fines levied by Germany on Belgium in 1914, \$40,000,000.

War contributions from November, 1914, to October, 1916, \$192,000,000.

War contributions, seven months to May, 1917, \$70,000,000.

War contributions from May, 1917, to May, 1918, \$114,000,000.

War contributions from June to October of the current year, \$45,000,000.

Raw materials and machinery taken by the Germans were reckoned by the Germans themselves so long ago as January, 1915, at \$400,000,000.

The damage to December, 1914, estimated by the North German Gazette, amounted to \$800,000,000. This makes a grand total of \$1,921,000,000.

These items do not include material destruction and requisitions since January, 1915, which alone must be reckoned at several hundred million dollars.

We might remind our readers at this point that Germany has made levies upon Belgian and French invaded territory for far in excess of the billion-dollar indemnity that Germany exacted from France at the close of the Franco-Prussian war.

The sacking of territory evacuated by the German army has been of the completest kind. In the retreat from Lille soldiers

used baby carriages—every available vehicle, indeed—for carrying off kitchen utensils, pictures and clothing.

The individual German soldier has taken full advantage of the permission given him to loot and rob. Open confession was made by the Berlin Tageblatt, which, on November 26, 1914, said that "it is curious to note that far more money orders are sent from the theater of operations to the interior of the country than vice versa."

One instance of individual looting has been given by Stephane Lauzanne, editor of the Le Matin of Paris. "When the Grand Duke of Hess, brother of the former Empress of Russia, was at Ham in the Somme district," said Mr. Lauzanne, "he entered a shop where antiques were on sale. He selected quite a number and ordered that they be sent to his quarters. The proprietor of the shop soon after called upon the Grand Duke with his bill.

"What, pay for them!" cried the Grand Duke. "I own everything here. There is nothing to pay for."

But the proprietor insisted that he did not own the goods and must receive the price.

"Well, then," said the Grand Duke, "take this," and he wrote on the back of his card, "Good for francs."

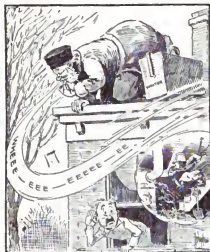
There is a vast quantity of paper of this sort held by French and Belgian people today, and every cent must be paid by Germany, otherwise the world will have no guarantees that Hun brigands of the future will not rob and pillage at will, in the full assurance that they will not have to pay.



Part of the day's bag

From La Esplanette (C. Paris)

-and Who should Blow in but



The call to arms
Ireland in Columbus Dispatch



It's the open season for
public dinners
Greene in New York Evening
Telegram



Helping father on
Donorship in Cleveland Plain Dealer



The day after
May in Cleveland Leader

Mr. Winter!



Bringing home the meat
Donahy in Cleveland Plain Dealer



The attack
Hanny in St. Joseph
News Press



Preparedness
Brinkerhoff in New York Mail



When a feller needs a friend
Brien in New York Tribune

Which ought to make the coal man
smile!
Wrote in Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger
Copyright, 1919. The Public Ledger Co.



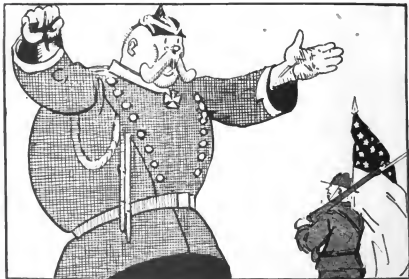
The Two Millionth

The best surety for the future peace of the world is the American soldier in Europe. We do not refer to his prowess as a warrior—although the Yank has convinced even the Germans of his fighting qualities and his courage. Rather we have in mind the presence in England, in France, and in Italy of millions of American citizens who, in fraternizing with the men of other nations, are finding out that after all those nations in whose hands, along with us, are placed the future destinies of the world, are made up of just one type of person—the "average man"—that national barriers are superficial; that national antipathies have been based usually upon ignorance of historical facts, ignorance of political institutions and social customs of other peoples. And he is getting his impressions under conditions that make them lasting.

To make clear by illustration just what

we mean: for decades we have been sending tourists to France in thousand lots. Arrived in London the typical tourist devoted a bare dozen hours to "doing" the city, only to criticize everything English that was unlike everything American—and as this included pretty much of everything, he passed on to Paris with about as complete an understanding of the British people and British institutions as he obtains of Poland by trying to obtain from the revered Webster's the correct pronunciation of Kosciuszko. Paris was no better; his knowledge of the capital of the intellectual world was got from drinking bad wine in the Latin quarter, the impressions which he carried being colored by the taste that was in his mouth the morning after. Italy, after a day or two spent in Venice, was declared to be dirty and poor—and there you were.

And yet the inhabitants of these selfsame



From L. Aulino, Rome

In 1917: The Americans? Huh! A contemptible army!

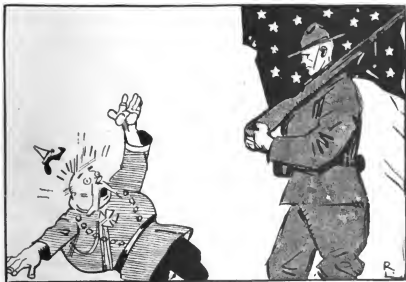
nations are the very folks with whom we shall be associated hereafter in the business of keeping the world a safe and decent place to live in; a place in which each people can live its own national life, free to develop its peculiar social and political genius, and respected and understood by other peoples.

What we needed most to fit us for sympathetic team work with Europe was an intimate acquaintance based on close contact with the British, the French, and the Italian people—not the sort of contact that came when a tourist bought post-cards in a corner shop and asked a "Bobby" the way to Picadilly Circus, but the sort of contact that comes as a result of mutual suffering in a common cause. A rapprochement with an emotional basis, if you please, was wanted, and the Yank, fighting by the side of the Tommy, of the poilu, and of the Italian soldiers; the Yank taken to spend his leave in the home of a British, French or Italian comrade; the Yank chatting and getting chummy with the "average man" on the streets of London, Paris, or Rome—the Yank getting acquainted with Europe under these conditions, is, we say, bringing about this rapprochement as no one else could have done.

We like, as illustrating this point, an article that appeared in *Punch* the other day. And it was written, let us remind the reader, by the sort of Britisher that we used to regard as being too reserved to make up with any stranger at all, least of all with a foreigner; while the subject of the sketch was of the sort that, as a tourist in the olden days, would have been scoffing at cricket and unusual initials. But to the story:

"It is very easy to talk with Americans just now. You find yourself sitting next to them in all kinds of places, and probably they want to know something about London, and you inform them, or misinform them, as the case may be, and some kind of companionship springs up.

"I met one of these strangers at Stamford Bridge not long ago—a tall, grave man in khaki—and he told me all about baseball and its mysteries, looking at me the while through great round yellow spectacles with horn or tortoise-shell rims. But for him I should have been utterly perplexed; but his deep level tones gradually converted chaos into order and I came away with something like admiration for the possibilities of a game which until then



In 1919: Heavens, how they've grown!

From L'Autre, Rome



Low in Sydney Bulletin

"Some folks reckon they've got a monopoly of this iron fist stuff!"



Appreciated at last!

Reprints in New York Tribune

I had been inclined to suspect. Next summer, when he has won the war, he is going to Lord's with me, and I am to embark upon the perilous enterprise of trying to prove to him the merits of cricket."

Then there was this other American described in the same article. This one "began by asking me what those mysterious letters outside Claridge's mean: T. F. H. I told him. Then—(oh, you don't know either? They mean Taxi, Four-wheeler, Hansom, and are illuminated according to requirement)—then he wanted to know what the word 'Mice' after an engineer's name meant, and I told him, Member of the Institute of Civil Engineers; and 'Ram' after a singer's—Royal Academy of Music; and all kinds of other combinations of initials which had struck his eye in programs, newspapers and so forth, most of which I could explicate.

"And then he offered a poser of his own from the other side of the Atlantic.

"What," he asked, "would you say that M. I. K. and F. H. B. stand for?"

"I gave it up instantly, or even sooner.

"They're our home code," he said, "and I'll give you a little help by saying that they're used only when we have company—folks to dinner and so on."

"But still I couldn't see any light."

"Well," he continued, "when there's a party going on and the supplies run a bit short, mother whispers to the others, or lets them know, so as the visitors don't hear, the letters F. H. B. That means 'Family hold back,' and we behave accordingly. But if a new dish comes in and, while we're all wondering if we dare have a go at it, she says, 'M. I. K.," we let ourselves loose, because that means "More in kitchen."

"It's a great country!" I said.

"He agreed with me."

These men are our ambassadors of peace; these are the men, not our professional diplomats, who will ensure a sympathetic cooperation with our allies in making possible all dreams of lasting peace.

And the two-millionth landed the other week!

And they are still going by the boatful!

□ □ □



From L. Bonino's *Life*, Paris

"Does it disagree with you, von Hindenburg, to ride backwards?"



Harry in St. Joseph News Press

Portrait of a man thinking deeply

Alone With Allah

The Turk, with the help of Allah, will have to fight it out alone now, for Kaiser Wilhelm, with his German Gott, has quite forsaken him. On October 8th word was flashed to the world that the Turkish cabinet (which was violently pro-German) had resigned. Of course we had grown accustomed to the announcement of forty-eight hour periods in connection with Turkey. For weeks we had them in the headlines of our morning papers, and for weeks afterward we had them in our evening papers. Always things would happen within forty-eight hours. But nothing ever happened of a really decisive character, for Turkey is a sick man, his disease taking on many of the symptoms of sleeping sickness, so that what

seems like his approaching finish is, likely as not, only a coma.

Be that as it may, Bulgaria's surrender to the allies and General Allenby's conquests in Palestine have left Turkey in a precarious condition—so precarious, indeed, as to cause the world to marvel how she hangs on.

But the resignation of the cabinet is of prime importance since the cabinet is responsible to the Turkish parliament for the good behavior of the sultan—although practically since the outgoing government came into power in January, 1913, the cabinet had controlled both the sultan and the nominal lawmakers—the former by coercion and the latter by invoking an article in the Constitution which permitted it



Harding in Brooklyn Eagle

The Alliance in 1918



Martin for George Matthew Adams Service

Turkey for Thanksgiving dinner

to enact "provisional laws" in the form of decrees.

Ever since the death of Mohammed V, on July 3d, the absolutism of the cabinet, even though supported from Berlin and by German troops on the spot, had maintained itself with difficulty, for the present sultan is said to possess entente sympathies. Besides, several of the ministers are known to have been opposed to Turkey entering the war on the side of Germany and Austria.

It has remained one of the wonders of the war to many people that Turkey got into the war at all. The only substantial reason could have been that, stung by the defeat administered by the Balkan states in the war of 1911 and 1912, she hoped to regain some of the territory lost at that time. Instead, she stands to lose every inch

of territory which she ever possessed in Europe, and, since the Arabian tribes are in revolt against her, she is likely to be reduced to the mere shadow of a sovereignty in Asia.

This end is in strange contrast to the Ottoman past. It was in 1358, when they crossed the Bosphorus and captured the city of Gallipoli, that the Turks gained their first foothold in Europe. In 1453 Constantinople fell into their hands, and gradually the Balkan peninsula was conquered. This was not without a struggle, however, for among the Serbs and Montenegrins the tale of Kossovo is still told, for it was there that these people fought to the death in a vain attempt to check the Turks.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century all save one corner of the Balkan

they stood at Chatalja, only twenty-five miles from Constantinople. There they paused. In a brief campaign, Turkey in Europe had been reduced from 65,350 square miles to a narrow strip along the sea.

Then came the quarrel among the victors over the division of the spoils and the second Balkan war, during this struggle the Turks advancing and reoccupying Adrianople.

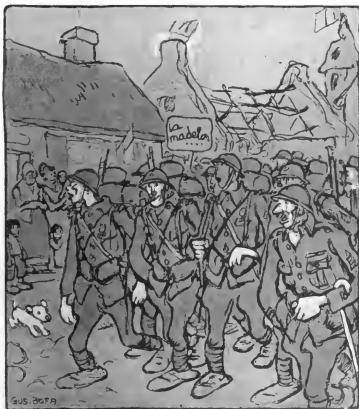
The treaty of Bucharest, ending the war, fixed the Ottoman dominions in Europe at eleven thousand square miles. The alliance

with Germany cost the sultan his shadowy claim to sovereignty over Egypt, which was proclaimed a British protectorate—and the British have since conquered Mesopotamia and Palestine.

The surrender of Bulgaria opens the northern door to Turkey. Whether the Moslems surrender or fight to the last, the result will be the same; Moslem power in Europe is doomed.

Beyond the Dardanelles in Asia Minor lies Anatolia, the population largely Turkish, and there the Turks will probably be allowed to work out their national destiny.

□ □ □



From La Marseillaise (C. Paris)

You can't beat an army that sings as it goes into action

He didn't Want a
Mitteleuropa
anyway



Cartoon in Chicago Journal

Copyright, 1918, Frens Publishing Co.

Spilling the beans

Bulgaria punctures the Kaiser's Pipe Dream

Germany was erecting a mighty flimsy structure when she made of Bulgaria and Bulgarian sympathies the southern wall of her Mitteleuropa house. So long ago as 1916 Bulgaria declared, through her minister at Washington, that Bulgaria "sees no interest in Germany's reported dream of Mitteleuropa."

This statement came a year after Bulgaria had entered the war, and after she had got what she says, frankly enough, she went after—possession of the province of Dobrudja. But let us quote further from the statement—which, to those who kept it in mind, presaged the early withdrawal of the Bulgarian people from the war:

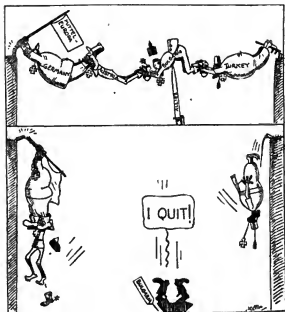
"Bulgaria," said Minister Panaretoff, "entered the war with the single object of regaining the Dobrudja and the Macedonian parts of Serbia, which were unjustly taken from her in the Balkan war. She had no particular love for the central powers; in fact, she had previously been at war with Turkey. As a price for her entry into the war she asked for the restoration of her former territory, which, according to the president's statement on national boundaries, rightfully belongs to her."

Bulgaria, said M. Panaretoff, would have preferred to join the allies, "but they offered the restoration of her territory—providing Serbia consented to take other land in exchange. Our prime minister even stated to

the allies that within a day of the acceptance of Bulgaria's terms, the Bulgarian army would be marching toward Constantinople. But Germany's offer was unqualified. We joined the central powers, not because we had to, but because we deliberately chose to do so. Now that Bulgaria has attained her aims she is ready for peace, . . . and wants nothing but that which by language, nationality, and historic right belongs to her."

Before ascribing too great virtue to Bulgaria's frankness in this instance, one should remember that she entered the war nursing as deep a grudge against Austria as against the allies. In 1913, after the conclusion of the first Balkan war, she had concluded with Austria a treaty of alliance that contained these provisions:

Bulgaria shall denounce all treaties of alliance with Serbia, Greece, and Montenegro.



The broken span



Ballmell in Central Press Association

Seeing the light!

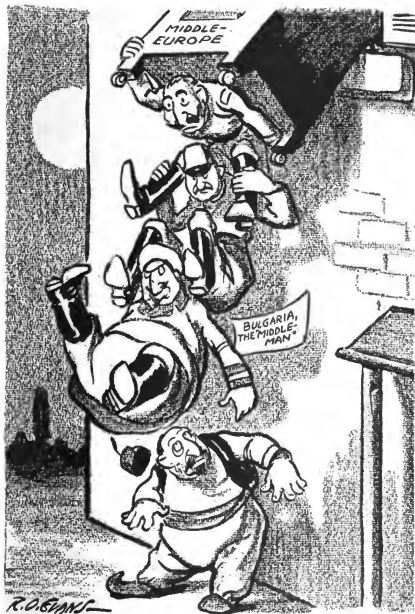
In case of war between Austria-Hungary and Serbia, or Austria-Hungary and Russia, Bulgaria shall mobilize an adequate force in order to paralyze any action of Serbia's.

Austria-Hungary binds herself by diplomatic or military action to hinder every attempt by Rumania against Bulgaria in the event of hostilities between Bulgaria and her allies. Further, Austria-Hungary pledges herself to intervene should the war take a turn unfavorable to Bulgaria.

This was on June 26th, and three days later Ferdinand, the czar of Bulgaria, sent the following message to the heads of his army: "Tomorrow we shall begin operations against the Serbians and Greeks."

Austria, for various reasons, chief among them being the refusal of Italy, as a member of the triple alliance, to back her up—Austria, we say, went back on her part of the Bulgarian treaty of June 26th, with the result that Bulgaria was soundly whipped by Greece and Serbia.

But this was not the first time that Austria had disappointed Ferdinand. Bulgaria was to have received territorial compensation as the result of the first Balkan war of 1912 and 1913, in the event of the Balkan allies reaching Constantinople. But Constantinople was not reached, and while Austria benefited to the extent of keeping Serbia cut off from the sea, and of getting



Didn't get away with it

Drawn in Baltimore American



Bronstrup in San Francisco Chronicle

Robbing the cook

Albania set up into an independent monarchy, Bulgaria had for her pains the war and all that it cost her in prestige.

The situation, then, in 1914, was precisely to Germany's liking. Mutual distrust prevailed among Austria, Bulgaria and Turkey, yet the interests of each were bound to Berlin by hopes of profit. This was precisely the kind of material needed for building up a central European zone—reaching from the Baltic sea on the north to the Bosphorus on the south—that would be under the complete economic control of Berlin.

Mittleuropa, of course, was but half the story; it was to be merely a lane, a German

highway, into Asia, where a continent lay open for Teutonization and for commercial and political exploitation.

Just how this was to be brought about was dilated upon at length by various pan-Germanist writers, who in general followed the lines indicated by Tannenberg, who, however, like most other writers, proceeded upon the assumption that Great Britain would remain out of the war. According to Tannenberg, Germany, having secured the domination of Europe and Asia Minor, was to extend the influence of Turkey and bring the western half of Persia under Ottoman rule. The eastern part of that ancient land was to be handed over to

Great Britain in exchange, in part at least, for her neutrality. Afghanistan was to be the beginning of a vast oriental German protectorate, which would include practically the whole of China proper, Annam, Siam, and most of the Malay archipelago.

On the African continent, Egypt and the Sudan were to remain in British hands though later on Germany promised them to Turkey. An enlarged Morocco was to be taken from France, while a bid was made for a vast German central Africa.

Just what penalty would be imposed upon England in Central Africa for her hardihood in entering the war is not yet clear, but a German map published in the autumn of 1917 adds to the proposed German possession French Abangi, British East Africa and half of Rhodesia.

The more imaginative of the pan-German writers jumped from Africa across to South America and fastened the German political and economic grip on that continent. The United States might resent the proceeding, but could be quieted by having thrust in her face the British adhesion to the schemes, which Berlin would exact as a price of letting her retain her colonies.

All this seems like the mad raving of a maniacal mind, but not so. It was the theory, worked out with a great deal of detail, held by every pan-German. The pan-German theory—complicated as it is, thus worked out in detail, was no more crazy than the kaiser's belief in the solidity of so elaborate a structure based upon a superstructure as frail as the questionable loyalty of Bulgaria, especially a Bulgaria under a leader like the crafty and opportunistic Ferdinand. Bulgaria was the weakest link in the chain that was to reach from Hamburg to Hong Kong; it was the isthmus, if you please, between Germany and Germanized Austria in the west, and the Turkish empire to the east. The vassal part which Germany expected her to play was so apparent to Bulgaria that she naturally preferred to play her own game, craftily as it might have to be done. She got Dobrudja (got it after a fashion, of course), and with ruin facing Germany, the astute thing was to drop out, even though it created an unbridged gap between Berlin and the Bosphorus and cut the Berlin to Bagdad railway, which was so essential to the realization of the pan-German dream.

□ □ □



"The German Gott is with us!"
"Yes, but we've got Foch!"

From L'Homme Libre, Paris

Letting Them Tell It

The Turk



*I am the Turk—
Called the "Unspeakable."
Women and babes are
My favorite victims.
Men are too strong
For a Turk to fight bravely.
By the way, I'll get sore
If that Bill Hohenzollern
Doesn't stop giving me
All sorts of orders—
And taking my ships and
No receipt for them!
He goes too far
When the Maker of Hatred
Starts getting fresh.
Another thing, too—
I hear that the Yanks
From over the water
Are going to pay
A visit to Berlin,
With a stringing-up party
The event of the evening.
I'd better scat
While the scatting is healthy.
Me for the Peace Dove
And fistful of olive
Branches!*

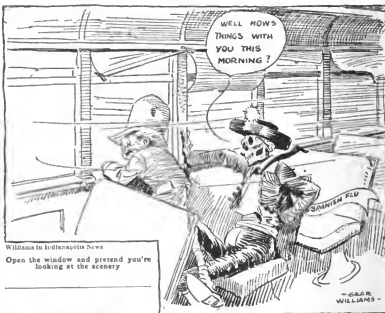
Poems by James F. King

Decorations by Ervin Metz

Hindy

I am von Hindenburg,
 Wisest of chenerals—
 Known to der allies
 As Hindy der Bloody,
 And Son of Attila.
 Chermanic motesty
 Simbly combels me
 To say I'm der biggest
 Und foxiest leader
 Dot effer drofe men
 To slaughter and carnach!
 I am some beans—
 I haff to admit ut!
 Friedrich Vilhelm,
 Der poor cracy Kronprinz,
 Gets in my way
 Und tries to play solcher,
 Grapping an army
 Und getting der men shot—
 All because Daddy
 Iss kaiser of Germany.
 Some day I'll get mad
 And shoot der cracy Kron-
 Prinz.
 He let der allies
 Bust up der Hindenburg
 Line, vat vas famous
 For showing our power!
 —Sherman vas right!



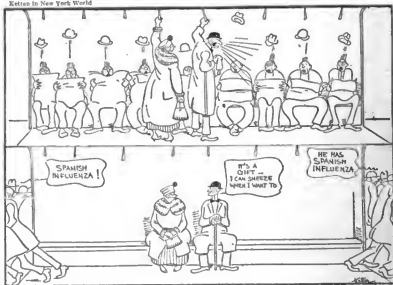


Williams In Indianapolis News

Open the window and pretend you're looking at the scenery

... How to get a seat

Ketion In New York World





That guiltiest feeling

Briggs in Chicago Tribune

On the Sneezing Line

The influenza in its new form has sneezed its way from Spain, where it appeared last spring, through Switzerland to France, Germany, Russia, Scandinavia, and Great Britain, finally leaping the Atlantic to devastate our own country. In Europe, where it was not complicated with pneumonia, it was less dangerous than it has proved to be in our own country; there it was a subject of jest, comic artists drawing humorous pictures about it, and quipsters whipping it into whimsical doggerel. This was due, we suppose, to the fact that if we are to believe our psychologists, the act of sneezing appeals so universally to the sense of the ludicrous.

If there is a humorous aspect of the epidemic we ourselves fancy it is to be found

in the serious discussions that have been raging in the camps of science. For we must remember that few of the cases under observation have revealed the presence of the influenza bacillus—and this would be necessary to bear out the claim that Spanish influenza is nothing more than the common influenza, or grippe, which had its origin in Russia in 1889. The designation of the new malady as "Spanish influenza" is purely arbitrary. The disease has not been definitely traced to Spain except that this particular form of influenza first obtained a hold early this year.

As for the Spanish people themselves, they have believed from the start that the disease was of German origin, and consequently two theories have presented them-



Grand-dad inadvertently sneezed—



Illustration by Cleveland Plain Dealer

And now look at the rest of the family

selves. One theory is that a new trench germ must have been born in the German lines, where the troops, poorly fed and clothed, were in state of reduced vitality, and that this germ must have been carried from Flanders into Spain by strong winds. While this would explain the subsequent appearance of the new disease among the allied troops, it would hardly apply so well to Spain, because Madrid, a city of the interior, was hit by the disease before any of the coast cities were even touched.

The second theory was that the disease

was carried into Spain by the crews of German submarines, just as the bacteria of yellow fever are supposed to have been created out of the filthy and crowded conditions of the old slave boats.

The history of the disease in our own country probably goes back to early in August, last, when more than two hundred cases arrived on board a Norwegian liner, although virulent localized epidemics of a strange form of grip had been reported before this. In April, for example, a Detroit manufacturing plant reported that more



(Chapin in St. Louis Republic)

It happens in the best of families!

than two thousand of its employees had been suffering from a disease which was very much like grip, and yet somewhat different from grip. At that time "Spanish influenza" was unknown. No observations were made of these cases, and it is only possible to guess at their connection, if any, with what we now know as "Spanish influenza."

Subsequent to the arrival of the Norwegian boat, another ship reported eleven cases at quarantine in New York. This vessel was passed, but the question was

raised as to whether the health officer of the port should not be required to quarantine against the disease. Health officials were inclined to take the matter lightly and advanced the opinion that Spanish influenza was a misnomer, and that the epidemic was not as new to this country as was generally supposed. It was nothing more than grip or at best a sort of cousin to grip they said. Also they were firmly convinced that America was not in danger of an epidemic!

A few days later still another liner re-

ported twenty-one cases among its passengers and crew. The virulence with which the epidemic has spread across the country since these first cases is known to all. There was a theory at first that influenza attacked only people who were run down because of lack of proper food. This idea was exploded in late August when a dispatch from an Irish port told of symptoms of the disease among officers and men stationed at an American destroyer base. Now except American soldiers, American sailors are probably the best fed persons in Europe, but the disease attacked several score of them there, and for a week or so disrupted crew assignments completely. Happily all of the cases recovered. In that instance it was found that the disease was not dangerous if it were taken in hand at the outset.

The only preventive seems to be the keeping of the vital resistance to so high a point that the body is immune to germ attacks of any kind. The following rules have been issued as summing up all the principles of preventive hygiene:

Keep away from the cougher, sneezer or spitter who does not use a handkerchief.

Keep out of crowds whenever possible.

Don't use dishes or towels which have been used by others until they have been washed in boiling water.

Don't put your lips against the telephone mouthpiece, and don't put into your mouth pencil or any other article that has been used by another.

Keep in the fresh air and sunlight as much as possible, but wear sufficient clothing to keep warm.

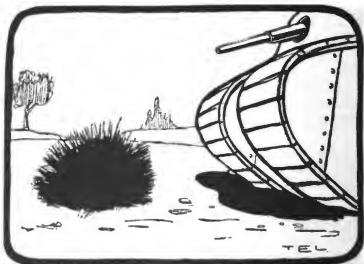
Sleep in well ventilated room under plenty of bed clothes.

Walk instead of using the street car or subway whenever your journey is a short one.

Be temperate in eating and observe the ordinary rules of hygiene.

Wash your hands and face immediately upon reaching your home, and change your clothes if possible before mingling with the rest of the family.

And if you do get it, call the doctor—and be thankful you've got one to call.



From L'Homme Libre, Paris

"Our army on the west front resembles a porcupine that has rolled itself into a ball," said the editor of the Berlin Morgen Post recently. The above cartoon, which appeared in a late issue of L'Homme Libre, Paris, is an apt comment on this statement.



Running down the Rumors

In every community there are people of the busybody kind who have only to hear one rumor to expand it into a dozen. They may be actually pro-German, and choose the rumor route to mischief, or they may be innocent folk who are constitutionally incapable of hearing a story and then choking it to death. The effect in both cases is the same—to rouse doubt and suspicion, not only with regard to the justice of the war, but also with regard to the purposes and integrity of those entrusted with its conduct. The effect is always to discourage giving, whether it be of men or money.

Parents in whose minds has been instilled the belief that men in service are being starved, and that they lack medical care and protection from moral dangers, are going to consent very reluctantly to their sons going into the army or navy. Likewise, people who are convinced that this is an unjust war will part very grudgingly with their money.

The evil, unfortunately, does not stop here, for this is an attitude toward the war that is virulently contagious. One person so infected is able to demoralize those of his neighbors who are sufficiently lacking



Evans in Baltimore American

Keep the home fires burning!

in spirit to have fixed ideas about things—and every community has enough of this sort.

Every man and woman should constitute himself a committee of one to run down these rumors and to silence the disturber—whom you will always know by certain signs that he himself will give you. He will not give you a fraternal grip, nor mumble a jumble of bocus-pocus to you, but he will probably betray himself by some such phrase as this: "I want to tell you something: Jones assures me that—," or "They say that—," or "Take it from me, Germany is not beaten yet."

In some places "yellow dog" clubs have been formed with success. A member of

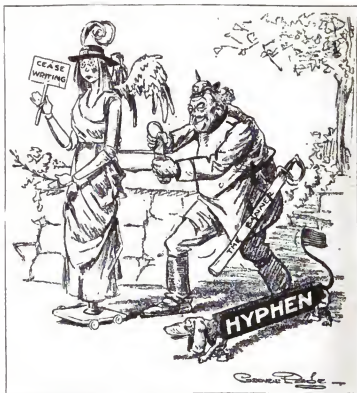
this organization (which is a purely informal affair) makes it his business to listen every rumor through and then ask the narrator whether he can prove it. If not he immediately attaches a yellow tag to him—which has the immediate effect of turning the aforetime rumor monger into a very efficient member of the concatenated order of clams.

The recent Spanish influenza outbreak offered a fertile soil for growth of new varieties of the pest. One of our most popular naval stations was said to harbor German spies in the form of physicians who, under cover of the influenza scare, deliberately infected the sailors with the streptococcus. Six of these villains were



Swat the Lie!

Harding in Brooklyn Eagle



Page in Nashville Tennessean

A German peace drive

reported as being shot by the station authorities. The rumor could have but one effect—to discourage recruiting so far as this station, one of the largest in the country, was concerned.

Growing out of the "flu" scare came a flood of fresh rumors that had to do with reported inadequate sanitary arrangements in our military camps, and the leaving of men to die like flies, without medical aid and nursing. The bearers of these tales did not stop to consider that, although the death rate in our camps was high, yet it was less in most cases than in civilian communities of equal population.

Another rumor—which, by the way, appealed especially to the rumorettes, reached maturity just as the fourth liberty loan drive was started—spread from house to

house in many communities with a speed that was astonishing. It was to the effect that government authorities were surreptitiously advising bond holders to destroy their bonds of previous issues, the amazing reason being given in each case that Uncle Sam in this way hoped to obviate the redemption of billions of dollars worth of bonds!

The war has demonstrated, as nothing else could do, the credulity of the ordinary man and woman. At a time when just one thought—the winning of the war—should fill our minds, and when unquestioning confidence in our leaders is one of America's chief assets, there are people who are willing to suspend their work and relax their vigilance in order to retail grotesque stories about things that on the

face of them are not true—and that more often than not would not matter if they were.

The favorite theme for rumors has been, of course, the loyalty of people who, utterly without reason, have suddenly become suspected of pro-German sympathies. The president's private secretary was, as many will recall, the victim of some wild tales that

spread, with the rapidity of wildfire, across the country. Rumor has had hundreds of army officers shot for disloyalty—in one army cantonment an entire division, after being ready to board the train for its shipping port, was held up by the shooting of an officer in camp who had disclosed to the enemy sailing arrangements, and even the date!

□ □ □



Rebas in New York World

"Yessir, if I hain't plum clean forgotten the name of that magazine that Mariar told me to buy for her. Th' only thing I recollect was that she said they was a nice picture of a soldier and his sweetheart on the cover."



THE SHEEPSKIN
By Robert Lortac



IN FRONT OF VERDUN

A drawing by Maurice Pellerier, who has been in service since 1914, and who has told in many paintings and drawings the story of the titanic struggle on the Verdun front.

The French Artists War against War

Who was the Frenchman who first hit upon the idea of fixing on canvas and drawing board the spirit of heroism that has animated the soldiers of the allied nations? The present writer asked the question when, with Robert Lortac, an eminent French cartoonist, and himself a soldier-artist, we were going through an exhibition of French war paintings that MM. Lortac and Ludovic Leblanc, the French poet, recently brought to America.

Staid scholars will write tomes dealing with dates and troop movements, and with matters of tactics and strategy; they will tell a lot of things about the war that should, of course, go into books. But they will miss the thing that these artists have got down so vividly: we mean the spirit of the fighting man—his gayety, his humor, the fun he gets out of it all, the patience that endures, his tenderness.

A fact that impresses one on studying the work of the French artists is the youthfulness of so many of the artists. We are in the habit so much of thinking of masters of art as being men of mature age. But the war has taught us that maturity is not a matter of years, but of the spirit—and thus we find mere boys doing work that by all the canons of art should have required long experience in life for the doing.

We have MM. Lortac and Leblanc to thank for the privilege of reproducing for *Cartoons Magazine* readers drawings that illustrate the point we make, that it is the artist that will transmit to posterity the deeper aspects of the world war. One of the drawings we are glad to say, is by M. Lortac himself, that showing a sheepskin clad French soldier on duty in a winter trench.



THE INTRUDER

By A. Dutec

Dutec has gone outside trench and camp activities for many of his subjects, as in the above drawing, where Germany is shown, after the war, as an intruder in the family of nations.

Dutec is forty years of age, if you must know, is an Alsatian, and is in service as an interpreter.



THE POILU

By André Bel

Although he is but twenty-one years of age, André Bel is already one of the best known of the French war artists. His drawings display marked individuality, the above cartoon being one of the best character drawings that has come out of the war. A brilliant future is predicted for him.

Bel has been in active service since 1916, and has been through the Somme campaign of that year, through the Aisne fighting of 1917, and has been at the Verdun front during the present year.



THE AMERICANS ARRIVE

By Hervé Baillie

Baillie is one of the younger of the French war artists, being but twenty-four years of age. He is a staff contributor to such well-known French journals as *Le Rire*, *La Baionnette*, etc., and is a gunner in the 232nd regiment of heavy artillery. The above picture, like most of his war cartoons, was executed at the front.



THE SCOT

By Ricardo Flores, staff cartoonist of the Paris Le Journal, and Le Rire, and member of the committee of the Société des Artistes Humoristes; machine gun corporal in the tenth infantry regiment until wounded in June, 1910, at Kemmel.

*Ricardo Flores
Brussels, Flanders, Mar 1910*



From L'Homme Libre, Paris

Down with the Spanish "flu"

Thinking Twice about it

America, during the months preceding our entry into the war, was perhaps the world's champion note-writer. For every fresh affront that she offered us Germany had a smoothly running "stall" ready at hand—which served to delay our declaration of war, but did not avert it.

Patient as we were, however, and close as we were to developing writer's cramp, Spain has proved a close second. Between Madrid and Berlin innumerable notes have passed concerning piratical submarine warfare, until patience has almost ceased to be a virtue in Spain. Germany has seemed to find some sort of delight in flaunting her callous indifference to neutral rights. As a recent Spanish note put it, "As a consequence of the submarine campaign more than twenty per cent of the Spanish merchant marine has been sunk, more than one hundred Spanish sailors have perished, a considerable number of sailors have been wounded, and numbers have been shipwrecked and abandoned. Ships needed exclusively for Spanish use have been torpedoed without the slightest pretext."

Not only this, but the German system

long pursued the same wanton course in Spain as in this country before the war. As the editor of the Oklahoma City Oklahoman put it, "Germany has propagandized Spain just as she perverted Russia. Her spies have infested the land. They have preached revolution to the bolsheviks, and to the bourgeoisie have presented the lure of commercial assistance after the war. The grantees are with Germany. It has been said that the only friends the allies have in Spain are the king and the rabble. Certainly official Spain seems willing to bear any ignominy Germany may inflict, accept any verbal reparation tendered, and maintain a neutrality which is in effect an alliance."

But the submarine warfare has at last made the Spanish government take a definite stand and call upon the German government to cease the sinking of Spanish shipping, else the government would seize an amount of German shipping equivalent to that which was sunk. The Hun press immediately assumed a belligerent tone—belligerent where it was not incredulous.

Thus the Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zei-



Copyright, 1914, by New York Evening Post

Cartoon in New York Evening Post

"I wonder what's the matter with these neutrals!"



From La Campaña de Gracia, Barcelona

CROCODILE TEARS

The inscription reads: "I did not seek this war!"

tung, whose statements can always be counted upon as being inspired, declared, "In its answer the German government has indicated the serious objections that any arrangement of this kind presents, while on the other hand it is to be assumed that it is not possible to make exceptions in favor of certain countries as regards German submarine warfare."

The Kölnische Zeitung went so far as to say that the "German government has given the Spanish government to understand that serious objection exists to such a treatment of the question, and has given expression to the expectation that the negotiations contemplated concerning safe conducts will enable a way to be found to limit the difficulties of Spanish trade outside the prohibited area as far as possible. It hereby affirms that the announcement according to which the Spanish government wishes to indemnify itself for tonnage already sunk is incorrect. As regards the matter itself, it is to be observed that in submarine warfare exceptional treatment

in favor of one power is impossible. Germany cannot renounce the right of combating her enemies by means of the submarine war."

Then the Zeitung drops into a patronizing tone that ill conceals the anxiety beneath it:



Orig. in Chicago Tribune

"After you, my dear Alfonso!"



Brewster in San Francisco Chronicle

On the tail of the lonesome whine!

"We do not doubt that the Spanish government will continue to maintain its neutrality, especially as it must again be emphasized that negotiations for removing difficulties for Spanish economic life are in progress. Moreover, if the expectations which Germany had placed on her relations with Spain, so firm and so friendly for so many years, have to a certain degree been unfulfilled, the people of Germany are unanimous that the many proofs of friendship that Spain has already given in a difficult time, and the well-known chivalrous and friendly feelings of the Spanish people, afford every reason for holding fast loyally to an old friendship. We are convinced

that calm reflection will restrain the proud and chivalrous Spanish people from taking precipitate steps."

Beneath this smooth phraseology the *Lokal-Anzeiger* indulges in a threat: "It is conceivable," it says, "that Spain could still further be met in regard to safe-conducts, but there can assuredly be no doubt that to resort to German tonnage for Spanish shipping which is navigated in the barred zone without imperative reason would be regarded as an unneutral act." The writer drags out some old arguments that are familiar to every American as having been first tried out on us. "Spain," he says, "must acknowledge the situation



From *La Victoire*, Paris

AFTER THE SPANISH NOTE

Austria, Turkey and Bulgaria: He is done for—the neutrals are setting in!

which compelled Germany to adopt submarine warfare and admit that Germany cannot give up her submarine activity inside the blockade zone in order to save Spanish ships, as other neutrals would ask for similar advantages and thus the submarine be rendered useless."

Several German papers accuse Spain of what we in America call, in our slangy way, getting onto the bandwagon, now that German arms are meeting with reverses. But as one follows the German press comments he observes that along with all this bluster and fire eating, certain papers have been permitted to counsel a conciliatory course. Thus the *Vorwärts* remarks that the situation is very serious, and if Spain should abandon her neutrality it would be the greatest political triumph which the entente has achieved. "This must be prevented," says this paper, "by a clever and obliging policy on the part of the German government. Spanish neutrality so far has undoubtedly been honorable. Therefore we demand and make the German government responsible for seeing that Spain is not driven into the ranks of our enemies, and there should thus be completed in the most absolute fashion the world coalition against the empire."

Editorial comment in the avowedly Germanophile papers in other neutral countries is of great interest, since they advise overtures to Spain—an attitude that not only reflects what have probably been the real views of the German government from the first, but that also would tend to conciliate pro-ally opinion in the countries of publication.

Thus the *Schwäbische Tagwacht*, of Switzerland, considers, that the submarine controversy is no longer a German-Spanish incident, but "a veritable German-Spanish conflict, that nothing is left for Germany but friendly negotiations with Spain, and that the present military and political situation of Germany is hardly such that she could risk making new enemies through pursuing such a childish policy of prestige in the manner of the pan-Germans."

The *Basler Nachrichten*, however, says that Germany is in a very difficult situation, and if she meets the Spanish demands for the restriction of the submarine war, the question will immediately be raised as to why she should avoid the relatively small Spanish peril when she did not avoid the far greater danger from America. The *Nachrichten* asks whether this would not be a confession of shortsightedness in em-

playing a method of warfare by the use of which Germany brought upon herself the hostilities of America with all the serious consequences that that has meant.

Be that as it may, Germany gave in—as she undoubtedly meant to do from the start. For the German government is constitutionally incapable of doing the simple thing in a simple manner. After she has made up her mind on a course, she must equivocate and stall and camouflage for a season, and then carry out the performance. So thorough was her acquiescence that when last month Spain seized fifteen thousand tons of shipping as indemnification for fresh sinkings of Spanish vessels, the German government gave in without a protest—without, indeed, taking more than official note of the matter at all.

In the meantime the attention of Spain is beginning to turn more and more to after the war commercial problems. More and more is she becoming concerned with Span-

ish opportunity in South America. The tightening of the bonds, racial and historic, that already exist between Spain and the South American peoples is coming to be regarded in Spain as the prime political necessity of the future; in the new commercial and economic world that will come into being after the war it is the great hope and intention of Spain to establish and strengthen her place in the new scheme of things by the natural union with her prosperous American offshoots. Spain, bound to South America by an arrangement of mutual preference and reciprocity, would be in a position to regard with equanimity the intentions and proceedings of other grand elements in the world of commercial and economic endeavor.

The recent diplomatic victory over Germany is going to leave its mark on the trade relations of these two nations whenever they come in contact with each other in the fight for South American trade—provided



From La Campana de Gracia, Barcelona

TO THE SPANISH SPY

"Here is the Iron Cross. You have well earned it!"

Germany is ever again a contender for world trade at all. The end to all bullying on the part of Berlin is here, and the feeling of self-confidence and independence which comes to Spain as a consequence will more

and more assert itself to the detriment of German interests in that land, and in those fields of trade and industry in which the Spanish people become active competitors with Germany.

□ □ □



Darling in New York Tribune

ON THE OTHER FOOT!

It all depends, to the mind of the Hun, on who is doing the rough work



Bushnell in Central Press Association

Going home with a vengeance

The Serbian Home Coming

The return of the Serbian armies and exiles to their homes is taking place under auspices that augur well for the future. The past, so far as regards bitterness toward her enemies, is forgotten by Serbia, and prospects are good for the inauguration of an era of good feeling. Nikola Pashitch, Serbian representative on the inter-allied war council, has recently said, on this point:

"We entertain no spirit of revenge, although we have suffered much from the Bulgarians and Austrians. We wish to make our country the promised land for which the Jugo-slavs, who had been under the domination and tyranny of the Hapsburgs for so long, have been sighing."

One point in this statement threatened at one time to mar the concord that existed in the allied councils. We refer to



Hanny in N. J. Joseph News-Press

The reports of his death were greatly exaggerated

Serbia's aspirations to become a nucleus around which would be built up a Jugo-slavic state. Italy especially was suspicious of the Serbian program, for the proposed new state was to include, not only large slices out of Austria-Hungary itself, but also Serbia, Montenegro, Bosnia, Hercegovina, the Dalmatian and Istrian coasts on the Adriatic.

The question was complicated by the circumstance that the pan-slav leaders, many of them, proposed to include within the new territories, not only Dalmatia and Istria, but also Trieste and other cities with a preponderant Italian population.

But farseeing Italian leaders have believed that the interests of Italy and of a strong Jugo-slavic state lay side by side. So long ago as 1916 Signor Bissolati, in the Paris *Le Matin*, made the assertion that the policy of Italy was one of rapprochement with France on the one hand

and with the southern slavs on the other. "Any fear that Italy would not recognize the claims of the Jugo-slavs was groundless," he said, "for Italy herself has suffered far too much from oppression to wish to oppress anyone. We have a great and clearly defined task to perform on the eastern side of the Adriatic," he declared, "and part of it will be to throw open the door of commerce to the Jugo-slav and place him in connection with the west."

This attitude has become embodied in the official state policy by the following statement made by the Italian government:

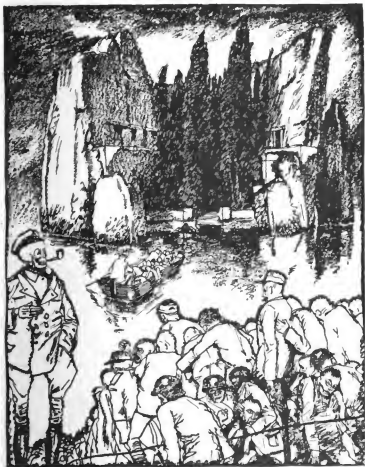
"The council resolves," the declaration says, "to inform the allies' governments that the Italian government regards the movement of the Jugo-slav peoples for the conquest of their independence, and for their constitution into a free state, as

corresponding to the principles for which the entente is fighting and also to the aims of a just and lasting peace."

It is impossible to over-emphasize the importance of this position. It means, if persisted in, that the Balkan peoples, free

from Austrian and German aggression, free from the machinations of Turkey, and with the friendliness of Italy reaching out to them across the Adriatic, will be permitted to work out their great destiny unmolested.

□ □ □



From: Neuberger, Zurich

THE ISLE OF THE DEAD

The General: No pushing, gentlemen! You'll all get there soon enough!



Page in Nashville Tennessean

TOO MUCH FOR HIM
 "Haf you seen Gott lately?"

More than He Can Stand The German Gott Resigns

Reports have been current the past few weeks that von Gott had resigned from the central alliance and left Wilhelm in the lurch. Cartoonists seemed to have some source of secret information, for they kept the rumor alive by means of pictures showing the kaiser in all degree of impatience at the way von Gott was stalling on his end of the job.

We can now say to our readers that the report is correct, that instead of "me and

Gott" the "undt Gott" part is absent. We know because we sent Hermann Teufelschnitz, our war expert, to interview the kaiser's silent partner in the war business, and tireless Hermann sent by wireless, "It's true!" Then later on he sent from Switzerland a more complete account of his interview.

We shall not attempt to tell how Hermann got into Germany, since the government bids us conserve on dashes, and the



From Le Rire C. Paris

"Mein Gott, are you not a Cherman, den?"



McCutcheon in Chicago Tribune

Copyright, 1918, by John T. McCutcheon

The twilight of the Gotta

editor's cut-outs would make Hermann's story in print look like a picture of the Morse telegraphic alphabet. But the rest of the story can be given in full.

"I had no trouble getting into the castle," says Hermann. "This would not have been true, formerly, for the kaiser had every telephone wire to the von Gott castle connected with his palace in Berlin, and besides had 'fixed' all the von Gott attendants so that no one could get to the great man unless Wilhelm willed it.

"The old geek resembles von Tirpitz, only he is not so jovial looking. You feel that von Gott could not have the capacity to enjoy so fully the fun of torpedoing passenger ships with women and children aboard.

"He had a light repast set before me. This consisted chiefly of a small loaf of bread that tasted like some of our breakfast foods look—only instead of mahogany shavings and sawdust the Germans must have been reduced in making their bread to using hem-



From L'Asino, Rome

"To think that the good old German Gott gave it to me!"

Götterdämmerung, but would yell demselfs red in der faces at der Gott of der central embires. Idt looked like a leadt pipe cinch dot mit Vilhelm's moustache and spiked helmit, undt mein name, ve would vin, so Ich saidt yes, vorse luck, undt ve vendt to var.'

"The old boy stopped here to wipe a remniscent tear from his eye. It moved me to see one of the gotts manifest human emotions in this manner, and would have burst into tears myself had I not bitten hard onto the pretzel and taken a chance at the brew. This hardened my will and I resumed the interview.

"'Did you get the opera?"

"'Opera? Huh! Ich didt not efen gedt a jazz song aboutt me. Undt chealous! Vilhelm vas dot chealous dot he shudt me up in my castle undt von't ledt von Hindenberg and Ludendorff undt der utter ginks come near me yedt. Idt is big stuff to haff der beebble read aboutt no one else budt von Gott undt his machoety in der same phrase.'

"'Only the kaiser don't put it that way!' I remarked on a venture, with my eyebrows lifted in a knowing way, in lieu of a wink—for just as gotts never nod, so also they never wink.

"'Yes, old top,' he said, affecting the pure

American language for the sake of making an impression, "he always pudt it "Me undt Gott"—Vilhelm first, see?"

"'Didn't that rather get your nanny?' I asked, dropping into the vernacular.

"'Yess, undt I jumped Vilhelm aboutt idt von day, budt he saidt idt didn't sound syllolybus, "Gott undt me," like "Me undt Gott," undt I ledt him haff his way, for you can't argue vith Vilhelm, peacuse der poor fish hass no brains yedt!"

"Again he was overcome and to strengthen him I offered him the pretzel,

but a sly smile came over his vonic face and he said that he felt better already yet.

"'When,' I asked, 'did the break come?"

"'Oh,' he replied, 'idt vas gratural. I couldn't stand for der ship sinkings yedt mit der submarines, undt told Vilhelm so. Budt he said to me to mind my own tamn pusiness. I didt so, which only made him madder, py golly! Den I told him dot dis vas no Gott's job, being partner in a firm dot sinks childer, and vould resign—especially since no dividends haff der company declared, only var!"



Morris for George Matthew Adams Service

"Gott strafe Gott!"

"Then what did he do?" I asked, as I swallowed a bit of rock or something with the bread.

"Vadt do? He didt vadt he didt mit America—he began writing me nodtes. Oh, I baff tons of nodtes from Vilhelm. For dot is von ting Vilhelm vill neffer do if he can help idt—be will neffer say no, nor yes, yedt.

"Den one time last summer I gott so dinged sore dot ven he took der telephone and prayed me to help lick der French at der Marne riffer, I saidt, "Nix!" undt der jig vas up mit Vilhelm.

"Efen den he t'ought I vas kiddingk, undt came up here to dis very castle, undt played pinochle mit me till four o'clock in der morning. Budt he played a rotten game, and ven he vent away he vas sefen t'ousand marks in der hole. Dot vas der straw dot broke der camel's back, and ven he vent bome he didn't say "Amen," budt slammed der door after him."

"Are you on the allies' side now?" I asked him, this time blowing into my hand a button that I had crunched my teeth upon in eating the bread.

"Not iff I know myself. Grab it from me, kid, I am nootral till der end of der var. Only dis, I hope der allies vin. Der scallyvag kaiser undt Hindy undt der rest are too badt efen fer a Cherman Gott. Dot atrocity stuff could be pulled vay back

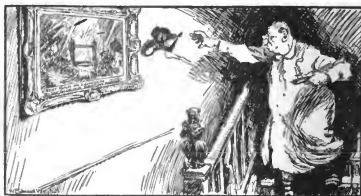
someveres dey didn't know no better yedt—but now dey can't get away mit it. Ugh!" And here a look of disgust passed over his face. "It gifs me a pain effery time I t'ink of Pelchum undt Polandt undt Serbia. Chust tell der peoples in America dot der Cherman Gott says dot der kaiser iss rotten from der ground up, dot he iss crasy as a cootie, undt dot I hopes der allies lick bell out of him yedt!"

"This, of course, is not a nice cultured way of putting it—but then, German Gotts are that way. They are a rough and ready lot, but they usually mean well, and under allied tutelage after the war a Teutonic Gott I believe will be as docile and refined as a pet 'possum.

"And I hope—oh, how I bopel—that they will develop a more fragile appetite. Black bread and Bessemerized pretzels and beer cunningly compounded of rainwater and hops are all right, I suppose, if you are tough enough to survive knee-length whiskers—but me for the three-square kind like our mothers used to load our tables with before Hoover began 'izing' on everything!"

We have published our correspondent's report just as it dripped off the cables. Our own hunch is that he got some of his own slang mixed up with von Gott's, but since you can never tell about a German we are taking no chances and giving the American the benefit of the doubt.

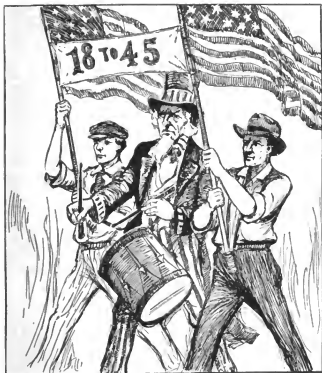
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From the *Bystander*, London

WHEN THE AIR-RAID WARNING SOUNDS IN BERLIN

Fritz: D—n the thing!



Benstrap in San Francisco Chronicle

The Spirit of 1918!

Dad Headed for Berlin

By James O'Hara

Have you ever noticed that a chap is always sure of getting a laugh by saying something about a man of forty-five in connection with a bayonet? You know—until the new draft law came into being you had to mention Oshkosh, Wisconsin, or Kokomo, Indiana, if you wanted to get a rise out of your audience. It mattered not how ancient the jape, so long as you hooked it up in some way with one of those two

burgs. I remember hearing a fellow take the story about the barber and the plumber, which was originated, I think, by Plato, give it an Oshkoshian setting and get away with it.

And to think that I and a lot of other chaps, just because we happen to have been born forty-five years ago last February or something, have come to substituting for these polysyllabic communities as subjects,



Thomas in Detroit News

Registering patriotism

for jest! On behalf of all forty-fivers I want to protest and ask why a picture of a thin man, rather attenuated, perhaps as to limbs, slightly stooped and with a small shiny spot on the back of his head—I want to ask, I say, why a man of this kind becomes funny the moment you put a gun on his shoulder and shout "Squads left!" right at him.

The picture I have just drawn describes myself very accurately, and a lot of other fellows who had to register, but I am not a subject of mirth in civilian life. Of a Sunday morning I sally forth to the golf links, my clubs in tow, but no one laughs; in November I am usually to be found with a Winchester over my shoulder running down wild ducks—yet no one rolls in mirth as I set out; indeed, I fancy that I make

something of a figure on such occasions, and that I even inspire a certain degree of awe. I recall that my wife, as I parted from my door one morning, fully accoutred for a day at fowling, remarked that I reminded her not a little of the German crown prince.

Even so recently as registration day we had not appealed to the public as subjects of levity. That was a mighty serious occasion, I assure you. My little son, only fourteen years of age, remarked to his mother as I adjusted my cravat that morning,

"Mamma, Daddy'll make a beautiful general, won't he?"

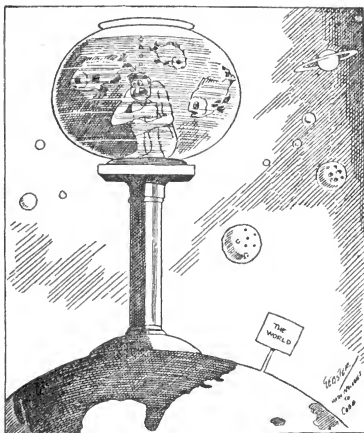
"He ought to!" she replied. "He's never been much in particular!"

That, of course, was an exaggeration, growing out of her high esteem for myself. I really do not care to become a general. If I get nothing more



Harding in Brooklyn Eagle

We hit from the shoulder



Copyright, 1918, by H. T. Webster

Webster in Chicago Daily News

How you feel after answering all the intimate, personal queries in the questionnaire.

than a major's gold leaf I shall be quite content.

Once under arms the man of forty-five will show up the cheap jokesmiths that have fashioned quips at his expense. He will have a helpful influence on the younger men. There are the chaps like Williams, for instance, Tom Williams. Tom is only forty-two, and is going to make life hard for his commanding officers. Owing to his youthfulness he lacks a sense of dignity; in civilian life he smokes cigarettes continually; any time of day he may be taken into a bar and coaxed into drinking; plays poker, and, not being married, just at pres-

ent, he even flirts on occasion. You know the type. Well, men of forty-five like myself will have an encouraging effect on fellows of the Williams sort. We'll be able to add a certain dignity to the service that will stimulate the younger men to emulation.

Then there is another point that should be considered seriously—the superior impression that men of forty-five will be able to make upon our allies. Referring again to Williams (who is a good enough fellow, mind you, but who is a bit raw), he and fellows like him are committed to the rough and ready manners of America, and to



Webster in Syracuse Herald

The perjurer!

Copyright, 1918, by H. T. Webster

cheap slang, and consequently do not show up well when brought in contact with our cultured allies. I suppose "shake a leg" and "no soap," phrases which Williams and his set are much given to, go well enough over here, but they wouldn't sound well on Piccadilly, where you have to say "ripping" and "spoofing" in order to be genteel. And France! Fancy Williams in France, the most intellectual of all countries, where even the workingmen talk French. I wonder sometimes, when I have heard Williams and his set talk, that our allies don't disown us and bravely fight it out alone. It would be most humiliating, I should think,

in their triumphal march through the Unter den Linden (this is a street in Berlin, you know) to have one of the Yanks in the ranks break loose with this: "Pipe the suds parlor," alluding to a beer garden; or, of the crowds lined up along the street, "Lamp the Heinies. Look like they ain't rated regular chow since hell broke loose with the didonks!"

I'm not denying the possible aptness of these assertions, you understand, nor am I questioning the fact that they would be pointed and picturesque. But they would not be refined and in the best manner.

And it is that element that men of forty-

five like myself will be able to add to the army—culture and suavity, with the strength of character that belongs to men

who have managed to reach forty-five years of age without getting into a home for the imbecile.

□ □ □



Copyright, 1918, by H. T. Webster

Webster in St. Louis Star

LIFE'S DARKEST MOMENT

Why is it that when you try your darndest to make a bit with your best girl your jinx is sure to be waiting for you? And the worst of it is that you can never explain to Millie; little will she know that pulling boners like this is not part of your regular day's routine.

HE CAME FROM THE LAND OF BOHEMIA

BY
ROBERT
LEE

ILLUSTRATED BY DOROTHY PHELPS.



"He was visibly frightened"

Once I lived next door to a man who minded his own business; so I tried to find out what it was.

His name was Joe Parker. There was a certain nervous watchfulness about him that whetted me keenly, and made me curious to know why he was furtive and guarded. It seemed to me that he never emerged upon the high road without first satisfying himself that the way was clear and that none took note whatever of his movements.

One day, as he came out of his cottage—

which was overrun with vines and morning glories—I boldly hailed him in a gay and happy fashion. At first he seemed on the point of precipitate flight, in a sort of panic, I thought, and then he paused for me to come up.

On close inspection I found him to be a small man with a dyspeptic pallor, and deep-set, hollow eyes that burned with a feverish anxiety. He was visibly frightened, so I rallied him with a jocose quip and bade him be merry.

"Neighbor," said I, heartily, "I am about to lay the table with a generous platter of spaghetti—Italian. I beg you will draw up a chair and grace my frugal board."

My invitation instantly met with the most astonishing results. Joe Parker's face became involved in a most intricate and violent contortion. He attempted to gasp a reply, but only a hoarse aspirate rewarded his struggles. His eyes delivered an appeal so pitiful that I was driven to lengths of sympathetic sorrow. Thinking to relieve his exquisite agony I flew to my cupboard and fetched a decanter of Chianti that was to accompany my spaghetti. As I presented this to him he gave way to a shudder that racked his frame; a groan so dismal that it bespoke the very epitome of human despair.

I led him to a garden bench and presently he recovered his habitual state.

"You are wondering," he said, "why I am a recluse, and why I shun my fellow men."

"O, no," I cried, hastily. "I hadn't thought of it."

He smiled, a bit caustically, I thought, and held up a patient hand.

"Let it pass," he said. "Well, I have carried my secret so long that it oppresses me and I must confide in someone. Promise me—"

"Your secret is safe with me," I hurried to assure him. He waved his hand, negligently, as much as to say, "Don't bother about lying to me," and began.

"Were you ever a Bohemian?" he asked, watching me keenly. He didn't wait for an answer. "It's no matter. I see you weren't."

"Well, then, there was a man who was called Guiseppi Parqueri and he was a professional Bohemian. He lived in the city and was listed in the Bohemian Bureau. Of course you do not know about these things. I will tell you.

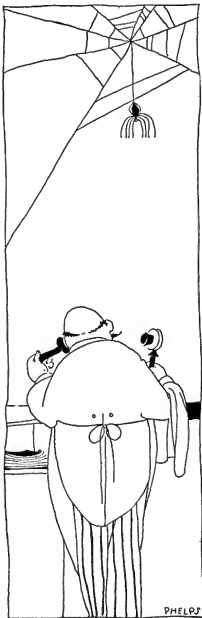
"In the city there are persons who hanker for the open road. They want to be free of conventions and strike off the shackles of sham and hypocrisy. They seek kindred spirits and think beautiful thoughts."

"It must be glorious to be free and—" I began. But he stopped me.

"This was to be my funeral," he said, with that same, whimsical smile.

"Well," he continued, "these persons always are looking for Bohemia. Now Bohemia is not a place but a state of mind. But, just the same, one day there was a man discovered Bohemia and there was joy among the open roaders. This Bohemia was a cellar in the district where the rag-pickers live. One laid a course through dark alleys, stumbled over ash-barrels, walked in broken bottles and waded in debris until one arrived in the cellar. Belasco could not have staged it better. The table was of boards laid across saw-horses and the chairs were kegs and boxes. It reeked with atmosphere. Its location was part of the atmosphere, but it is my opinion it was to prevent the health department finding it.

"Your true Bohemian must have color and atmosphere. He would consider himself cheated if there were no yesterday's potato clinging to the tines of his fork,



"How are you fixed for anarchists?"

or no ancient soup stains on the Bohemian tablecloth. However, let a Bohemian find a speck on the silver at home and there'll be a bellow audible at nine kilometers. A true Bohemian absorbs great quantities of spaghetti and Chianti. Ugh!

"Soon there were other Bohemias. Thrifty proprietors hailed the eight-bit table d'hôte as a pleasant deviation from throwing the stuff in the garbage and the Bohemians ate it and recited 'Gunga Din' and sang the 'Rosary' as they looked soulfully into the ceiling where the spiders were laying in their fall and winter supplies. Oh it was hot stuff, if I may he permitted the locution.

"You want to know about the Bohemian Bureau? I'll tell you about that, too.

After a while a lot of people—a sort of apprentice Bohemians, you might say—got to coming around the Gunga Din cellars who were not impressed by the free color and the revolutionary table d'hôte. They had heard that Bohemians were a sort of long haired Dago sculptors and painters and musicians who grew temperamental after over indulgence in spaghetti and threw dishes at their sweethearts because Joshua Reynolds' name didn't end in a vowel. So to give the apprentices their money's worth the Bohemian Bureau started up.

"It was this way: We'll say Pologoni's had a party of skeptics. One of them is a fat woman with a lorgnette. She says: 'I don't see anything very unconventional about this. It's just plain dirty.' Well, Pologoni telephones to the Bureau.

"Hello," he says, 'This is Pologoni. How are you fixed for anarchists?'

"Wait till I look at the call-board," says the clerk. In a minute he answers: 'We can fix you up with a full line,' he says.

"All right," says Pologoni, 'shoot me over two prime anarchists, one lug-house sculptor, a nut musician and three gilt-edged Bohemians.'

"That is where this Guiseppi Parqueri came in. He was a professional Bohemian. The Bureau would send over the bunch as ordered and they'd give the skeptics the time of their lives. You see, Guiseppi and his fellow conspirators all were students in an engineering school and they worked as Bohemians to help keep the pot boiling.

"The anarchists used to carry a lot of bombs for color; and they had to be careful, too, because every now and then a bomb would fall on the floor, and break and the sawdust all spill out. In a case like that the offending 'red' would get fined two days' pay.

"But the hardest part of the job," said my orator, "was—"



"His head reeled and he fainted"

He gulped a couple of times and was overcome by emotion. Then he bravely continued:

"The hardest part of it," he repeated, "was eating that spaghetti. That was the principal part of Guiseppi's work. He and his friends were supposed to eat with every party that came in, so as to make the food look popular. Not only did they have to eat the stuff but they had to act as if they liked it. You know if you see someone yawn, right away you want to

yawn also, and that's the way with eating.

"Well, sir, Guiseppi and his co-conspirators ate spaghetti and drank Chianti and recited 'Gunga Din' and sang the 'Rosary' so much that they began to talk to inanimate objects and jump up and down and scream. Guiseppi became so expert with spaghetti that he could toss several yards of it into the air like a cowboy's lariat and spell his name with it, and then swallow the stuff so quickly that the last end would seem to smoke. He ate more miles of spaghetti than the Pacific cable—and the cable could not have been less palatable nor less disastrous to Guiseppi's internal economy. He often went to bed feeling like a huge ball of yarn wound very tightly and dream that

he was being pursued through a lake of Chianti by a reel of spaghetti all gory with tomato sauce.

"But Guiseppi was exceedingly eager to complete his schooling as an engineer and vowed he would succeed if he had to devour enough spaghetti to string the Western Union telegraph system. Month in and month out he studied the whirring of wheels by day and felt them by night. Finally the end of his school course drew near and he was very happy. He was happy in spite of the fact that his health had been greatly undermined and it was necessary for him to get off the spaghetti diet as soon as possible. The day of graduation drew near and Guiseppi timed his last hours of resistance to the ravages of spaghetti with fine precision. He calculated he could endure just eighteen more dishes of the stuff and still save his health. Nineteen would cause collapse.

"Well, he consumed the eighteenth plate on the night before graduation. He looked forward to the morrow as Monte Cristo must have approached his liberation from Chateau d'If. He stood on the rostrum and received his diploma. The graduating class was led to the banquet hall. Guiseppi seated himself and pres-

ently a waiter placed a dish before him. A faint aroma from it aroused his mildest suspicion. He lifted the cover and then he let it fall with a crash. His head reeled and he fainted. It was spaghetti! The straw that broke the camel's—"

My narrator sat suddenly silent. He nodded slowly and on his face was depicted irremediable sadness.

"For weeks Guiseppi was in a raging fever, out of his senses," resumed my neighbor. "That last plate of spaghetti knocked him silly as a two-dollar clock. He never was able to continue his labor of life as an engineer. He went to a quiet spot, where he now lives down his past and spends his days and nights in fear that some apprentice Bohemian will discover him or that someone will invite him to eat spaghetti."

For a long time we sat there without a sound. The story had moved me greatly and I was at a loss for some fitting appreciation of my friend's mood.

"Your sorrow," I said, "your sorrow for your friend Guiseppi is very commendable."

"My friend Guiseppi?" he cried. "Why, that's me. Guiseppi Parqueri is Bohemian for Joe Parker."



Dunaway in Cleveland Plain Dealer

Only three seats left

With Will Hope in London Town

*Drawings made
expressly for
Cartoons Magazine*





From *Simplicissimus* (E. Masch)
Wilson has freely, and with childish confidence, consented to let Japan guard liberty and justice in eastern Asia. (The bag bears the label, "East Asiatic interests.")

The Kaiser's Piffle Department

One feels, after an hour's perusal of the German humorous weeklies, that the kaiser's biggest job after the war is going to be to unpiffle the German people. For four years he has used *Simplicissimus* and *Kladderadatsch* and similar journals for junker propaganda, their miserable cartoons and diatribes having no more relation to fact than they have to humor. The whole aim has been two-fold: first to convince the German people of the duplicity of the allied nations, and, second, assuming that these journals would have a circulation outside of Germany, by innuendo to spread suspicion among the allies themselves.

The latter aim, of course, has been

thwarted by the simple fact that the allied governments have seen to it that the journals in question did not circulate among their peoples, and so far as they could prevent it, in neutral countries.

So far as the German people are concerned, however, the kaiser seems to have had them swallowing everything he gave them and asking for more. There is the group cartoon on page 826, for example. The artist's aim was, of course, to justify the sinking of hospital ships by submarine warfare. President Wilson himself is represented as directing the loading of a camouflaged munition ship with shells, while he indicates the destination of aerial bombs that go aboard. America.



From *Meineralderer* Hiltner, O. Berlin
THE DUTCH SHIPS
 John Bull as Gulliver



From *Lothar* Hiltner O. Berlin
THE PATH OF BLOOD
 Where the canaille treads the earth bleeds



From *Kladderfisch* O. Berlin
The scarecrow of the peace dove



From *Hindenburg* O. Berlin
"Under the Phrygian cap you are too peaceful for me. On with the Czar crown again!"



From *Kladderfisch* O. Berlin
My physician, Mr. Lloyd George, has ordered me to this cold climate.



From *Lothar* Hiltner O. Berlin
THE PATH OF BLOOD
 Where the canaille treads the earth bleeds



From Klabenderstach © Berlin
The autocrat of Washington



From the Brummer © Berlin
A Hun effort to represent the German "peace" with Russia, the Ukraine, peace which the entente nations would grab if they could get it!



From Lustig Rittler © Berlin
THE MURDER IN MOSCOW
The three furies (entente) who fight for right and culture await one of their trusted agents to reward him



From Lustig Rittler © Berlin
THE PEACE DISTURBERS
The German (referring to the entente): Well, Ivan, what do you say? Shall we kick the lot of them out?



From Klabenderstach © Berlin
"Let the Germans come—they can't get past this wall!"



From Lustig Rittler © Berlin
Wilson: If the beasts don't get their bottles every day they fall down.



Under the guidance of Wilson, the "wounded" are transported direct from the munition factory to the hospital ship.

Wilson takes care to indicate with his own hand the destination of the wounded!



Wilson wishes the officers of the air force, who wear as a sign of bravery a Red Cross armband, a good voyage. Calling for three cheers for the Geneva Convention, he returns to land.

A week later Wilson, with a bleeding heart, holds a meeting of protest against the abominable Hun, who had actually sunk a hospital ship, disregarding all international law.

TRYING TO "PASS THE BUCK"

From *Simplex*, C. M. Munch

and not Germany, is thus shown to be the great offender against all the laws of decency—shown, that is, to the satisfaction of the credulous German people, and, we suppose, also to the satisfaction of the artist.

But recent dispatches indicate that the people are getting fed upon this piffle, and, as we remarked above, they will have to be unpiffled. And if the kaiser does not do it for them, they will do it for themselves.

Another favorite theme of the German artist is to ridicule America as bolstering up the waning power of the allies. The cartoon in the lower right-hand corner of page 825 is a sample of this type of satire. Pictures of this kind were formerly frequent, with Great Britain in the role of restorer of her jaded allies.

The cartoon on page 824, which represents America's effort as a much be-tattered scarecrow does not, as one might suppose, represent an earlier period of our entry into the war. It is an attitude that has persisted up to the very present, in

spite of the drubbing that our men are giving the kaiser's armies wherever they get in contact with them.

Another theme that the German cartoonist likes to toy with are the complications growing out of the opening of Siberia to Japan. This is good propaganda for home consumption, for, in the pifflist's opinion Japanese coöperation is a boomerang that must speedily come back and wreck allied operations in the Far East.

The German mind cannot, of course, conceive of other peoples believing in the sanctity of treaties; they cannot conceive of any one pledging his word and keeping it, regardless of cost, and therefore it falls readily enough for any hint that trouble may arise between Japan and her western allies.

Don't mistake us. A cartoon in order to get its story across may dispense with humor; it may indulge in biting satire; it may exaggerate—but its purpose is always to represent public opinion, or the

opinion of a part of the public—never to distort facts and twist them out of all recognition merely for purposes of immediate propaganda. Cartoonists of Great Britain, France, Italy and America have it to their credit that they have kept the cartoon within its legitimate field. They have employed sarcasm and satire without stint, in order to fix on paper their own and the public's convictions as to the kaiser and his crew, but they have yet to be guilty of a distortion of facts.

The cartoonists of Germany, it is true, have been no better, perhaps no worse,

than the entire band of propagandists that Berlin has employed to deceive, not only the German public, but also the people of neutral and even allied countries. They have prostituted themselves and their profession in order to serve their masters. But with the collapse of German arms, and the enforcing of an allied peace, there is going to be a demand for explanations. The kaiser, if he manages to get through with his crown, will, we say, have to set his people right. And while he is unpuffing his people it will be up to the cartoonists to unpuff themselves.

□ □ □



Ireland in Columbus Dispatch

He gets in bad every time he goes down there



From London Opinion. London

Energetic old lady (who has speared old gent's hat): It's all right—I've got it!

Keeping the Home Folks Laughing by James Malone Farrell

I shall not attempt to preface this article on Lunt with the usual commonplaces about the relation of English humor to the splendid morale of the English people during this war. That relation is very vital; the English sense of humor has kept the people free from the hate infection that has quite withered the decrepit soul of Germany; a sense of values has kept their ego on an even keel, in hours alike of despair and success, sparing the world those sickening exhibitions of maudlin sentimentality that the Germans wallow in when adversity strikes them. This phase of British humor has been adequately presented by other writers, and I wish to confine myself to an English artist whose name is a household word in England, but who is too little known in our country. I refer to Wilmot Lunt.

First of all, I want to point out that Lunt lives in suburbia, some dozen miles outside of London. This is not a striking fact of itself. Also he tills every available inch of his garden, helping to win the war

with marrows and things; and in addition he maintains a splendid fowlsery—or whatever the hen equivalent of stables is. Anyway, Lunt enjoys among his friends quite as fine a reputation for his flock of white Leghorns as for his pictures. But that is not what I am getting at. My point is this, that Lunt is a suburbanite without the thing being chronic with him. He lives in the country for reasons of health, and is quick to admit that there are respects in which the artist resident among the hills and dales loses out. "Especially for purposes of work on topical matters," he has said, "the town dweller scores. Being on the spot he has constant opportunities for reference, and a ready choice of subjects—an important matter."

There you have the thing that characterizes all of Lunt's work: broadness of spirit, freedom from prejudice and narrowness, and intellectual balance—qualities that are at the very foundation of humor. Search Lunt's work from beginning to end and you will find no bitterness, no de-



From the *Bystander*, London.

The widow's mise



From the Passing Show, London

Lady: My good boy, don't you know that smoking
at your age is very bad for you?
Boy: Yes'm, I'm trying to give it up.

nunciation, no invective. As near an approach as he has made to satire is in the cartoon on page 832 of this article. But even in this instance it is not the sting that gets the story over so much as a whimsical note that Lunt has got into the pose of the figure and in the countenance.

Lunt has been doing a great many cartoons of late, but he is at his best in the field of pure humor. The war has furnished him with new types and new situations, which he has made the most of, as seen in the full-page drawings accompanying this article. Traditional London types, however, still remain, and for these Lunt has a quick eye and a whimsical pen, as the three smaller drawings attest.

An interesting background lies back of Lunt's work. He showed an unusual talent for drawing in his grammar school days, and later attended the Lancashire School of Art, where he won a scholarship that provided for three-years' training at any school which the student might

select. Lunt spent a short time in London, at South Kensington, and then went on to Paris, where he completed his studies in painting. He was successful in having a large canvas, "Les Funerailles d'une Nonne," accepted by the Salon judges. It was hung at the exhibition of 1901—"and," says the artist, "my joy was complete."

Returning from Paris Lunt at once took up black and white work, since it offered a wider field and a readier market than painting. His first contributions were published in the *Idler*, of which, by the way, Robert Barr was editor. Then the entire illustrated magazine field opened itself as a field for his humor, among the journals which have featured his work being the *Bystander*, *Punch*, *London Opinion*, the *Passing Show*, the *Tatler*, and the *Sketch*. He still paints, however, his pictures being seen frequently at the Royal Academy. These paintings are distinguished by the amateur spirit,



From Primrose' Pie, London

'Arry: Wur's Bill? Don't see 'im nowhere.
'Arriett: Bill? Oh, 'e couldn't get in. 'E swallowed 'is tanner.



From the Bystander, London

NOT MISSED AT ALL

"Don't you miss your husband very much now that he is at the front?"
"Oh, no! At breakfast I just stand a newspaper up in front of a plate and half the time I forget he isn't there."

but under the master's handling. They are of subjects that the painter has chosen out of love and affection, and not at all out of a sense of their selling qualities. Many of them have grown out of the motor-cycling trips which he takes of vacations into Yorkshire and other English counties that are famed as sketching grounds for artists, just as the quaint country types find their way into his humorous work.

Regarding his methods of work Lunt

says that they are "just ordinary. Unfortunately," he adds, "I have not discovered any easy way of doing it, and it seems to become more difficult. Rarely do I use models, preferring to rely on observation and memory. In this respect I owe a good deal to my excellent training in figure and costume drawing. As a general rule, I make a rough sketch of the composition and then make direct on the board a finished drawing. Probably living in the



From the *Illustrated*, London

The Juggler: It's tiring work, but I must keep it up till the curtain is rung down!

country has been responsible for my dispensing with models."

Lunt says that he even has no theories of art.

"It is all a mystery to me and I dare advance no dogma of my own. For in all probability in a short time I should find myself hopelessly wrong. Art has a wide outlook and I am no critic. My imagination, I fear, is much in advance of my

execution (as is generally the case with artists), and in consequence my work always appears to me hopelessly unsatisfactory. But I find even failures stimulating and I am always learning something, even if it is only how not to do it."

All of which seems to us a wonderfully sane attitude toward one's work—and which, again, is a distinguishing mark of true humor.



Lesson in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

How amateur strategists may handle the home sector in the early Christmas shopping campaign



Page in Nashville Tennessean

Stars and stripes at last

American Bolsheviks Sober Off

Do the bolsheviks among our socialists expect the public to regard seriously their claims to intellectual leadership after recent demonstrations of their mental processes? No group of men at the out-break of the war, and for a long time after, had such strong convictions, and proclaimed them with such finality, as these men. The war, they said, was plutocratic in its origins; the war was all wrong; in fact, everything and everybody was wrong, except socialism and the socialists. Lenine and Trotsky were

the embodiment of all economic and social righteousness, and America had only to accept their methods to cause right and justice to prevail.

The recent trial of the Masses in New York demonstrated again that no bolshevik is going to suffer for his creed, if by skilful denial and quibbling he can evade the issue. In the trial in question the indicted men reversed their earlier beliefs; they took back with the utmost readiness disloyal utterances, in some instances attempting to

read into former statements ideas that no one except a nimble witted bolshevist could possibly have drawn from them.

This is a type of opportunism that America can well dispense with. It is an opportunism of the kind we have seen at work in Russia, where the big idea seems to get anything, by any means, so long as you can get away with it, flub-dubbery that now would seek to impose its authority upon the American people.

Bolshevism is based upon the grossest kind of insincerity. In the mad intellectual world of the radical we find the bolshevist

and the imperialist hobnobbing together; we see the Lenine government in Russia being given financial and moral support by the German government; also we have Lenine, threatening to form an alliance with Berlin when the allies come to the aid of the Czecho-Slovaks, who by this same arch-rogue had been given permission to pass through Siberia. Not a word of sympathy escapes the lips of either the Russian or the American bolshevists for the suffering Russian people, whom starvation and disease are taking off like flies; the people are regarded merely as pawns in the playing



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Webster in St. Louis Star

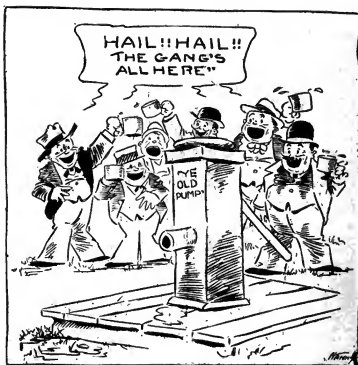
Will this ever penetrate?

of a desperate game that has as its end the establishment of a political theory; indeed, they are as ready to sacrifice the people as that selfsame theory, provided it will benefit them for the moment. In the bolshevist system the tyranny of the idea is complete; to it is sacrificed everything—personal honor, comfort, happiness, friends.

The recent conviction in Chicago of a different breed of bolshevists—the I. W. W. kind—should have come as a wholesome tonic on the bolshevist mind. There was seen the evasion and side-stepping that we

are coming to look for in the bolshevist. The leaders tried to outdo one another in their attempts to assert their loyalty to everything they had hitherto been condemning, and to make of sabotage and similar methods a beautiful influence wielded beneficently, when wielded at all, by tender souled men. But conviction came in spite of their evasion—proof enough, we naturally think, that the public cannot take seriously any group of men who will deny even their convictions for the sake of present advantage.

□ □ □



Humor in St. Joseph News-Free

Are you rehearsing?

It's Like This



LET'S HAVE SOME CULTURE!

The Russian bolshevik, now that they have murdered a few thousand of the bourgeoisie, and in other respects have got the social revolution under way, have decided that they can't expect to have an AI revolution without some art. Every revolution has it. Of course, you can bring about political and social changes; outwardly the revolution can proceed apace by despoiling one man of his collection of rubles and giving them to another who has none—but you have to go a step further than that. To stop there would be like inheriting a million dollars from your uncle out in Iowa and going right on riding in a horse and buggy and holding yourself aloof from spats.

So what do the bolshevik do but up and order some statuary for the Moscovian streets—yes, sir, sixty-three statues, bust and otherwise, of people who by some hook or crook they have heard of! It's a fancy list, including names like Tolstoy, Dostoevski, Pushkin, Metchnikoff, Mendeleeff, Beethoven and Chopin—people whom they would entice into a convenient wine cellar and knock over the head with a lead pipe if they were in Moscow today.

THE FIRST FLIGHT

If you observe in your friend an unusual behavior; if his eye emits a strange light, and his mind seems to be wandering among the stars; if he passes you with but a half

nod of recognition, do not of necessity set him down as being in love; do not conclude even that he has joined the home guard, or been nodded to in public by the mayor. It is more likely than not that he has had his first flight in an aeroplane. For the first flight has that effect upon one—the second it may be, too, only I cannot say as to that.

No experience can come into a man's life that so sharply cleaves the past from the present as does the first journey into the air. You suspect me of forgetting love, but not so. Everyone has some time been in love, even if a disillusionment has turned him hard now. Consequently, go along the street with ever so melancholy an air, and one is met only with knowing smiles, as to say, "Poor boy, he'll get through it!" Moreover, love is a cumulative experience. A love affair has been led up to by the mysterious processes of youthful development, which tie the thing up with the past, rather than cut one loose from all that has gone before.

The first flight, however, is different. No one you know has gone up. You are lifted out of the world you have been accustomed to and into a world you have seen since your eyes first opened, but that you have never ventured into.

If you have been fortunate in the time and place of your voyage you have flown into a golden sunset and above a sea that spread out blue and unruffled beneath you, with sweeping shore lines that disappeared into purple and violet mists. The autumn forests, moreover, have lain upon the hills

and valleys like carpets of oriental hue and texture. Your flight has carried you above a gleaming sail that, in the path of the sun, casts a triangle of shadow upon the water. But for a moment only, and you have passed on, still pointing into the sunset. Presently the sun rests upon the horizon; the water, two thousand feet below, has taken on a deeper blue; the purple and violet mists have crept in, deepening in contrast with broad bands of emerald sky that fringe them—and that merge, in turn, into the blue that deepens to the zenith.

You have forgotten the pilot, whose thoughts are oftener upon his instruments and his control levers than upon the glory of color that he is guiding you through; you have forgotten even the noise of the engine. If a thought crosses your consciousness at all it is a wish that you might stay on, and make a call at Saturn, which as yet appears none too bright against the blue.

But a landmark has caught the sharp eye of the pilot, and a shift in the gearing sends you coasting down the air, for all the world like the hills of one's boy days, only now you slide down in spirals.

You are coming back to earth, and you speculate in your mind upon the distance lying between you and the water, but to your inexperienced eye it might be five or five thousand feet. You continue to descend, however, until with a graceful curve the machine flattens out, and alights upon the water with a "swish" not at all unlike that with which a wild duck strikes a woodland lake. The engine settles into its task again, and a minute later has brought you to the landing dock.

You are on earth again, but it is not the same earth as before. You have journeyed into a far country, to which already you have given your heart's allegiance; you have seen a loveliness that has been seen

by few men, and will require days and weeks if you are to become quite reconciled to street cars and motors once more—and altogether the future cannot be as the past. Your flight has begun a new era in your life.

THIS AMAZING WAR!

Word reaches us from London that it is now passé to say "flapper" to denote that sweet young thing whom we shall always have with us, we suppose. To be in the mode one should now say "spanner."

And just as we were getting so we could say "flapper" without flushing up and betraying a self-consciousness!

TO MY FRIEND

By Roscoe Gilmore Stott.

'T was yesterday, my friend, I sat alone
Among your precious books—you left me
there.

The fly-leaves were the miracles to me—
The script of poet, autographed in love;
The scrawl of essayist and penned perhaps
To one he valued as I value you;
And here a classic bound by craftsman's
hands;

And here some relic from an auction stall

And all reflected you! Your face shone out
From each rare volume as if mirrored there.
You left me for the moment with your
friends.

You honored me; your kindly circle broke
To let me in. And now those friends are
mine!

For we have broken bread and pledged with
wine!

PEACE

It seems incredible now, but it is true, that one day the nightmare will be past; we shall be busy getting our armies back over here, and beating our swords into pruning hooks. For a time we shall quaff deep of the joys of peace, and will feel strongly virtuous at having acquitted ourselves well of a good job. Then we shall be at it again—we shall be throwing

mud at candidates for high office; at labor campaigns against capital, and capitalist campaigns against labor, socialists from their lofty eminence of intellectual superiority reviling both; little folks will be busy retailing vulgar gossip about people who are too busy to defend themselves; we shall be buying and selling copper shares, and disposing of shoddy goods and doctored foods to an "easy" people; we shall be hanging folks for murder, and giving divorces to people to whom six lurid columns in the newspapers are more to be desired than a reputation for good sense; we shall put a premium upon aptitude for practical affairs and hold in ridicule our poets and painters, except as we invite the long-haired

ones in to perform at fashionable teas. We shall have lost the exaltation of spirit that has lifted the nation out of itself and that has shown to what heights we may rise when we fight for ideals with the same zeal that we display in our fight for material profit!

A GENERALISSIMO OF DIPLOMACY

The London Times contributes to the peace discussion a constructive suggestion with reference to a single command in the allied diplomatic camp. The allies were not ready for war—and now are they prepared for peace? That is the gist of the Times statement, which goes on to say:

"The principle of a united front should be applied betimes to the political sphere

as it was only belatedly applied to military operations. We cannot afford to wait until actual need for this united front is revealed. It depends upon the United States whether this unity is to be opposed to the attempt the enemy will certainly make to divide the allies. It must have its organization and machinery, and at present these do not exist. The matter of unity must not be left to telegraphs and posts between

ambassadors at four or five different capitals. We need a common political council analogous to the council of Versailles, and that council will quickly find its Foch."

With a council such as the Times suggests we shall not have the spectacle of the allied peoples holding their breath lest a premature peace be forced by a nation that so little sensed the significance of the world war that it stayed out for nearly three years when its duty was clearly indicated, no less than was Great Britain's, the moment the Huns crossed into Belgium. We refer, of course, to our own country. The will to a decisive victory has become so strong in America that there is little

danger of the people sanctioning anything short of a complete back-down. But we certainly owe it to our allies that we remove every apprehension that may exist in their minds on this point by means of some plan, similar to that proposed by the Times, whereby one voice will speak for all the allied nations.

BE THANKFUL FOR THIS

Anyway, the Spanish influenza will not be able to disrupt peaceful families and communities over the problem of its orthography. Even to this day a moot question among argumentative spirits in parts of Arkansas is whether the earlier form of influenza should be spoken of as "the la grippe" or just "grip."

LOVE'S PAUPER

By M. Forrest.

I travel lighter today than of yore,
For I need to carry your heart along;
Where I joined duet but a year before
I now go trilling my one-man song.
Yet I laugh, and laugh, as I go my way—
Who travels lighter than I today?
If a foot-pad wait I have naught to lose!
At the beggar's hostel I find mine inn,
A narrow trail in the woods I choose
A sheep track threading the cloudy whin:
My pedlar's pack has been flung away—
Who travels lighter than I today?
If the storm witch leap from her purple
cave
And smite me here on the grey moor's
rim,
If noon should strike with a fiery glaive
Till my senses reel and my eyes grow
dim;
If Death should harry me home tonight,
What would I care?—for I travel light!

ON KEEPING YOUNG

You can drink buttermilk, of course. That is the way approved by scientists, I believe. The colon, which is that particular part of the anatomy to which the appendix is annexed, is said to have a bad habit of becoming sour, and the business of the sour buttermilk is paradoxically enough to make it

sweet and efficient again.

I know very little about colons, except that one goes with every completely equipped body, and that another kind is affected for purposes of punctuation by writers of the old school. Consequently my theory of keeping young does not ascribe any great virtue to a sweet colon, but it does set great store by a sweet heart.

Now the best way of keeping the young sweet is by being a great deal with young folks. Boys and girls in the "teen" time have not had their hearts soured by contact with grown-up people with no heart at all. Their sweetness is infectious and is a natural heart tonic.

Happily I am not one of those who are cursed with a bad stomach, or with creaky joints. To overcome these things requires, I am perfectly willing to admit, something more than chumminess with boys and girls of the giggly age.

But I am firmly convinced that, given a sound constitution, one will live longer if his list of friends includes a choice selection of young spirits, than if he goes in too much for the people of his own age alone. And for the victim of bad digestive or other machinery, association with the optimism of youth is invaluable as an accessory to other remedies.

But mind you, being sociable with young people is not a matter merely of meeting Mr. William Binks on the street and saying, "Howdy, Bill!" and then proceeding to tease said Binks about Miss Susie Bird, in whose company he has been seen on sundry occasions of late, or about the fuzziness that has announced itself in the region of his upper lip.

No, one may be very clever at that sort of thing, but, as Mr. William Binks himself would put it, you can't get away with it. You cannot make up your mind to take this treatment I am suggesting merely by saying, "There is the Binks boy—nice lad. I think I'll get better acquainted with him."

Get at the business in this way and you will stand no more chance of finding a spot in the Binksian heart to fit yourself into than a dusty wayfarer has of getting into the good graces of a collie whose business it is to guard its master's house. A dog will unerringly pick out the right person to make up to. The man who does not like dogs can whistle and make a pass at playing as much as he will, but all to no purpose; the dog has picked out just the spot on that man's person that he is going to land upon, should he come within landing

distance. Most dogs you know are like that.

You simply have to love them, the whole lot of them—and if naturally you do not care much for them, you have just got to learn to like them. If you do not sympathize with their hopes, their ambitions, and even with those stirrings within the heart that the boy or girl interprets as love, then set about acquiring the capacity to sympathize. You will find them responding to any interest that you may show. Take walks with them. Invite them to your house and show them your books, or your flowers—or whatever your hobby has gathered about you. Encourage them to talk about themselves, and listen with tremendous sympathy. Your critical faculty may insist on asserting itself at first; the

impulse may come upon you to say, "What young asses they are!" But persevere and you will soon be loving the young things all the more just because they are foolish.

And then, still later, you will begin to find that what at first you deemed foolish is really of the deepest philosophy. The restless yearnings, the vague longings, the dreams, the wide gap between aspiration and performance—all these

things you will come to see as embodying the experience of the entire race, yourself included.

And then you will also discover very suddenly that it is youth that is normal and living up to form, and that it is the rest of the race that has departed from type.

THE ALIBI

According to the Berlin Morgen Post, Germany never intended to stay in Belgium, anyway. Only until they had over-spread France and occupied Paris, we suppose.

A TRIBUTE

By George B. Staff.

Give me a starry night,
With the touch of the cooling breeze;
Give me the shifting light,
Through the rifts of the silent trees,
Showing the shadowy trace,
And mystery of your face.

Give me a cloudless night,
With a bit of a moon hung low;
Grant me again the sight
Of your face shaming stars with its glow—
Then is your beauty worth while,
My watch with a luminous dial.

HELPI

Now that the allies have Zeebrugge, we hope some war correspondent will tell us about that mole. Reams have been written about the ships the British sank in the harbor channel—but the mole! Nothing has been said to indicate whether it was entirely removed by the allies, or whether the operation was only partially successful.

APPLIED ART

The average man no longer turns white at the word "art." He may little enough be aware of what it is all about, but art in his mind is beginning to be associated with practical, everyday things, and so faint an interest even as this holds promise of a positive enthusiasm.

The change has been due, in great part, to the war. Our billboards have been aglow with masterpieces by great artists. Liberty loan posters, Red Cross posters, war savings stamp posters—posters to advertise this and that cause have borne names that hitherto have been heard only in art galleries and on the lips of the elect. And art has made good. A flaming lithograph by Joseph Pennell, demanding dollars to down the Hun, renders shabby an old-style lithograph that advertises beside it somebody's perfumed soap, or the quintessential qualities of a tomato sauce in the act of being distributed upon a plate of underdone beans. The contrast is great enough to justify the Art Alliance of America in the efforts it is putting forth to continue the start that has been made. We shall not have war posters to make beautiful, but we shall have posters for soaps and soups, and things like that, and these offer an attractive field for our Titians of commerce. People who know about such things tell us that Horace's odes were but advertisements of this and that vintage offered to the public by farseeing merchants. Our future Raphaels of the hoardings have thus a precedent, and will fully justify their art if they offer us paintings that induce the beholder to hie himself to the nearest grocer and negotiate for as much of somebody's spaghetti as he can carry.

But the Art Alliance, I believe, includes in the field of the new art, not only posters and advertisements, but such lowly things as labels. And the Alliance is right, once you stop to think of it. One never saw a pleasingly labeled tomato can, much as one might hope to see one. A shelf of gherkin jars in a modern grocery is one of the most dispiriting sights in the world. What might be a pleasing arrangement of graceful letters on a harmonious and simple background is a mad jumble of ugly characters on a highly colored background, with a figure of a livid pickle thrown in for good measure. Here is a case where good design would not only answer all the requirements of art, but would also be cheaper and more attractive.

The Alliance is working in the right direction, and all praise to those industrial concerns that have had the courage to break away from the old and follow the lead of art.

PARROT PHRASES

People who contemplate writing articles for socialist magazines will find this list of phrases handy in describing newspapers that do not swallow the bolshevist twaddle:

Bought press
Hireling editors
Venal newspapers
Subsidized sheets
Kept press
Organ of reaction
Capitalist press

We might add that "kept press" is in the vogue just now. You can always get a chortle from your readers by referring to newspaper and magazine editors as "kept." Just why it is that the American editor has sold his soul to Wall Street merely because it stands for decency and insists on applying clear thinking to economic and social problems, whereas the socialist editor, who does not dare say his soul is his own, on pain of ostracism from good socialist ranks, is free, we do not attempt to explain. But such is the case, if you leave it to the American bolshevik.

T. C. O'DONNELL.

All Out for Houston!



Everybody has their own way of pronouncing it - the rancher calls it "Hoo-gton" - the professor insists that it is "Houston" - the lieutenant says "Hoo-ton", while little Lefty Letts has still another pronunciation she calls it "Houston".



You didn't know it was the first capital of the republic of Texas, did you?



Lots of Hotels are this high-honest!



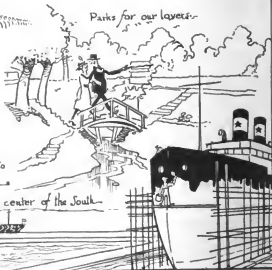
It's the sky-line town in America!



When we swim we go to Galveston - "nigh by."



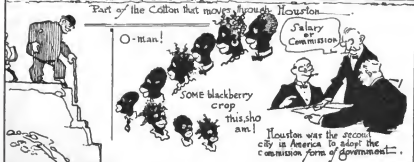
Railways? Oh, fifteen to twenty of them come down to meet the sea!



We are in the ship-building center of the South

Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Marcel Rosenberg

High Spots as seen by *Manuel Rosenberg*



Drawn for Caricature Magazine by Manuel Rosenberg



Hand Picked

The best wit from our contemporaries

Or the Gun That Shelled Paris!

"Bang!" went the rifles of the soldiers at the training maneuvers.

"Oo-oo!" screamed the pretty girl—a nice, decorous, surprised little scream, and stepped backward into the surprised arms of a young man.

"Oh," said she, blushing, "I was frightened by the rifles. I beg your pardon."

"Not at all," said the young man. "Let's go over and watch the artillery."—The Green Bag.

Safe!

"Now," said the colonel, looking along the line of recruits, "I want a good smart bugler."

At that out stepped a dilapidated fellow who had a thick stubble of black beard.

"What!" said the colonel, eyeing him up and down, "are you a bugler?"

"Oh, bugler!" said he. "I thought you said burglar."—New Zealand Observer.

Why Doctor!

"What seems to be the trouble?" asked the doctor, as he sat down beside Mrs. Nagg.

"I have a tired feeling," replied Mrs. Nagg.

"Tired feeling, eh?" said the doctor. "Let me see your tongue."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Good Reason

Officer: Have you mopped that floor yet?

Private: No.

Officer: No, what?

Private: No mop.—London Fun.

Mermaid

There was a young woman named Rath.

Who loved to cavort in her bath.

But her ma would say: "Daughter,

Git out of that water,"

Then start after her with a lath.—New York World.

No Doubt About It

"This check is doubtless all right," said the bank cashier politely, "but have you anything about you that would serve to identify you?"

"I have a mole on my left el-



From Punch, © London

"Have you had any experience in agriculture?"
"Only theoretical, sir. I understand, for instance, that one should make hay while the sun shines."

bow," faltered the pretty girl.—Kansas City Star.

Any way to Get Them

General (to proud captor of a large batch of Hun prisoners): How on earth did you manage to bring in all these prisoners, my man?

Proud Captor: Oh! I just shouts out, "'Old up your 'ands!' and then I surrounds them.—The By-stander.



FRANK P. ARBONDA

From the Passing Show, London

"Why do they always give 'em each a close crop, Bill?"
"So it don't show so much when their bloomin' 'air stands on end!"

But That'll Be After the War

In an unnamed port by an unknown sea

There's an unnamed girl who waits for me;
But soon on an unnamed day I'll trip
To this unnamed girl on an unnamed ship,
And then we'll hie to an unnamed spot,
Where an unnamed parson will tie the knot,
And then I'll give her a name, by Jove,
No ———* censor will ever remove!

* Deleted by censor.

—Town Talk.

And He Can't Cash In

I am only a commonplace "loot,"
But I'm simply bespangled with lace;
I have chevrons all over my suit
In every conceivable place.

There's a ladder of gold up my sleeve,
And from every direction I glint;
Every bit of it's purchased from Gieve
Who's converted his shop to a mint.

I must look like a sunset at sea,
Or a field of Canadian wheat;
And unless I got under a tree,
I expect I should melt in the heat.

I feel just like the Israelites' calf,
Or as if I'd "King Midas's Touch!"
But I feel much too weighty to laugh,
And really my value is such—

That I fear I can carry no more—
Even now I'm worth more than a tank—
If they're going to continue the war,
I shall have to be stored at the bank!
—Passing Show.



From Punch (C). London

Old Lady: Can you tell me what is inside the sandbags, young man?
Special: Sand, ma'am—hence the name.

The Eagle

"I suppose when you've been flying for a year or so it becomes second nature?"
"Rather! Why, I'm getting so that I often feel a craving for worms and bird-seed."
—London Opinion.



From London Opinion, London

Little Girl: Mummy's got a headache! Poor old Mummy!

Mother: You mustn't call Mummy old, dear.

Little Girl: I don't mean you're really old, but I've known you such a long time.

What Experience Does

"Does Kitty Spooner know how to swim?"

"No; but she knows how to be taught!"—
The Passing Show.

An Engineer in France to His Poilu Pal

If I could talk your lingo, I would tell you how I feel

As regards this little mix-up over here. I would say I'm at your service from my hat cord to my heel,

And I'll prove it ere the finish of the year.

Now, I don't know how to "parlez," but the folks all say I'm game

When I'm called to face the music in the fight;

And my trigger finger's limber and my spade arm is the same—

I can pitch the slag and gravel out of sight.

If it's fighting or plain mucking, I will do my level best,

For I'm doin' it for Texas, Maine, and Cal,

And France and Jersey City, San Francisco and the rest.

So here's my hand; Kid Poilu, you're some pall

—The Spiker, published by the Eighteenth Railway Engineers.

The Audience

A rather choleric golfer went out to play for the second time on a certain course. Evidently his fame had preceded him, for at the drive-off he found an interested gallery of local youngsters.

"What's this?" demanded the choleric one, sizing up the assembly. "What do you want?"

"Nothin'—" was the non-committal rejoinder of the leader of the bunch.

"Then heat it, every one of you!" exclaimed the player. "There isn't anything around here for you to watch!"

"We didn't come here to watch," returned the youngsters, without attempting to move on. "We come here to listen."—
Dayton News.



From the Bulletin, Sydney, Australia

New Acquaintance: Will your mother be long, dear?

Little Susie: Oh, no. She's just gone upstairs to blush.



Edwin M. Morrow

The Evolution of "Kamerad"
according to Morrow in the London Bystander



From London Opinion, London

The Sergeant-Major: Promised the chaplain you wouldn't swear any more? Who the dickens is going to look after the mules?

Spry—Why!

Jamie: Gee, your grandma is a spry old lady!

Jennie: Well, hadn't she ought to be? Her father lived to be a centaur and her mother was almost a centipede.—St. Louis Republic.

On the Offensive

Father: That cat was making an awful noise in the back garden last night.

Arnold: Yes, father; I think that since he ate the canary he thinks he can sing.—Tit-Bits.

In Uddah Wuda, Enuncerate!

"Looky yuh, Brudder Flagpi!" severely said good old Parson Bagster, in the course of the Wednesday night prayer meeting. "When yo'-all suppercates to de Lawd kain't yo' denounce yo' words a little mo' cl'arly? Remember dat the Scripiter tells us to pray widout sissing."—Jndge.

Maybe It Was a Fly Leaf

Bessie came running to her grandmother holding a dry, pressed leaf, obviously the

relic of a day long gone by. "I found it in the big Bible, grandma," she said. "Do you s'pose it belonged to Eve?"—Boston Transcript.

Making All Ends Meet

The Chairwoman: "I hold in my hand the treasurer's accounts for the half-year. And I am pleased to tell you that so well has she managed affairs that we have £11 13s 9d more in the bank than the balance showing on the books." (Loud applause.)—Sidney Bulletin.

Moral: Don't Cut In

The manager of the big department store stood stock-still outside the little box-like chamber which held the telephone of the establishment, for he was a very startled manager indeed. Within the chamber he could hear Miss Jones, the stenographer,



From the Faming Show, London

"I didn't know you had grown a moustache."

"Yes. Since I joined the army, you know."

"And have you been in the army all that moustache?"

speaking, and this is a scrap of the conversation the startled man overheard:

"I love you dear, and only you. I'm weeping my heart away. Yes, my darling, speak to me once more. I love you, dear, I love you so."



From Punch © London

Annoyed Patriot: Well, how can you expect me to know as much about hay-making as you fellows, who're at it all the year round?

The young woman rang off and stepped out of the cabinet, to confront the angry manager.

"Miss Jones," he said, "that telephone has been fixed where it is for the purpose of convenience in conducting business, and not for love-making in office hours. I am surprised at you. Don't let it occur again."

The young woman froze him with a glance.

"I was ordering some new songs for No. 3 Department," she explained, icily.—Dallas News.

Lamping the Limp

The professor was walking down the street when accidentally he all wed one foot to drop in the dry gutter. Thinking deeply on some obscure subject, he unconsciously continued walking with one foot on the sidewalk and the other in the gutter. A friend, seeing him, stopped and said:

"Good morning, professor. How are you feeling this morning?"

"Well," said the professor, "when I left home this morning I was feeling quite all right, but during the last few minutes I notice I have a limp in my left leg."—Tit-Bits.

So He Went into the Infantry

"What became of Piute Pete?" asked the visitor at Crimson Gulch.

"He joined the army," answered Bronco Bob.

"Thought he was too old to fight."

"He was. But he was such a fighter that nobody dast to tell him so."—Washington Star.

Then They Waited

The clergyman was preaching a long sermon from the text, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting."

After an hour the congregation became impatient, and one by one began to leave, much to the annoyance of the preacher.

At length, as another was about to leave, he stopped his sermon, remarking: "That's right, gentlemen, as fast as you are weighed, pass out."—Passing Show.

Try This on Your Wife, Fellows!

"William," snapped the dear lady, viciously, "didn't I hear the clock strike two as you came in?"

"You did, my dear. It started to strike ten, but I stopped it to keep it from waking you up."—Green Bag.



VISITOR: "Ah, you belong to the
Camouflage School of Painting!"

Fire On, Cap'n!

George Washington Jones, late of Atlanta, was making his first trip frontward on a supply wagon—with not much farther to go—when from the side of the road a camouflaged American battery broke forth thunderously, sending a few 300-pound tokens over the line to Fritz. The ground trembled from the salvo, but not any more than George, as he jumped from the high seat to the road. The American artillery officer in charge of the battery crossed over the road. "Scared?" he demanded. "Well," George said, "Ah was slightly agitated at fust. Ah suttingly was. But keep right on. Dat's the only way to win this wah—fiah dem guns."—Chicago Daily News.



"Do you take sugar, sir; how many milligrams!"

"It is this way. She likes fresh peas, but doesn't like canned peas. Half the time she can't tell them apart. Naturally, that is very annoying so she won't eat them at all."—Kansas City Journal.

Taking No Chances

"My wife never eats peas."
"Why does she forgo them?"



The watch on the Rhine

Will Power

"Is you gwine ter let dat mewel do as he pleases?" asked Uncle Ephraim's wife. "Wha's you' will-power?"

"My will-power's all right," he answered. "You jes' want ter come out hyar an' measure dis mewel's won't-power."—Nebraska Farmer.

Taking the Joy Out of Life

Two old Scotsmen sat by the roadside, talking and puffing away merrily at their pipes.

"There's no muckle pleasure in smokin', Sandy," said Donald.

"Hoo dae ye mak' that oot?" questioned Sandy.

"Weel," said Donald, "ye sec, if ye're smokin' yer ain bacca ye're thinkin' o' the awfu' expense, an' if ye're smokin' some ither body's, yer pipe's ramm't sae tight it winna draw."—Tit-Bits.

Dads of Other Days

The late Joseph Choate was master of a wit that flashed like a diamond and stabbed like a stiletto. Nothing verbal could be more de-

licious than his description of the famous dinners of the New England Society of New York as "those gatherings of an unhappy company of Pilgrims who meet annually at Delmonico's to drown the sorrows and



From the Sketch, London

"Do you remember, Jim, I can't remember if I signed on forever and ever, or for just the duration of the war."

suffering of their ancestors in the flowing bowl, and to contemplate their own virtues in the mirror of history."

At one of those famous dinners Choate proposed the following toast: "Women, the better half of the Yankee world—at whose tender summons even the stern Pilgrims were ever ready to spring to arms, and without whose aid they could not have achieved the historic title of the Pilgrim Fathers. The Pilgrim Mothers were more devoted martyrs than were the Pilgrim Fathers, because they not only had to bear the same hardships that the Pilgrim Fathers endured, but they had to bear with the Pilgrim Fathers besides."—Musical Leader.

Evicted

Old Hindy has changed his headquarters,
A fact which has made him repine;

And cynics do say

That he couldn't pay

The rent—that was made in his line!

—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

Too Fresh!

Doctor: Sore throat, eh? Have you tried gargling with salt water?

Naval patient: Good heavens! I've been torpedoed six times!—Tit-Bits.

Other Times He's All Right!

Tam: What sort o' meenister hae ye the noo, Sandy?

Sandy: We seldom get a glint o' him; sax days o' week he's envesible and on the seventh he's incomprehensible.—Boston Transcript.

The Goat

The goat's adversities are small,
Food shortage won't annoy it,
For he can eat tin cans and all
And heartily enjoy it.

—Washington Star.

The Two Bills

Keep on working for the country
Buying War Stamps still;
Kaiser Bill has got to knuckle
Down to Dollar Bill.

—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.



From the Bystander, London

"Claude," I say to myself, "Claude," says I, "resist! Practice self-denial in war time!"



From the Sketch, London

Mr. Woolly Bear (to Mr. Polyommatus Adonis, after the raid): C-congratulations,
old man. All's clear!



Half a Star Is Better than No Star

Millie: I think the appearance of your room could be improved!

Willie: How?

Millie: By hanging a service flag in the window!

William Roberts.

A Raconteur from Arkansas

Douglas Malloch, poet of the Michigan woods, tells about a dinner recently given

by the Ancient Order of Sawmill Operators down in Little Rock. It was a festive evening, with everybody telling his best anecdotes and emphasizing his admiration for the scenery and natural advantages of Little Rock. A large lumber fancier from Kansas City had the floor and told a funny story. When he finished a deaf man who sat next to Malloch laughed and applauded louder and longer than any of the rest.

"Good boy!" he shouted. "That reminds me of a story."

"Get up and tell it, Charlie," cried a dozen voices. The toast-master sanctioned the requests.

Whereupon the deaf man arose and told the same story the large lumber fancier had told.

John Constantine.

They're In Step

It's strange that medicos, they say,
A call to arms should thus obey,
For doctors, one must surely feel,
Should answer first a call to heal.

Henry Byron.

H-U-N

How unspeakably nauseating!
Hideous! Unworthy! Nefarious!
Horrid uncivilized nation!
Hateful! Unclean! Noxious!
Humanity's ugliest nuisance!
Humbugs! Ulcers! Numskulls!
Hypocrisy utterly naked!
Hohenzollern's unlimited non-sense!
Hark unto Nemesis!

Harold Seton.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by William Ziff

Read Headed Red-Heads

Once a red-head named Fred had his head read
By a reverend old rascal who read heads;
Said this seer with a laugh
Like a frisky young calf,
"You're a read head in more way than one, Fred."

Enforcing the Law

Homer Croy, novelist, ex-minstrel, and sometime manager of a wild-man show at Jamestown, Virginia, has lately gone to France in charge of all the motion picture activities of the Y. M. C. A. Croy hails from Missouri, and for years, he says, two cities there have battled over the honor of being his birthplace. St. Joseph contends that he was born in Marysville, while Marysville declares that St. Joseph was where he first saw light.

Shortly before he went abroad he spent a week in another Missouri town, Pacific, the mayor of which is an old friend. Across the street from the mayor's office, some workmen were putting rollers under a church. A group of idlers stood in front of a saloon next door, looking on.

"Bill, what are those fellows doing over there at the church?" asked Croy.

"Enforcing the law," said the mayor. "We've got a law in this state now which prohibits any saloon from being within three hundred feet of a church. So we're moving the church."

Buck Miner.

The Flower of Her Set

Mrs. Howell: Is Mrs. Powell observing wheatless days?

Mrs. Cowell: Yes! She hasn't even a grain of sense!

Hardly

Mrs. Smithers: I hope, Marjorie, the new hathing suit I bought fitted you. Did it?

Marjorie: Oh yes, Mama, but barely so!

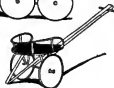
Roger D. Washburn.

It's Always Been that Way

(A headline has it, "How Coal Goes.")

"How coal goes!" we read in a paper today—

Well, it does now—doesn't it?—scuttle away?



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by G. F. Kauffman
The seven ages



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by H. T. Helms

Officer (after talk on salute and courtesies): Now then, any questions?
Recruit: Please, sir, when are we going to get paid?

A Flu Lyric

There's a subthig id my liver,
Add ad ach'g dowl hy spide,
Add a wintry kide of shiver
Round about by sore inside;
Add my body's sibly freezing,
Though I'b covered up with rugs,
Add I feel a codstade wheezing
Id the bottob of hy lugs!
Add I'b sick to death of feeding,
Add I caddot even drink,
Add I've given up by reading,
Add I caddot sleep a wig!
Yes! It's patedt that by head's id
Ad idsufferable stew,
Add I'll have to take suh dedcid,
For I've got the wretched flul

Vivian Roper.

Identified

A lanky Virginian darkey presented himself at one of the registration precincts.

"Are you a natural born citizen of the United States?" asked the registrar.

"No sah!" responded Mose, without a moment's hesitation. "I was born in Nawth Cah'liny."

Frank G. Davis.

A Kaiserly Sob

Oh don't drop a bomb on our fine towns!

You shouldn't be spoiling our stein towns!

Leave air-raids to us,

S-s-h! don't make a fuss
And frighten the folks in our Rhine towns!

Please don't take a shot at our U-boats!

You know we have only a few boats!

Between me und Gott

We think you should not

Be launching so many big new boats!



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by B. C. Orr

Think now—did you use two white rockets and one red one, or two red rockets and one white one?

Yes!
Yes! Yes, what?
Yes, sir!

We wish that you Yankees would change
guns!

We're annoyed by your short-barrelled
strange guns!

They are such deadly toys,

Why don't raw U. S. boys

Do their fighting with super-long-range
guns?

* * * * *

Too bad, it's unpleasant for you, Fritz!

But this debt is long since o'er-due, Fritz!

You've got it to pay

And there's only one way—

That's to wallop you red, white and blue,
Fritz!

Sophie E. Redford.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by O. F. Kauffman

"Mamma, please buy me a white elephant!"

The Bareheaded Poet

Greenwich Village, capital of New York City and colony of pseudo-radicals, psycho-anarchists and picturesque dilettanti, offers a new thrill these days to visiting yokels who venture into its devious byways.

The current object of remark is the "Bare-



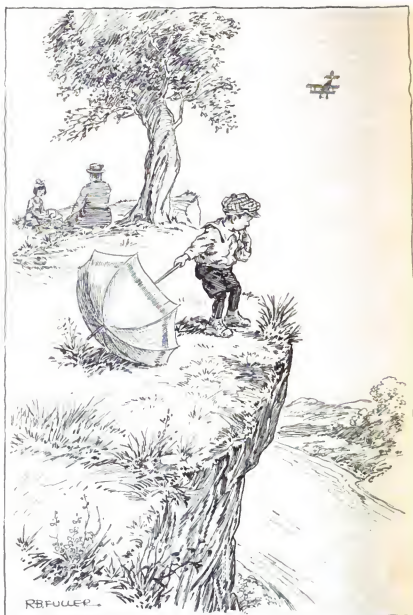
Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by O. G. Stewart
Not much room for reflection

headed Poet." He appears daily in Washington Square and on the crooked streets of the village, sunning himself or letting his long mane get soaked by the rains. To his intimates he is known as Harry Kemp.

Evenings find him in an ancient hotel, famous for the eccentrics who have dined beneath its roof. Aspiring authors from Marion, Indiana, drawing instructors from Batavia, Illinois, music critics from Findlay, Ohio, and fellow connoisseurs of the higher discernments in life crowd the old hotel and strain their eyes looking at the celebrity.

On occasion the Hatless One consents to recite some of his own verse, in a voice intended for those only at his own table, but which has resonance and carries to the far ends of the dining room. It is popularly reported that the hotel proprietor tears up the Bareheaded Poet's dinner checks, and appears worried should the poet be late for dinner—it is a good way to hold trade.

Sometimes Kemp sells poetry to the magazines. Recently he visited George



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by R. B. Fuller

His temptation

Jean Nathan, editor of a magazine widely read by visitors from the country. Descending with Nathan in the elevator, he said, "Mr. Nathan, do you mind if I walk over to Fourth Avenue with you?"

"Not at all," responded Nathan, warmly.

"You know I don't wear a hat," explained the poet. "I thought perhaps you might object to walking on the streets with a man who wore no hat."

"No, Kemp," said Nathan, "I'd much rather walk with you when you didn't wear a hat than to walk with you when you were wearing the kind of a hat you would wear if you wore a hat."

John Nicholas Beffel.

Ah, Sweet Memory!

Think of sugar, and a lump is sure to come into your throat.

Keenly Original

Editor: Is Spiffins original in his literary work?

Sub-editor: Original? I should say so. He has written a war song without rhyming "Hun" with "run."



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by James Robertson

WHY NOT?

Bobbie: I got the gang all training in Jones' backyard, so any time you expect an attack we're ready to help you.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Dorothy Phelps
A creeping baggage

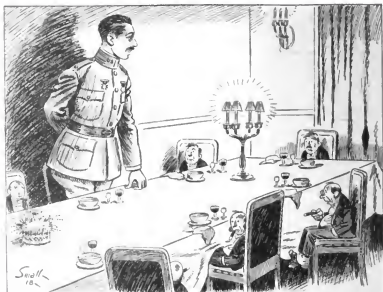
The New King of Poland

It is said, on excellent authority, that the vexing problem of who is to be king of Poland will be settled by a competitive examination, in which some sixty-three boche princelings and dukelings have been invited to participate. According to the same authority, the following will be among the questions asked:

1. Do you wear a small blond moustache similar in texture to that of the Crown Prince of Prussia?
2. Give all the titles of all the German kings.
3. Prove, with the assistance of Herr Houston Chamberlain's "Foundations of the Nineteenth Century," that Michelangelo was of Prussian descent.
4. What is the proper attitude of a monarch when his people want something that he doesn't want them to have? Discuss in not more than six words.

Decree in the Second Degree

At the fall term of the circuit court in a rural county seat, a young man was on trial on a bigamy charge. The evidence showed that he had a wife in another state, from whom he had never been divorced and that he had married a second woman in the state where he was being tried. He had pleaded not guilty, on the ground that the second marriage was merely a mock marriage.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by C. D. Small

How we feel when being addressed by one who has seen service "over there"

The evidence, however, showed that a license had been applied for and issued in due legal form, and that a ceremony had been performed by a person legally authorized to do so. The judge, in his instructions, reminded the jury of this fact, and instructed them to return a verdict of guilty.

The jury held a brief whispered conference, after which the foreman rose and addressed the court as follows:

"Your honor, we, the jury, find the defendant guilty of matrimony in the second degree."

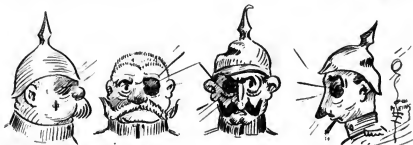
Will Thomas Withrow.

Unquestionably

Millicent: What do you call him—the man who directs the staging of the play?

Fanny: Why, stage coach, of course.

Howard C. Kegley.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Gus Metts

Black-eyed beans

Who Stole the Chickens?

Joe Gooch is the biggest liar of Plumville, Illinois. When he isn't working at his regular job of lying, he does odd jobs of painting and paper hanging, but he has never been considered a success at either of those occupations.

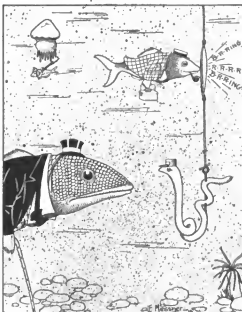
One day in October, just after the first frost, Mrs. Hilliard, a poor widow, missed twenty-one of her chickens, and Joe Gooch was hauled before old Judge Bogle, the police magistrate, charged with stealing the poultry. Pat Budge, day chief of police, was Joe's captor and accuser.

"Well, Joe," said the magistrate, "how do you plead—guilty or not guilty?"

The defendant hung his head, twirled his rusty hat around his thumbs, looked out of the window at a passing cow, and cleared his throat. "I'm guilty, Judge!" he answered.

"H'm!" said the judge, meditatively. He scrutinized the prisoner closely, and coldly. Then he turned to the police chief.

"Pat," he asked the chief, "have you any evidence against this man? Did you find



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by E. Messner

The Elevator Man: Going up!

any chicken bones, or feathers, or anything?"

"Nope," answered Budge. "I aint got no evidence—nothin' except his word that he took the chickens."

"Well, I guess I'll have to let you go, Joe," said the magistrate. "I can't convict you on any such evidence as that."

John Nicholas Beffel.

Oh, That's Different

Excited listener: And so you came down out of control?

Aviator: No, out of petrol!

George Morehill.

Talking Like He Fought

The United States marines are a three-in-one division of the military service; they fight on land and sea and in the air—and they fight like—like h—l.

Floyd Gibbons, war correspondent for



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Franklin Hogue
Where the queen takes the ice



Drawn for *Cartoons Magazine* by R. B. Fuller

"Now, John Henry, maybe you'll gargle your throat with salt water, like I told you to yesterday!"



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by J. C. Argenta

Johnny Bug: How is it you don't run around with Willie Moth any more?
Billie Grasshopper: Oh he makes me tired. He's always chewing the rag.

the Chicago Tribune, who lately returned from France, battered and minus an eye, at a luncheon the other day told this story of the prowess of the marines:

A company had been swept by German machine gun fire and lost nearly half of its men. The captain had been killed, both lieutenants shot down, and the command of the company's remnant fell to a grizzled sergeant, who bore scars of Porto Rico, China and Luzon.

They had been fighting in a forest, and the woods were on fire behind them. Now they were crouched at the forest's edge, with an oat field between them and the enemy. The order came to be ready to charge across the open field, and to capture a Hun machine gun position. On their toes behind the oats, the company awaited the sergeant's word.

Suddenly the sergeant took a fresh chew of tobacco, inhaled a deep breath, and gave the signal: "Come on, you blankety blank yanks—do you want to live forever?"

Arthur T. Kelland.

Afterthoughts

Never too late to mend—anything but broken eggs.

Empty vessels make the most noise—but you can't convince the empty vessels of that fact.

Actions speak louder than words—especially when the action is a punch in the eye.

The good die young—and the bad dye when they're old.

The pen is mightier than the sword—but the fellow with a stab in his side doesn't think so.

No news is good news—but the managing editor says no news is good—for nothing.

Don't cross a bridge until you come to it—and don't expect to come to it if it is a bridge of sighs. Least said soonest mended—unless you speak broken English.

He laughs best who laughs last—but be sure that the laugh is the last!

What can you expect from a pig but a grunt—and pork and bacon?

Harold Seton.

His Number

A young man wearing a Yale colored four-in-hand tie entered a New York hotel and asked for a room. Before signing his name in the register that the clerk shoved toward him, he scanned its open pages and observed among the many names such entries as these: "Theodore Parker McSwogger, II, Boston;" "LaSalle J. Laker, IV, Chicago;" "Sylvester Z. Delancey, VI, Buffalo;" "Milton H. Mellonwood, III, Jersey City." A not-to-be-outdone expression crept over his face, and he penned, with flourishing strokes, "John Smith, MCLXX-XVIII, New Haven."

Contagion

They tell us that little kisses
With germs are often rife—
'Tis true, no doubt, for this
is

The way I caught—my
wife!

At Dusk

This afternoon,
I watched in silent wonder
The sunset with his banners waving!
He sets so soon
I thought—"Well, where in
thunder
Is all that daylight we've
been saving?"

It Would Seeb So

Trooper (in Arabia): This
is nomad's land.

Seem Trooper: Got a
cold again, haven't you?

Really?

Retrospective Grandmother:
How well I remember
the "Old Virginia Reel" we
used to enjoy so much when
I was a girl.

Incredulous Grandchild:
Aw g'wan grandma, they d'edn't have movies
when you was a girl.

On the Contrary

Knieker: I just had our dining-room furniture worked over.

Boeker: Shellac it?

Knieker: No, she wasn't particularly pleased with it.

Royalty

(A new book, "Twelve Birthdays," has been brought out.—Publishers' note.)

And now with expectant ardor

The author, doubtless, burns,

Looking to his publishers

For many happy returns!

Lydia Planche.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by F. Ellis

Willie's Father: "Well Willie, how do you like your new school-teacher?"

Willie (who has just attended his first day at school): "I think she is awfully nice but I don't believe she knows much for she keeps asking questions all the time."

Blast It!

Some people still believe it is possible to get an idea into the head of a Hun. Yes, one might—dynamight!

Max J. Herzberg.

He's Coming Later

Jones: Ah's put in de fird infan'ry. What's yoh all in?

Bones: Ah's—Ah's in deferred classification!

Fashion Note

Last year's overcoats are very much worn.

The Beginning Farmerette

"It's so difficult, Mr. Farmer, to milk a cow! Won't you let me begin with a calf?"

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